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June 16, 1951 • Fifteen Cents

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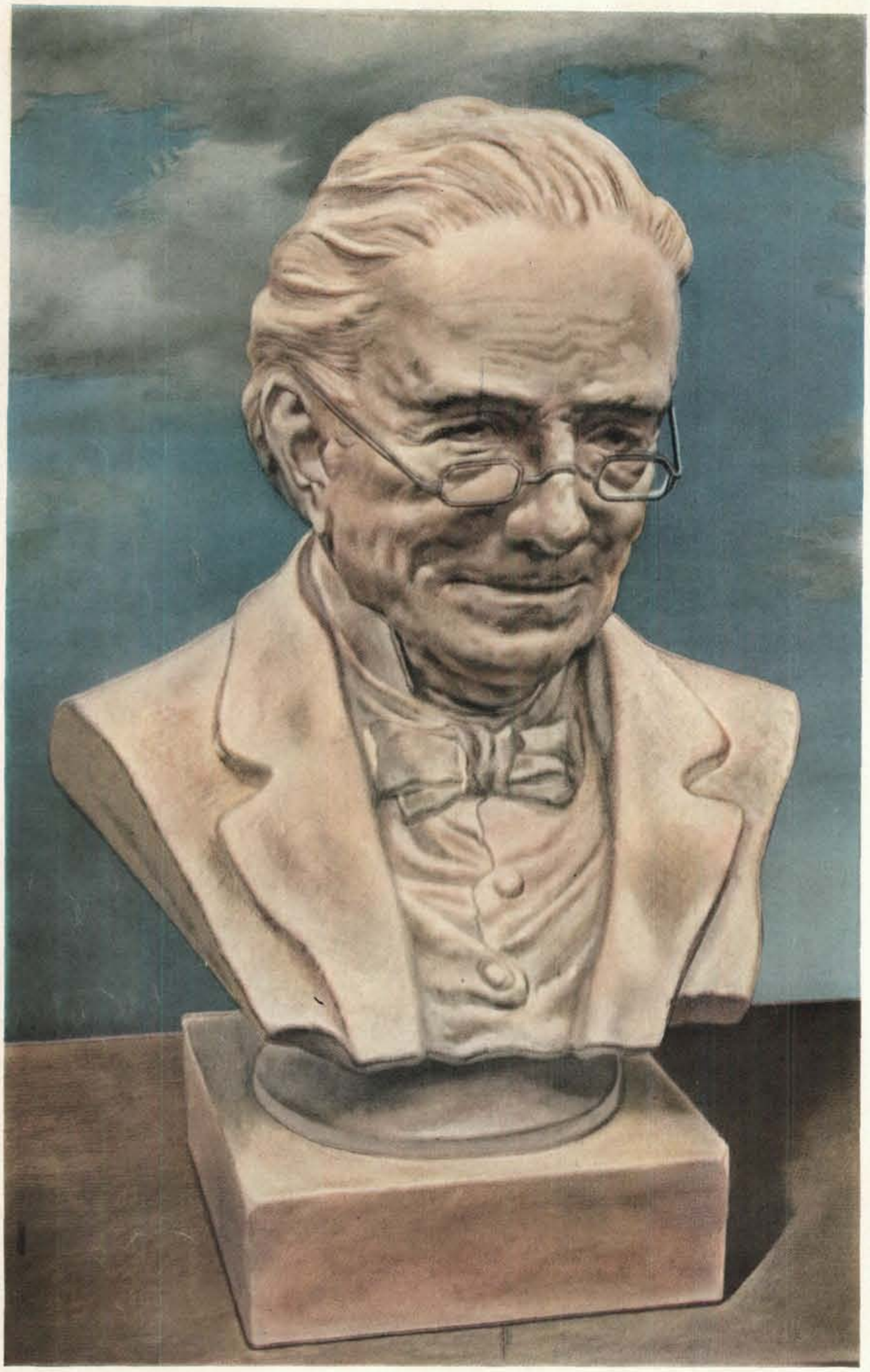
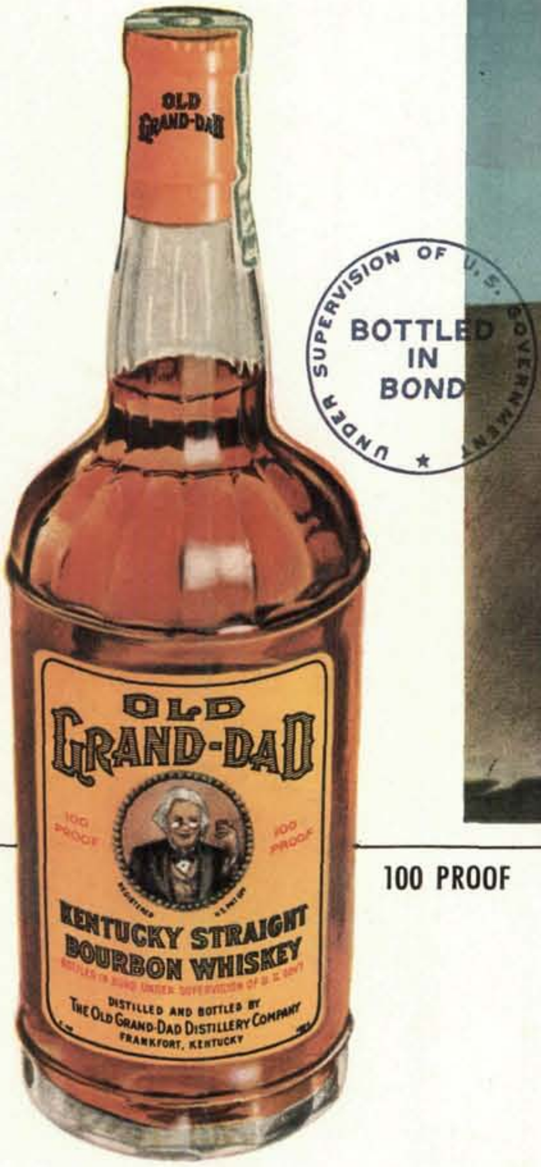
My Air Adventures
With GEN. MACARTHUR
By Lt. Col. Anthony F. Story

GOLF'S EIGHTEEN
TOUGHEST HOLES

Begin: MASK for DANGER
A Spine-chilling Novel



Head of the Bourbon Family


OLD GRAND-DAD
UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD GRAND-DAD
100 PROOF
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DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

100 PROOF

From Kentucky, the land of masterful distilling, comes Old Grand-Dad—the choicest bourbon of them all. It goes into the new, charred white oak aging casks a superior whiskey. When completely matured it is drawn off and bottled in bond. That's how Old Grand-Dad comes to you. Why not enjoy the smoothness, mellowness and heart-warming flavor of Old Grand-Dad soon? Once you do—you'll know why it's—"Head of the Bourbon Family."

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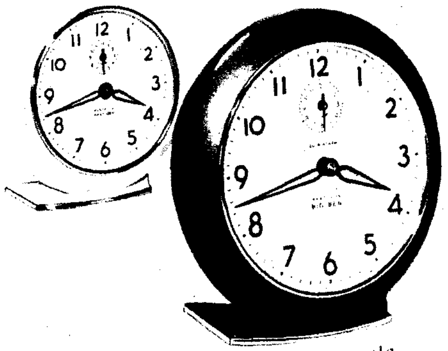
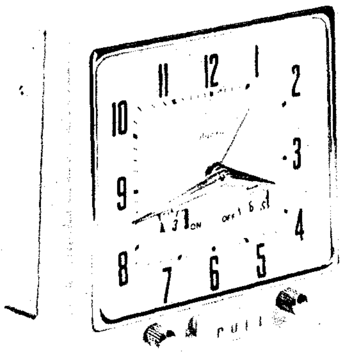
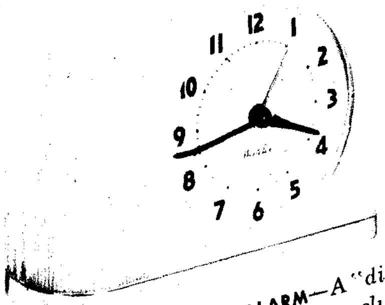


BABY BEN ALARM—*The popular little brother of Big Ben. Has a quiet tick and a steady call; adjustable to loud or soft. Comes in plain or luminous dial.* **BIG BEN LOUD ALARM**—*World-famous for sturdy reliability. A tick you can hear; a deep intermittent "fire alarm" gong. Comes in plain or luminous dial.*

GREENWICH ELECTRIC ALARM—*Handsome new Westclox with a rich, mahogany-finish wood case; pleasant-tone bell alarm. Comes in plain or luminous dial.*

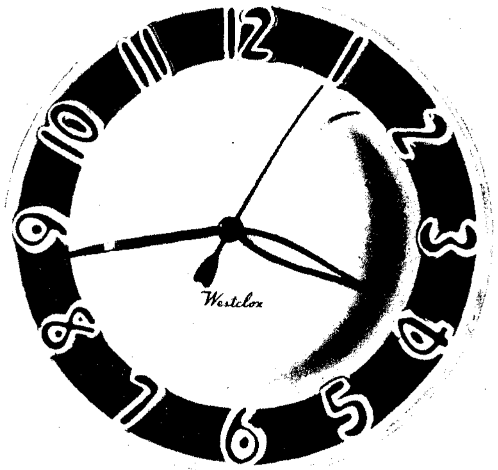


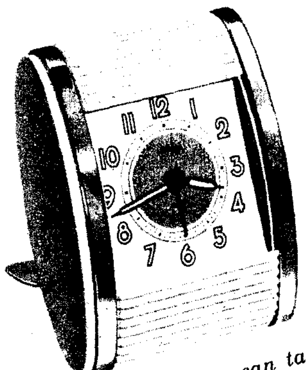
ELECTRIC SWITCH CLOCK—*"The clock with a brain." Like presenting the bride with a servant. Automatically operates roaster, electric lights, turns radio programs on and off, has coffee ready in the morning.*



MOONBEAM ELECTRIC ALARM—*A "different" gift! This Westclox exclusive offers most modern way to wake up. "First he blinks . . . then he rings." Comes in plain or luminous dial.*

MELODY ELECTRIC WALL CLOCK—*New, brilliant, versatile! Smartly-styled Melody, mounts flush on wall, is adaptable to any room. Available in a variety of colors, it blends easily with your color scheme.*





TRAVALARM—*You can take it with you. Closes up like a clam for traveling. Flip it open, it's on duty and on time! Luminous dial. Comes in ivory or brown plastic case.*

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WESTCLOX, *La Salle-Peru, Illinois—In Canada: Western Clock Co., Ltd., Peterborough, Ontario.* **Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

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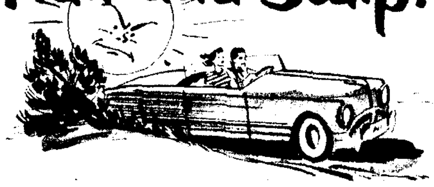

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June 16, 1951

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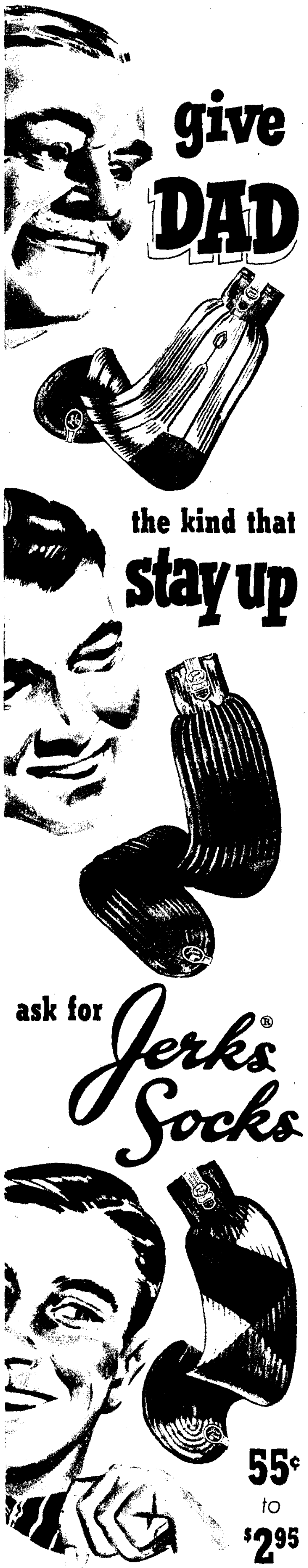

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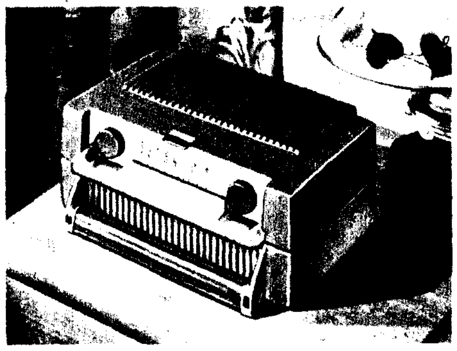

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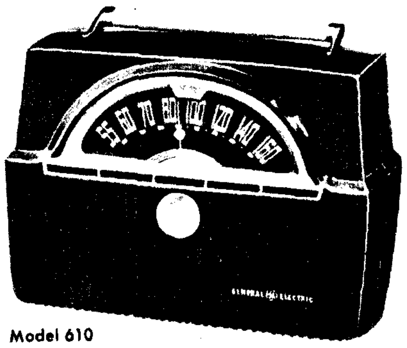

Model 610

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

The Cover

As more than 300 Vassar College seniors filed past him during graduation exercises, photographer Hans Knopf studied each one, searching for a Collier's cover girl. His decision was easy once he spotted a capped-and-gowned beauty who turned out to be Miss Margaret Shanks, of Montclair, New Jersey. Miss Shanks, twenty-two, majored in economics and goes on studying business administration at Columbia University.

Week's Mail

Peek behind the Curtain

EDITOR: I am grateful for a clear, simple and practical description of This Is Moscow Today, by Major General John W. O'Daniel (April 28th).

It is the kind of article the average American is hungering for. He wants to know more about Moscow and the Russian people in general. What their mode of life is, their mentality, and general behavior. This was described remarkably by the general in simple and understanding terms.

M. B. SHABER, Detroit, Mich.

. . . The part of General O'Daniel's article that particularly impressed me was that in which Paul Robeson arrived in Moscow to make some party-line speeches against the United States after a ballet depicting the alleged downtrodden colored people in the U.S. And then the Russian girl who saw and heard Robeson said to the general, "I am confused; he is one of the people you beat down, but he is still the best-dressed man I ever saw."

I wonder if perhaps Paul Robeson isn't one of the best propagandists *on our side* when he visits other countries. It might be a good idea for the State Department to let him have his visa, let him visit other countries, and as he stands in front of people who may have some doubts, let him try to convince them that, dressed better than any of them, healthy and fat, he is one of the downtrodden.

A. J. SIMPSON

Replies to the Reluctant

EDITOR: You May Be Drafted to Give Blood (March 10th) did amaze us—but we let it pass with the thought, "That would never be necessary here." After reading the Week's Mail (April 28th) on this subject, we have decided it does need further thought. If those letters voice the consensus here (which we doubt), maybe the fighting men should start wondering whether this is worth coming back to.

However, in all fairness, we feel that the fears of Messrs. Wilson, Haskell and Campbell deserve some reassurance. We doubt whether blood will ever be taken from people whose physical condition can ill afford the loss of a pint, or that the fighting men would want their blood diluted with an inferior substitute.

MR. & MRS. R. W. RICHARDSON,
Winston-Salem, N. C.

. . . More about blood conscription. I had one indignant mother tell me her son, with others in Navy, gave a pint of blood, before going on their last furlough. They were leaving for Korea—and they were not paid $10. She inferred it was orders.

The need is great, and we must not overlook an ulterior motive, that of lowering the blood pressure of the American people. If that is the case, now is the time to collect.

SUSIE M. STEDMAN, Blythe, Cal.

The TV Spotlight

EDITOR: We want to compliment you on your excellent editorial Keep the Spotlight Bright (April 28th). If it hadn't been for television the nation would not have been aroused in the manner that it was. Those who would discriminate against television must fundamentally be afraid of the truth.

After all, the television camera is an unbiased instrument which merely records what is actually happening. It cannot distort the facts, such as humans can do in either writing or telling of any given situation.

GLORIA REICH, Baltimore, Md.

. . . Television is the greatest invention since electricity!—I agree wholeheartedly with your editorial concerning Costello's refusal to appear.

ANN KEEGAN,
Lockport, N. Y.

. . . I must voice my disapproval of your editorial Keep the Spotlight Bright. Your articles exposing crime and corruption all over our country certainly are a service to the nation. However, this television proposal is something else again.

The Romans threw the Christians to the carnivores so the populace could gather at the Colosseum and watch the show. You would do even better, bring the show right into their homes. Instead of taking their knitting along while watching the heads roll from the guillotine, the audience could crochet little doilies right at home while savoring someone's troubles. Soap opera in a new dress.

HAROLD WANG, Saco, Mont.

We're Commended

EDITOR: We commend you and congratulate you upon receiving the Sigma Delta Chi award for distinguished service to American journalism in 1950 in Public Service in Magazine Journalism. This achievement is evidence that our free and responsible press continues to perform vital service to the republic—a service unparalleled by any other social institution.

Our new school of journalism—not two years old—is dedicated to high standards of professional journalism. Within a year we hope to have a chapter of Sigma Delta Chi on our campus.

LAURENCE R. CAMPBELL,
The Florida State University,
Tallahassee, Fla.

Salute to Mr. Rockefeller

EDITOR: William S. Dutton's article on "Our Mightiest Ghost" (April 28th) is the finest story on the greatest man that ever lived, John D. Rockefeller. We have no record

(Continued on page 76)

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oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"JACK'S BOAT may be neat and trim, but *he* can certainly stand a bit of dressing up. Just look at that dull, dry hair—and loose dandruff, too. He's got Dry Scalp. Bet he'll look terrific though when I tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic."

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp

BEFORE YOUR GIRL tells you about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic, why not discover it for yourself? Just a few drops a day keep your scalp and hair in tip-top shape. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic checks loose dandruff and other signs of Dry Scalp by supplementing the natural scalp oils. For double care of scalp and hair, try 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic *today!* (Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients.)

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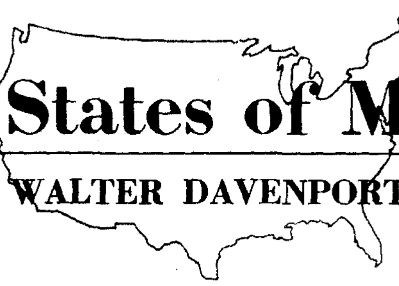


48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

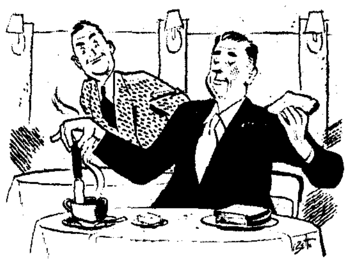
Next time you're poking around in your grandmother's attic and find a mess of Confederate money, don't throw it away. If it was issued by the venerable Georgia Railroad Bank & Trust Company in Augusta, they'll redeem it at its face value. If it's a dollar bill, it's worth a dollar; and that's more than you can say for the folding stuff the government is handing out today.

★ ★ ★

A friend of ours was driving through Boston's Back Bay sector looking in vain for a place to park. He found one and managed to wedge in just about an inch shy of a No Parking area. As he was congratulating himself, another car glided neatly to the curb in the forbidden area, stopping right in front of a warning sign. The driver fished a parking ticket out of his pocket, tucked it under his windshield wiper and went, obviously confident, whistling off about his business. Travel, our friend assures us, is very educational.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Leroy Gore of the Spring Valley (Wisconsin) Sun has had the same trouble we have with restaurant butter. Might as well try to chip off a pat of concrete. Fresh from the refrigerator, it defies spreading. You've probably tried it. Mr. Gore was doing his best to combine frozen butter and fresh bread when he noticed a fellow at the next table. This fellow had solved the problem and we're glad to pass his solution on. The man merely heated his knife in his coffee before going to work on his butter. Admittedly, there are larger problems facing us today, but we take them as they come.



★ ★ ★

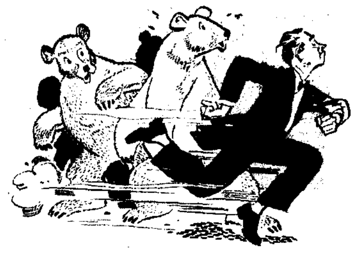
We don't know how long it will last nor how far it will go, but teen-age MacArthur clubs have been launched—for Arthur MacArthur, not the general. The first of these organizations was born in Oklahoma City. Its founder is a young man of thirteen named Dwight Davenport who, so far as we know, is no relation to the conductor of this pillar of light. We haven't room for details but, we have been assured, young Mr. Davenport will be glad to supply them. His address: 2333 NW 38th, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

★ ★ ★

As we go to press, the returns aren't in from the Alabama legislature on the results of that body's extensive law revision work. We're particularly interested (and we hope you are, too) in a rewriting of the Peeping Tom statute. The revision would exempt icemen, milkmen "and others who have the right to go on the property of others." The law revisers are also considering a requirement that the thumbprints of both the pawnbroker and the person doing the pawning be on every ticket issued by hock shops. But it's that Peeping Tom revision we're keeping our keyhole eye on.

★ ★ ★

A group of Los Angeles' better minds are considering the possibility of using the zoo as a shelter should there be an atomic attack. Our West Coast man is looking up the details, which we shall gladly pass along as they arrive. Of course, there would be the question of sharing a deep, concrete pit with perhaps a few bears, because in the event of atomic attack you'd have to move pretty fast—too fast to drag the bears out first. Anyway, they're talking about it and we'll let you know.



★ ★ ★

The advantages of a sound, practical education are numerous. For example, Mr. Will Rice, of Damascus, Arkansas, reports that while tearing down a building, workmen found a dust-covered bottle labeled Benedictine. Also the words Fécamp, France. Judging thereby that the bottle and contents must have come from France, they made inquiries until they found a college graduate who could read French. After studying the label carefully, the scholar shook his head and gravely told them he was glad they had come to him before fooling with the stuff because it was a deadly poison. However, said he, the bottle itself was sort of interesting and he'd appreciate it if they'd let him keep it after disposing of the contents where it wouldn't be dangerous to man or beast. They thanked him and returned to work. The scholar left clutching his find.

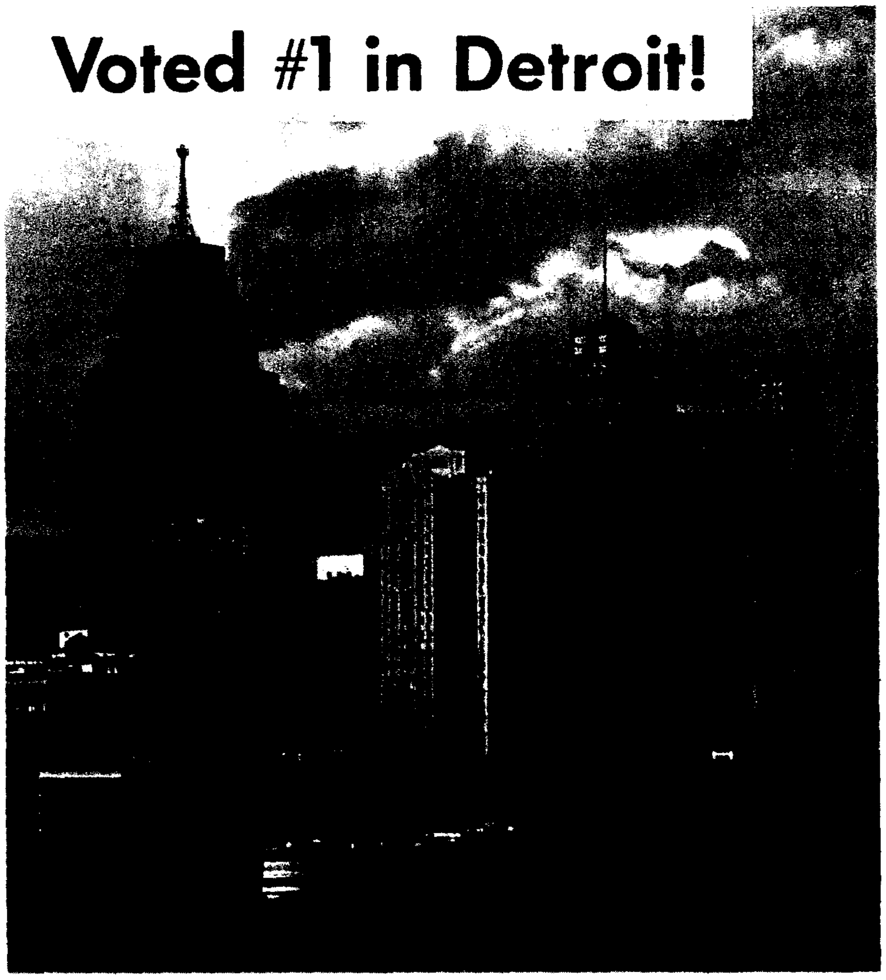
★ ★ ★

We invite Mr. Truman's attention to this paragraph, having heard that he is occasionally beset by trouble. Don't be discouraged, Mr. President. Think of this young trombone player in Denver. He is a member of the Smiley Junior High School band. The band had just finished the overture and was about to

(Continued on page 81)

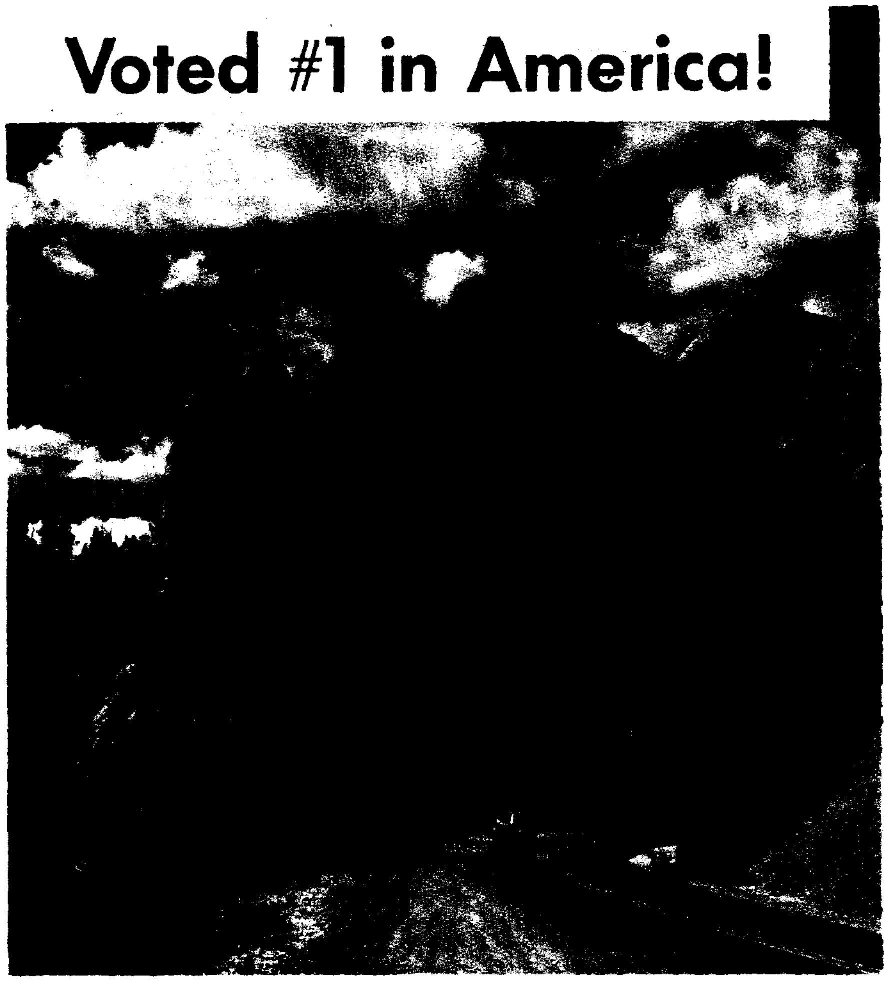
JACK BETTS

Voted #1 in Detroit!



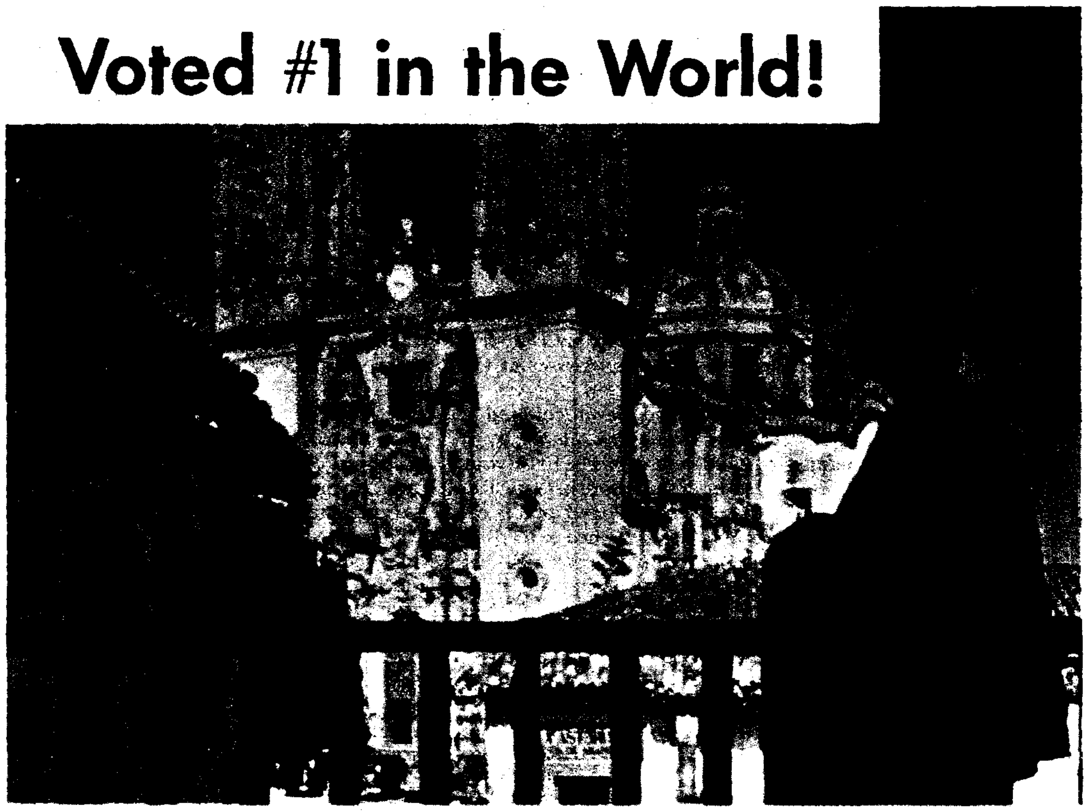
Car makers put more Goodyear Super-Cushions on the new cars than any other tire. They know that design, materials and manufacturing skill make a *difference* in tire performance. And, the automobile manufacturers know that they can *depend* upon Goodyear for these qualities *year after year after year!* (Above: Detroit River, Detroit, Mich.)

Voted #1 in America!

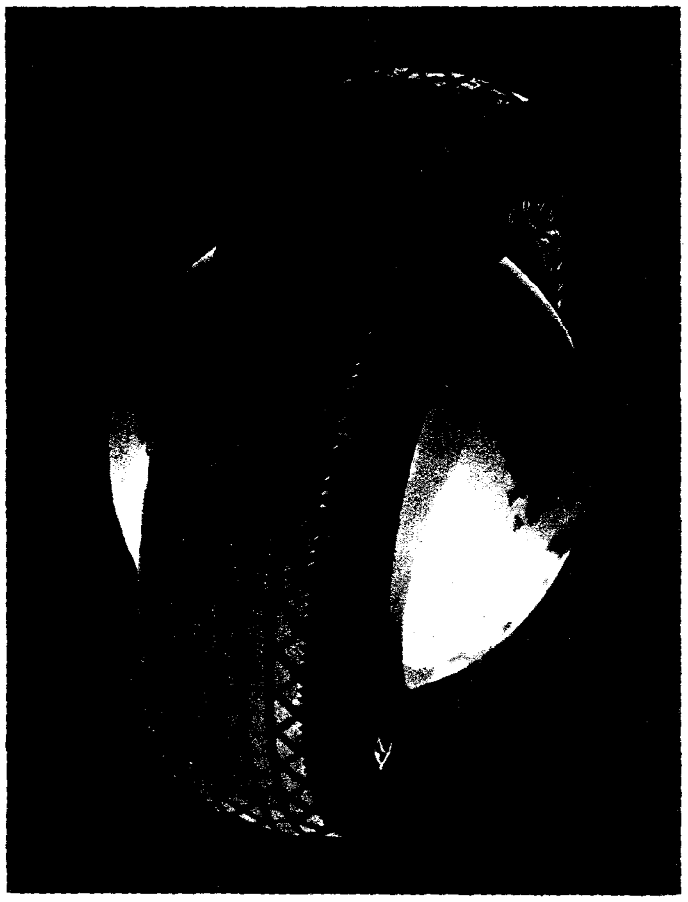


Motorists of America drive billions of miles each year over all kinds of roads. They find that for a soft, comfortable ride . . . for long mileage . . . and greater safety . . . the Goodyear Super-Cushion is in a class by itself. That's why, *year after year,* they buy more Goodyear Super-Cushions than any other low-pressure tire. (Above: Natural tunnel, Bryce, Utah.)

Voted #1 in the World!



More car owners, the world over, ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind. Goodyear has produced more than 525,000,000 pneumatic motor vehicle tires . . . *millions* more than any other manufacturer. *Doesn't it stand to reason that the tire that gives the most people the greatest satisfaction is the tire for you to buy?* (Above: Cathedral, Taxco, Mexico.)



More people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind

Super-cushion by GOODYEAR

Super-Cushion, T.M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

Sorry, Sam! Your Flame's Gone Out!
REMEMBER WHEN I USED TO BE THE BIG BLAZE AROUND HERE, KID? NOW YOUR SISTER PUTS ME OUT—BUT GOOD! WISH I KNEW WHY!
WELL, MAN TO MAN, SAM, IT'S LIKE THIS! SIS THINKS YOU OUGHT TO SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT—ABOUT BAD BREATH!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH. AND THE COLGATE WAY OF BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!
LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM DOES A SUPER JOB OF POLISHING TEETH, TOO! AND HOW I GO FOR COLGATE'S GRAND WAKE-UP FLAVOR!
SINCE COLGATE CARE HAS SET ME RIGHT THE HOME FIRE'S BURNING EVERY NIGHT!

READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

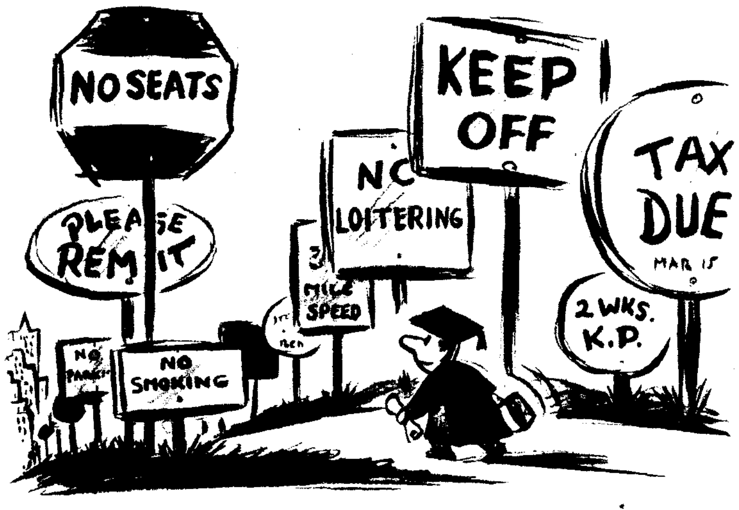
MOST THOROUGHLY PROVED AND ACCEPTED HOME METHOD OF ORAL HYGIENE KNOWN TODAY!

Reader's Digest recently reported the very same research which proves that the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed that the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other toothpaste or powder—ammoniated or not—offers such proof—the most conclusive proof ever reported for a dentifrice of any type!

✓ Use Colgate Dental Cream
✓ To Clean Your Breath
✓ While You Clean Your Teeth—
✓ And Help Stop Tooth Decay!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

*YOU SHOULD KNOW! Colgate's, while not mentioned by name, was the one *and only* toothpaste used in the scientific research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.



NO SEATS
PLEASE REMIT
KEEP OFF
NO LOITERING
TAX DUE MAR 15
2 WKS. K.P.
35 MILE SPEED
NO PARKING
NO SMOKING

WHITNEY DARROW, JR.

Remember that "big people" will keep on telling you off

Letter to a Graduate

By W. F. MIKSCH

Dear Sonny:

Congratulations on your coming graduation! Your mother and I will be driving up to school for the commencement exercises and frankly we're both thrilled half to death because with the marks you kept getting in French we never thought you'd make it this time.

Am sure you are thrilled too by the idea of taking your place at last in adult affairs—a station of life you probably look upon as a time when (according to *your simple faith*) "big people" *will* stop telling you to do things. Or not to do things.

It is on this subject—a subject, by the way, rarely touched on by commencement speakers—that I would like to straighten you out.

Your daddy has found out (just as you and all the rest of your senior class will find out) that the chains of adult life are wrought of stiffer stuff than the feeble fetters of childhood. For proof of this, just take a good long look at the deep little thought creases in Daddy's forehead. Daddy didn't get those in grade school. Or in college either. He got them farther along life's pathway trying to please six or seven bosses at the same time.

Believe me, nobody ever suffered a furrowed brow from such simple commands of yesteryear as "Eat your cereal," "Do your homework," or "Report to gymnasium for band practice." What once may have seemed a terribly harsh order ("Put away your comic book and go to bed") will pale into insignificance when stacked up against such a later-life ukase as, "Cut out all pastries, sweets and cocktails," handed down by your doctor.

If you think you've been picked on up till now by "big people"—just wait. Because the bigger you get, the bigger other people seem to get. If not in stature, then bigger in authority. For proof I refer you once again to your old daddy who arrived at man's estate quite a while back and who has been hopping to it ever since. For example, did you ever notice how, when your daddy's boss came to dinner, Daddy would start and tremble at his superior's soft-spoken directive to "Pass the potatoes"? And did you see the look on Daddy's face the time the Internal Revenue man ordered *him* to report to the collector's office with all his 1946 tax records? Maybe it didn't make much of an impression on you at the time.

I'm sure you always looked upon your daddy as a "big person" because he was in a position to send a "little person" like you away from the table to wash your hands. Well, here and now I want to puncture that illusion. The fact is, when a traffic officer tells Daddy to "Pull over to the curb," Daddy pulls. When Mother says, "Wipe the dishes," Daddy wipes. When your grandmother on your mother's side orders Daddy to "Roll up your car window, I feel a draft," Daddy rolls up. For that matter, when you yourself used to say, "Gimme fifty cents," *Daddy gimmed, didn't he?*

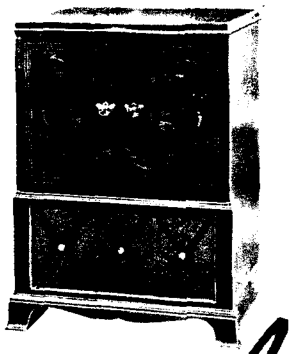
Please, sonny, don't think of me as a death's-head bent on casting a pall on your graduation exercises. I just want to prepare you for the worst—the worst being, incidentally, a lifetime of saying "Yes, sir," to master sergeants, shop foremen, loan-company executives, in-laws, bank tellers, tradesmen, public officials, used-car dealers, game wardens and a host of other people you never dreamed were your superiors. Even their most politely phrased commands (i.e., "*Please* remit" or "*Kindly* step to the rear of the bus") are still commands, and the issues mean business. What's more, penalties for adult disobedience range all the way from barking your shins on the coffee table in the dark because the light company has cut you off at the meter, to watching the finance company's repossession crew riding off in your new convertible.

Soon, I suppose, you *will* take your place in the world (provided you hurry while there is still a world left to take your place in), so when that time comes I want you to know what you're in for: theater ushers will order you down any aisle that suits their fancy, headwaiters will tell you where or where not to sit, courts will summon you for jury duty, and city hall will notify you to shovel the snow off your sidewalks.

You will be dragged off to parties at other people's houses and dragged out of bed by other people who come to parties at your house. You will be shoved into rented tuxedos and shoved out of waiting lines. Credit managers will tell you to pay down and bill collectors will order you to pay up. You will be kept off the grass by park policemen and kept up until all hours by week-end guests. Club presidents will put you on committees and motormen will put you off of streetcars. This *is* the true life beyond commencement. Congratulations again and good luck.

Daddy

P.S.: Get a haircut for graduation. This is an order.



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RCA Victor Fairfield—*Better looking in every way!* 17" Million Proof television in an outstandingly beautiful 2-door cabinet—at an unexpectedly low price. Has "phono-jack" for plugging in record changer like the "Victrola" 45 attachment. Walnut or mahogany finish (limed oak slightly higher). Model 7T122. $389.50.

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Clearest picture yet -steady, *locked in place* by RCA Victor's Eye Witness Picture Synchronizer. Easy, automatic tuning, with *all the controls you need* to get the picture just the way you want.

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Million Proof dependability. Over two million RCA Victor sets are giving outstanding performance under every possible condition. Ask your neighbor!

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Watch "Kukla, Fran and Ollie," Monday through Friday at 7:00 P.M. New York time on your NBC television station.

RCA Victor Newport. The set that's *all picture!* —17 big inches of Million Proof television in a cabinet only 21 inches high. Has "phono-jack" for attaching record changer like the popular "Victrola" 45 attachment. In maroon metal, it fits comfortably on an ordinary table—and fits your budget, too! RCA Victor 7T103. $269.95.

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WORLD LEADER IN RADIO... FIRST IN RECORDED MUSIC... FIRST IN TELEVISION

"Victrola"—T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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TOP QUALITY'S

Long-Lasting Protection

Car owners who graduate to The General Tire become life-long enthusiasts for Top Quality's performance and longer-lasting protection. There is nothing you can buy that is so important as this complete freedom from tire worry.

Goes a Long Way to Make Friends

THE GENERAL TIRE

Dress by
Ceil Chapman

Collier's, June 16, 1951

My Air Adventures with GENERAL MACARTHUR

By Lt. Col. ANTHONY F. STORY, USAF, with BILL DAVIDSON

His personal pilot for five years says he was considerate, friendly and fearless, refusing protection of fighter planes needed by troops

WHEN I first became General Douglas MacArthur's personal pilot five and a half years ago, I soon discovered there is no other passenger like him. For one thing, he paces up and down in the plane nearly all the way from take-off to destination, to an extent where he is the only man I know who covers twice the distance when he flies between two points.

He did much of his most serious thinking and planning during these promenades when he flew with me and my crew, and I had to operate on instruments to compensate for the constant shifting in weight, back and forth, back and forth. But it was all worth it, since he is the most congenial and considerate passenger I have known in all my years with the air lines, the R.A.F. and the U.S. Air Force. And I must say that my predecessor, Colonel W. E. ("Dusty") Rhoades, was guilty of the understatement of the century when he told me, "You'll never know what to expect." I soon found this unpredictability to be the main feature of my air adventures with General MacArthur.

At the beginning of the Korean war, for instance, I flew the General to Taegu, Korea, in his unarmed C-54, the original Bataan—at a time when the South Korean skies still were being invaded by dangerous Red Yak fighter planes. We had our own fighter escort, and as we left Taegu for Japan, I noticed that the F-51s protecting us were flying in an unusually beautiful formation just off our wing tips. I went back to point this out to the general. He took one look and said, "Why are those planes armed with rockets, Tony?"

"I believe, sir," I said, "that these were the only fighters available when we took off. They probably were pulled off a ground-support mission to fill in as our escort."

"If that's the case," said the general, "turn them around and tell them to use those rockets where they can do the most good—against the enemy tanks. The men on the ground need them more than we do."

"Yes, sir," I said, and I radioed the fighters to leave us and head for the front lines. Then, feeling naked and unprotected, I pulled up and headed at top speed for the nearest cloud bank. I was a happy man when the clouds finally hid us from North Korean eyes that easily could have spotted

USAF PHOTO

The general and his pilot in Seoul, capital of the Republic of Korea, about four months ago. They flew to devastated city many times

IKE VERN

General MacArthur, his wife Jean and their son Arthur just before they took off from New York for Chicago, where they got another great reception. Col. Story is at left

the C-54 plainly marked with the five stars of a General of the Army.

This will give you some idea of what my airborne life with General MacArthur has been like. Time after time, when he commanded the UN forces in Korea, he asked me to land his big four-motored aircraft on tiny, muddy airstrips that were built before World War II for pint-sized Japanese planes; and when it was urgent for him to get to the battle front, we flew in weather that kept most Allied planes, including our fighter escort, on the ground. Once, we landed at Kimpo airfield near Seoul when our troops and the Communists still were fighting for it; and the Bataan was the first large plane to land on many of the midget Korean airstrips.

Last April 3d, for example, the general wanted to visit Republic of Korea troops on Korea's comparatively remote east coast. The old C-54 by that time had given way to a larger Bataan (for a while it was known as the "Scap"), a powerful new Lockheed Constellation sent to the general by the Air Force, and I hastily began to scan the maps for an east coast airstrip to accommodate it.

The closest strip was at Kangnung, near the 38th parallel, and it was 2,600 feet long. (Constellation air liners in the United States land on runways up to four times this length.) There was, moreover, a slight hill at each end of the runway, so even this was cut down to a mere 2,000 feet of usable space. I pointed this out to the general, but he said, "Let's try it." We tried it, and landed without incident, thanks to the magnificent performance of the Constellation and its fast-braking reversible propellers.

The general inspected the Korean troops, who were agog at the supreme commander's presence, and when we returned to the airfield, a C-47 was on the ground. A colonel came over from the C-47, which is much smaller in size than the Constellation, shaking his head in disbelief. "I was afraid to put down on this field, sir," he said, "until I saw your Constellation parked here." In answer to this, the general paid me the greatest compliment I have ever received—even though the plane itself deserved most of the credit: "If a little one-seater puddle-jumper can land on a field, I have confidence that Story can land the Bataan there, too."

This confidence made my job easy, since he put me in complete charge of his personal aviation problems, and sometimes he took my advice over that of officers with twice my rank. A perfect instance of this occurred the day before I was to fly him to a Japanese port to embark on a naval vessel to direct the brilliant Inchon landing. I checked the weather that morning and I became convinced that a typhoon was going to hit the port area the next day. There was a lot of contradictory opinion about this, but without a moment's hesitation, the general took my word for it. "How serious do you think it's going to be?" he asked.

"Very bad," I said. "If we wait until tomorrow, I don't think we'll be able to get into that airport at all and you'll miss your rendezvous with the Navy."

"All right," said the general, "then we leave in two hours. You tell the rest of the staff to be ready."

I did this, and everyone else grumbled, but by 2:00 P.M. that afternoon we were airborne. That night I again felt like the luckiest man in the world. For just one hour after the general sailed out of the harbor on his way to supervise the split-second timing of the Inchon landing, the typhoon struck with a fury we had never seen before. It rained so hard that it would have been impossible to pilot an automobile to the port, let alone an airplane.

All in all, I have flown millions of passenger miles for the general, and—knock wood—I have never had an accident or even a take-off delay, except for one 14-minute repair job on a loose connection the first time we used the Constellation. When he flew with me, the general never came up to the cockpit (a favorite practice of other high-ranking personages), and he never interfered with the operation of the plane. He was intensely interested in what went on, however, so I installed an instrument panel over his desk, on which he could keep track of the plane's speed, altitude and direction. He also had a set of radio earphones at his desk, but he never used them.

When something unusual would occur, I generally came back from the cockpit to tell him about it. On one trip returning from Korea in the Constellation, for instance, we had a 100-mile tail wind that pushed our ground speed up to 435 miles per hour. I told the general that this was the fastest he had ever traveled. He got a big kick out of this, and during the course of his pacing up and down he managed to inform every member of his staff of the phenomenon.

When he was not pacing, the general dictated radio messages—at such a rate that once my top-notch radio operator, Master Sergeant Clarence Vogelgesang, of Baltimore, insisted that his index finger was worn down to the first joint after a six-hour flight to and from Korea. At other times, the general sat in the swivel chair at his desk, resting.

On the new Bataan (which is a converted cargo ship), he had a foam-rubber couch that opened into a bed, but I never have seen him sleep on a plane. This does not mean that he is nervous, because he prefers flying to every other form of transportation, and I know that he eats twice as much when he is airborne as when he is on the ground. I provided the food for all the trips, and my crew became quite adept at digging up the best steaks in Japan—an achievement which once caused Lieu-

Colonel Story's Story

Lieutenant Colonel Anthony F. Story was born in St. Louis in 1915 and went to school in Troy, Missouri. He began his aviation career as a "wing walker" on stunt airplanes at county fairs in the Midwest. Later he became an air-line pilot, an R.A.F. ferry pilot, and one of the most celebrated of America's wartime fliers, performing such feats as transporting a helicopter in his C-54 from Washington to a tiny Burma jungle airstrip half held by the Japanese, in order to rescue Allied commander Lord Louis Mountbatten, who was cut off and surrounded at a nearby outpost. Story became General MacArthur's personal pilot shortly after World War II. The general's opinion of him is summarized in his statement when he returned his famous plane, the Bataan, to the Department of Defense. The general said, "A great plane, a great crew, a great pilot." Four years ago, Colonel Story was married, in Tokyo, to Judy Lane, director of Stage Productions for the USO in Japan. Mrs. Story is on her way back to the United States and she and the colonel currently are planning to make their home in New York City.

E VERN

Bataan's crew, l. to r.: Sgt. Alex Aguilar, Sgt. Wm. J. Barnes, Capt. Chas. M. Evans, Capt. F. E. Bollinger, Col. Story and Sgt. Clarence Vogelgesang

Col. Story bids farewell to wife Judy before boarding the Bataan in Tokyo to fly Gen. MacArthur and his party to the United States

tenant General George E. Stratemeyer, the Far East Air Force commander, to put me through a friendly third degree to try to find out where they acquired them. I did not break under the grilling, and the secret of General MacArthur's airborne Japanese steaks still is intact.

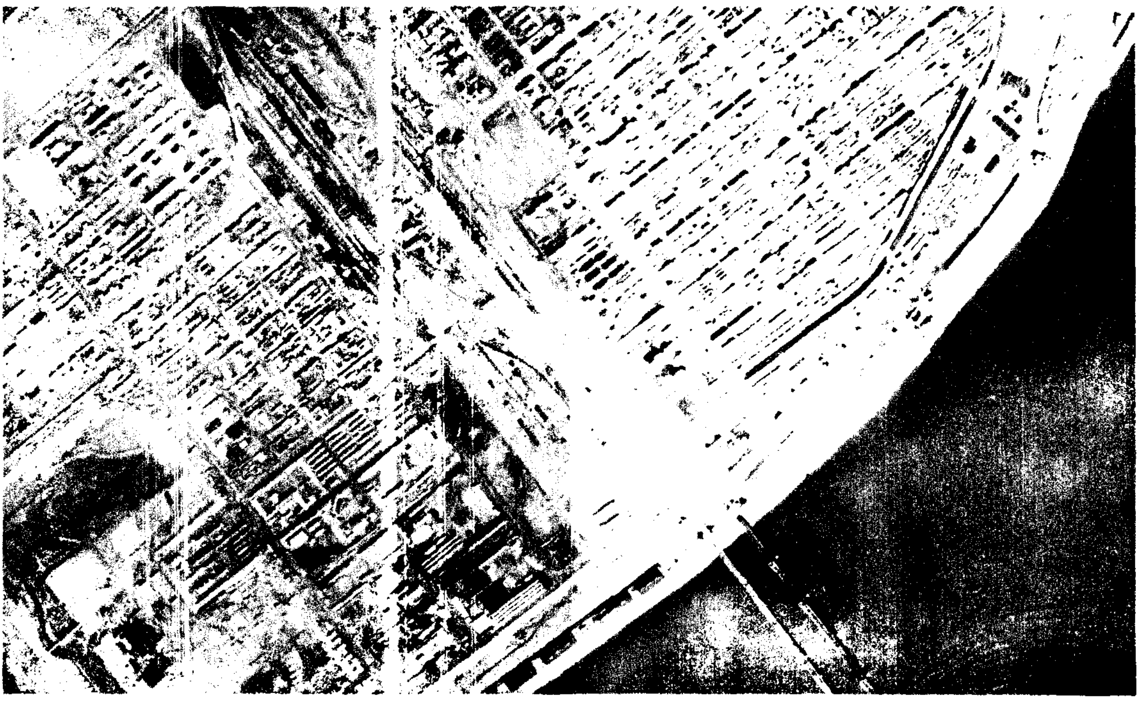
In most of his flights in the Far East, the five-star General MacArthur always traveled with three three-star generals, five two-star generals, and two one-star generals, for a total of 26 stars—a precious cargo that often made me worry about the burden of my responsibility. In addition to this, he also offered the Bataan to every dignitary visiting his theater on official business, and this led to further worries, plus some interesting incidents. One that I never will forget involved Syngman Rhee, President of the Republic of Korea, whom I picked up at Seoul on February 16, 1950, and flew to Tokyo for a conference with the general.

On the return trip, President Rhee was mobbed by admirers at the airport, dozens of whom pushed flowers and gifts aboard the plane. I watched this, and—as is my practice—I boarded the plane last, so I could unobtrusively check the presents to make sure nothing dangerous was concealed in them. They all looked okay, and I went up to the cockpit to start the engines.

Just as my flight clerk, Staff Sergeant Alexander Aguilar, of Los Angeles, California, was closing the cabin door, a man rushed up and handed him a metal box addressed to Mr. Rhee. I knew nothing about this, but when I had taxied away from the crowd, a white-faced Aguilar came to the cockpit to tell me about it. I moved the plane to the runway. Then I walked back to the compartment at the rear of the plane, trying to act as cheerful as possible so as not to alarm the President's party.

When I got to the metal box, I saw that it was about two feet square and locked with a padlock. I put my ear to it. There was the distinct sound of ticking inside. This nearly finished me, but I grabbed a hammer from the engineer's bag and knocked the lock off. I opened the box and there was a carefully wrapped object that looked like a clock. Working feverishly, I unscrewed the back of the object and gingerly extracted all the parts. It was then that I realized that it *was* a clock.

After we got airborne, I (*Continued on page* 38)

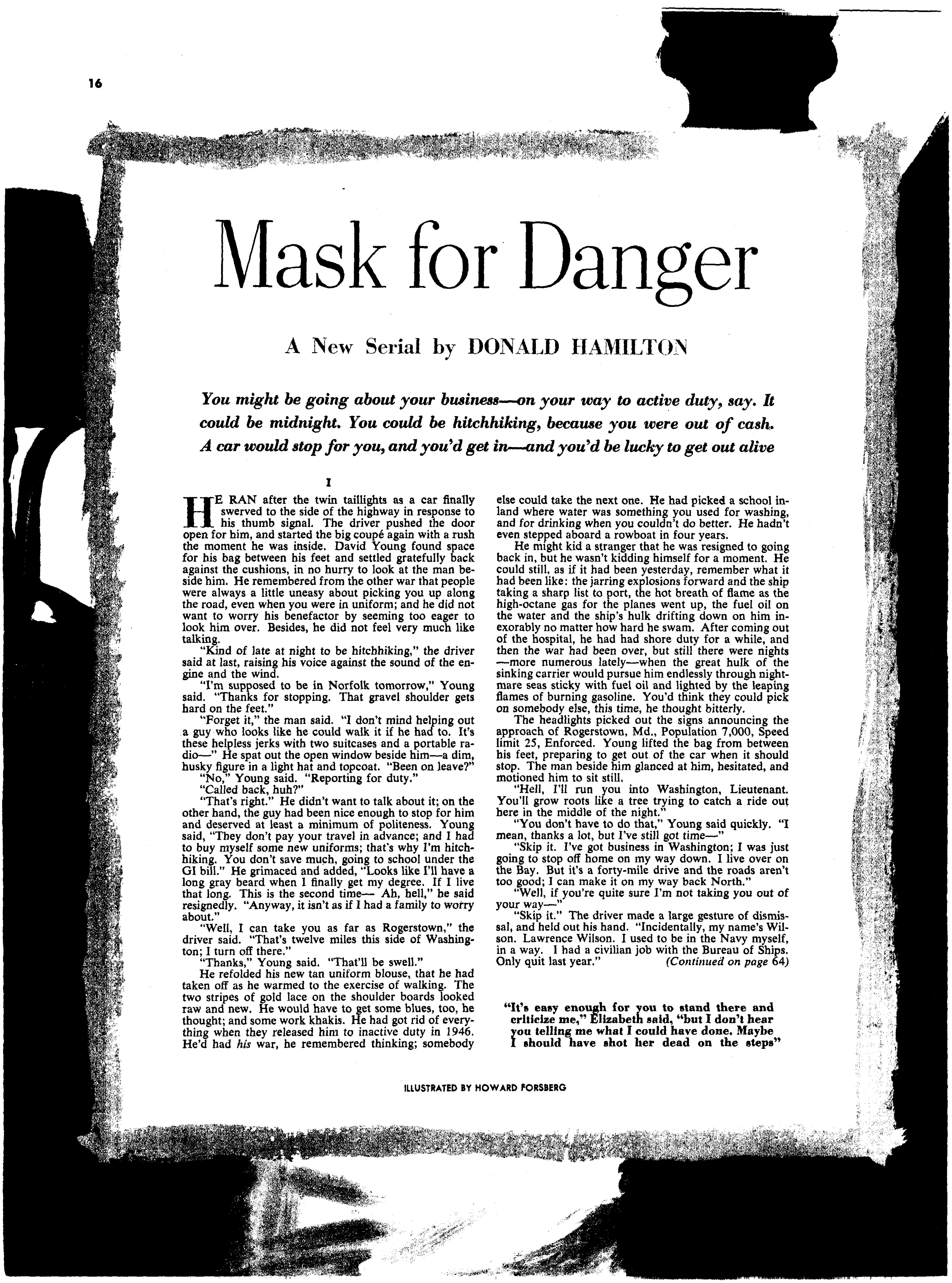


USAF PHOTO

On a daring flight up Yalu River, which divides Korea and Manchuria, Gen. MacArthur viewed Antung, Manchurian city. Photo was taken at an angle from Sinuiju, Korea, from a recon plane

ACME

Looking from Bataan during flight along the Yalu, MacArthur could see Red Chinese bases



Mask for Danger

A New Serial by DONALD HAMILTON

You might be going about your business—on your way to active duty, say. It could be midnight. You could be hitchhiking, because you were out of cash. A car would stop for you, and you'd get in—and you'd be lucky to get out alive

I

HE RAN after the twin taillights as a car finally swerved to the side of the highway in response to his thumb signal. The driver pushed the door open for him, and started the big coupé again with a rush the moment he was inside. David Young found space for his bag between his feet and settled gratefully back against the cushions, in no hurry to look at the man beside him. He remembered from the other war that people were always a little uneasy about picking you up along the road, even when you were in uniform; and he did not want to worry his benefactor by seeming too eager to look him over. Besides, he did not feel very much like talking.

"Kind of late at night to be hitchhiking," the driver said at last, raising his voice against the sound of the engine and the wind.

"I'm supposed to be in Norfolk tomorrow," Young said. "Thanks for stopping. That gravel shoulder gets hard on the feet."

"Forget it," the man said. "I don't mind helping out a guy who looks like he could walk it if he had to. It's these helpless jerks with two suitcases and a portable radio—" He spat out the open window beside him—a dim, husky figure in a light hat and topcoat. "Been on leave?"

"No," Young said. "Reporting for duty."

"Called back, huh?"

"That's right." He didn't want to talk about it; on the other hand, the guy had been nice enough to stop for him and deserved at least a minimum of politeness. Young said, "They don't pay your travel in advance; and I had to buy myself some new uniforms; that's why I'm hitchhiking. You don't save much, going to school under the GI bill." He grimaced and added, "Looks like I'll have a long gray beard when I finally get my degree. If I live that long. This is the second time— Ah, hell," he said resignedly. "Anyway, it isn't as if I had a family to worry about."

"Well, I can take you as far as Rogerstown," the driver said. "That's twelve miles this side of Washington; I turn off there."

"Thanks," Young said. "That'll be swell."

He refolded his new tan uniform blouse, that he had taken off as he warmed to the exercise of walking. The two stripes of gold lace on the shoulder boards looked raw and new. He would have to get some blues, too, he thought; and some work khakis. He had got rid of everything when they released him to inactive duty in 1946. He'd had *his* war, he remembered thinking; somebody else could take the next one. He had picked a school inland where water was something you used for washing, and for drinking when you couldn't do better. He hadn't even stepped aboard a rowboat in four years.

He might kid a stranger that he was resigned to going back in, but he wasn't kidding himself for a moment. He could still, as if it had been yesterday, remember what it had been like: the jarring explosions forward and the ship taking a sharp list to port, the hot breath of flame as the high-octane gas for the planes went up, the fuel oil on the water and the ship's hulk drifting down on him inexorably no matter how hard he swam. After coming out of the hospital, he had had shore duty for a while, and then the war had been over, but still there were nights—more numerous lately—when the great hulk of the sinking carrier would pursue him endlessly through nightmare seas sticky with fuel oil and lighted by the leaping flames of burning gasoline. You'd think they could pick on somebody else, *this time,* he thought bitterly.

The headlights picked out the signs announcing the approach of Rogerstown, Md., Population 7,000, Speed limit 25, Enforced. Young lifted the bag from between his feet, preparing to get out of the car when it should stop. The man beside him glanced at him, hesitated, and motioned him to sit still.

"Hell, I'll run you into Washington, Lieutenant. You'll grow roots like a tree trying to catch a ride out here in the middle of the night."

"You don't have to do that," Young said quickly. "I mean, thanks a lot, but I've still got time—"

"Skip it. I've got business in Washington; I was just going to stop off home on my way down. I live over on the Bay. But it's a forty-mile drive and the roads aren't too good; I can make it on my way back North."

"Well, if you're quite sure I'm not taking you out of your way—"

"Skip it." The driver made a large gesture of dismissal, and held out his hand. "Incidentally, my name's Wilson. Lawrence Wilson. I used to be in the Navy myself, in a way. I had a civilian job with the Bureau of Ships. Only quit last year."

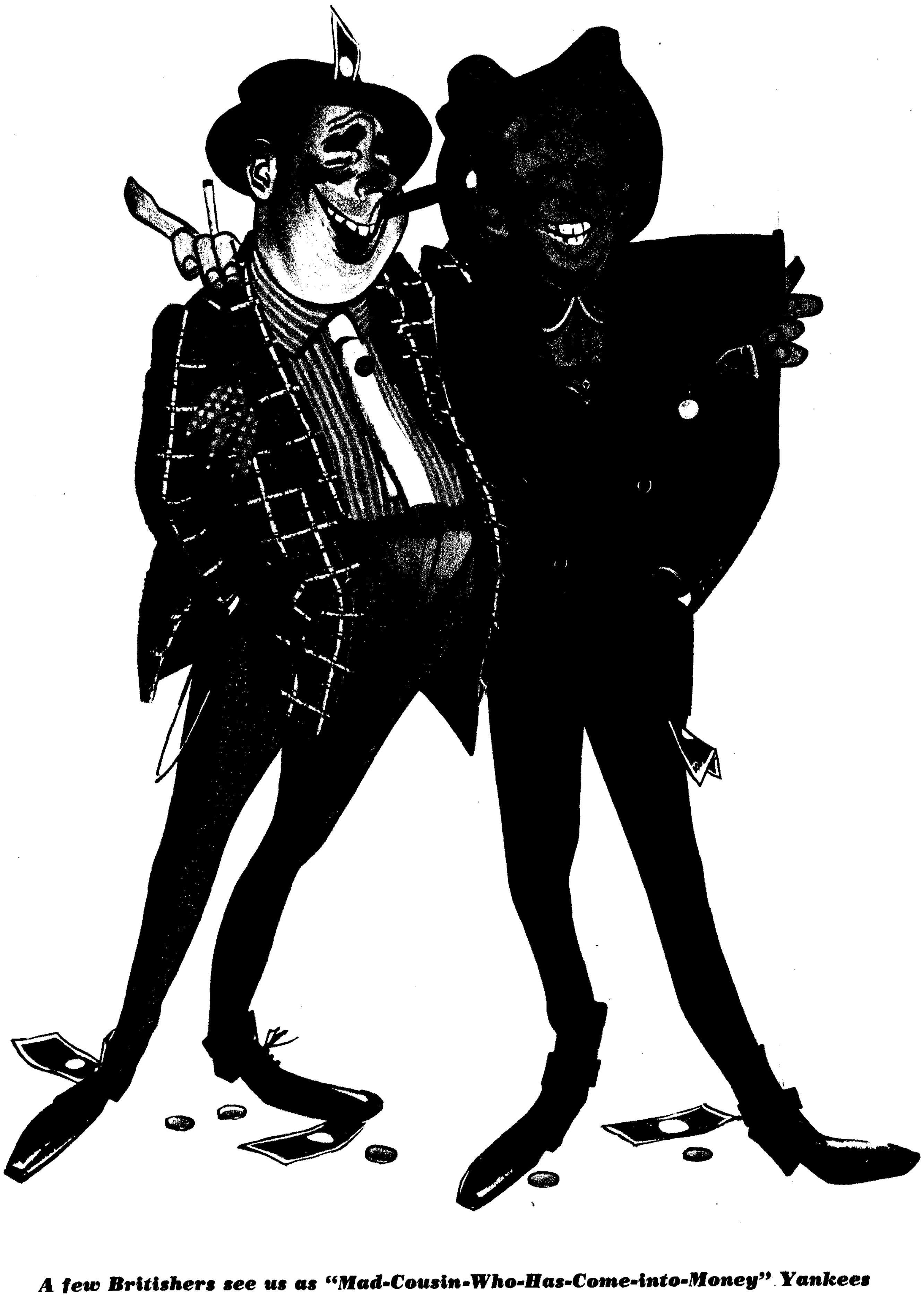
(Continued on page 64)

"It's easy enough for you to stand there and criticize me," Elizabeth said, "but I don't hear you telling me what I could have done. Maybe I should have shot her dead on the steps"

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD FORSBERG

Americans and the British *do* have their differences, but we should not argue about how to pronounce "tomato" with our liberty in peril

IT'S A GRAND



A few Britishers see us as "Mad-Cousin-Who-Has-Come-into-Money" Yankees

I AM writing this in my stateroom on the Queen Mary, bound from New York to Southampton. Most of my fellow passengers are either American or British. If there are any sullen looks or hostile whispers, then I have not noticed them. We are all getting along fine. And so we ought to be, for we are all in the same boat.

Also, for the time being, nobody is telling us that we cannot get along together, that Britain is hostile, that America feels insulted, that Anglo-American relations are worsening; so our Americans and British meet in the smoke room or on the dance floor or round the card table, and merely make little jokes about the differences between us, as the great ship, the boat we are all in together, carries us across the grim North Atlantic.

For the past eight weeks I have been talking to all kinds of Americans, all the way from New York to Santa Monica. I was warned before I came that I would not enjoy this visit to America, because, I was told, I would be deafened and alarmed by a lot of hysterical war talk, and would discover much anti-British feeling in the States. But in point of fact I have never enjoyed a visit to America more than I have this one.

Now and then I read some rather hysterical stuff in the newspapers, but the people themselves were simply worried and anxious, as most of us are bound to be these days. I found myself far closer to them than I used to when I traveled about the States—as I did many times—in the thirties.

If there was a glimmer of anti-British feeling, I never perceived it. Nobody looked sideways at me because I was an Englishman. I felt far more at ease among these folk than I did 20 or 15 years ago. They were often ignorant or badly informed about what was happening in Britain, but they were never unsympathetic and were always ready to listen carefully to what I had to say about my own country and its desperately hard problems. "Have fun!" they cried as we parted. "Glad to have known you. Come again."

But these were real people, of course, actual men and women capable of traveling in the same boat, and not the legendary figures of the cartoonist and the editorial writer. I enjoy cartoons but consider them rather dangerous. They encourage the notion that there is somebody called Uncle Sam or John Bull who is having a series of adventures with similar personages, and busy being triumphant or feeling insulted or humiliated. They ask you to suppose that 150,000,000 Americans turn into an Uncle Sam who does not even look like a contemporary American, and that 50,000,000 British, not one of whom wears side whiskers or the costume of an early Victorian squire, can be adequately represented by John Bull.

It is an easy way of dramatizing international affairs and relationships, but it is dangerous because it often suggests to millions of people that they are feeling something that in fact they are not feeling. It turns relations that are highly complicated into oversimple melodrama, and tends to encourage intolerance and irrational anger. While enjoying the draftsmanship and wit of the cartoonist, we must not allow ourselves to be deceived by the oversimplification necessary in his particular form of art and comment. You and I are not Uncle Sam and John Bull.

Many editorial writers or commentators must be treated with almost as much caution. They have a habit of assuming that the relation between your State Department and our Foreign Office is identical with the relation between the American and British peoples. It is the Uncle Sam-John Bull trick over again. A temporary difference in outlook and policy is magnified into a gigantic rift between

ALLIANCE

BY J. B. PRIESTLEY

the two peoples, who are presumed to be all glaring and jeering at one another.

And the danger is, of course, that if the peoples have no solid and well-tried understanding with one another, then the time may come when they really will begin to glare and jeer. But if this understanding exists, then, being democratic peoples, we can instruct our respective ministers and their diplomats to reach common agreement, and tell our editorial writers and commentators not to indulge in dangerous rhetoric.

More than once, after I have written or broadcast what seemed to me a balanced criticism of some aspect of American life, I have been shocked to find that the American account of it has left out all the praise and has thrown the adverse criticism into sharp relief, converting my piece into an apparently savage attack. We must recognize the fact that in the world of newspapers and radio comment, a quarrel has more value than any form of agreement, just as an angry divorce is news and a happy marriage is not worth mentioning.

In ordinary easy times this journalistic trick of emphasizing differences, magnifying disagreements, spotlighting all quarrels, does little harm. But, as we have been told so often by these same editorial writers and commentators, these are not ordinary easy times. Our two peoples wish jointly to defend certain essential values, without which many of us feel that life is not worth living.

Values Which Must Be Preserved

Our forefathers recognized these values and fought to establish a way of living that respected them. Now we in our turn are on guard to defend these values, to make sure no iron tyranny beats them into the ground. *And any differences there might be between Americans and British are trifling when seen against the background of this common heritage we are pledged to defend.* It is as if some people should be quarreling about how to pronounce "tomato"—some saying to-*ma*-to and others to-*mah*-to—when all the time the secret police are on their way, bringing banishment and death.

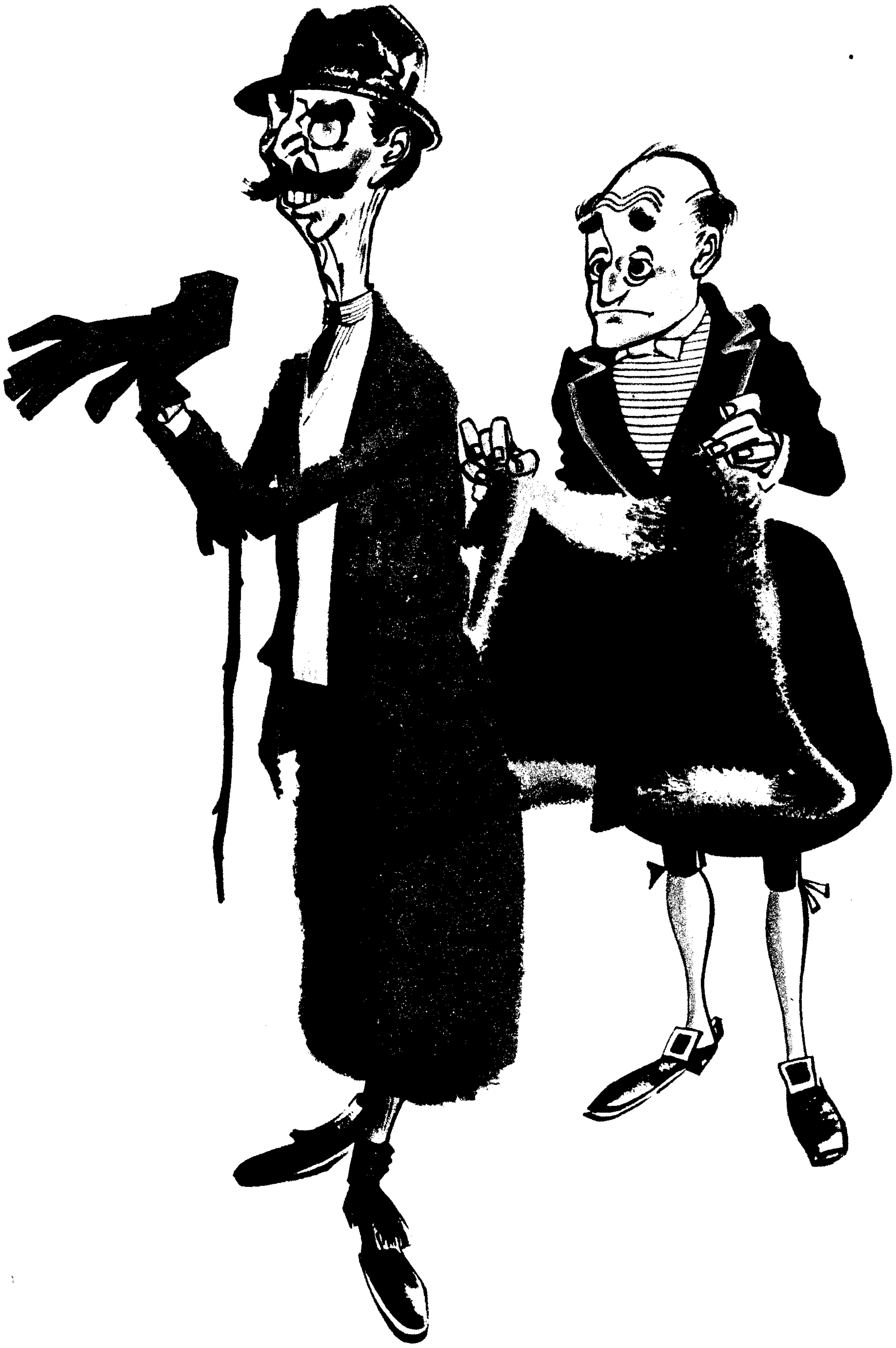
We must keep a sense of proportion here, and we must see that our newspapermen and commentators, anxious to make the news hot and lively, do not lose it. This means that we must not live in the cartoon world of Uncle Sam and John Bull, with its puppet antics, but must face the real world of real people, and there seek the solid understanding that should be the rock foundation of our alliance.

And it is this understanding, which has nothing to do with high politics, that is my subject here. The future of our civilization may depend upon Elmer Hoffenstein, dry cleaner of Denver, having a truthful notion of Harold Porson, scrap metal merchant of Birmingham; upon George J. Huft, automobile salesman of Kansas, and Major Renwick, corn merchant of Banbury, not being at cross-purposes. And this is where those of us who happen to know both countries can do a bit of good.

For instance, this language business. It has been said that our common language really separates us. Actually it makes us natural allies, but it can have the immediate effect of setting us at cross-purposes. And for this reason—that at the outset of our acquaintance we do not make sufficient allowance for national differences.

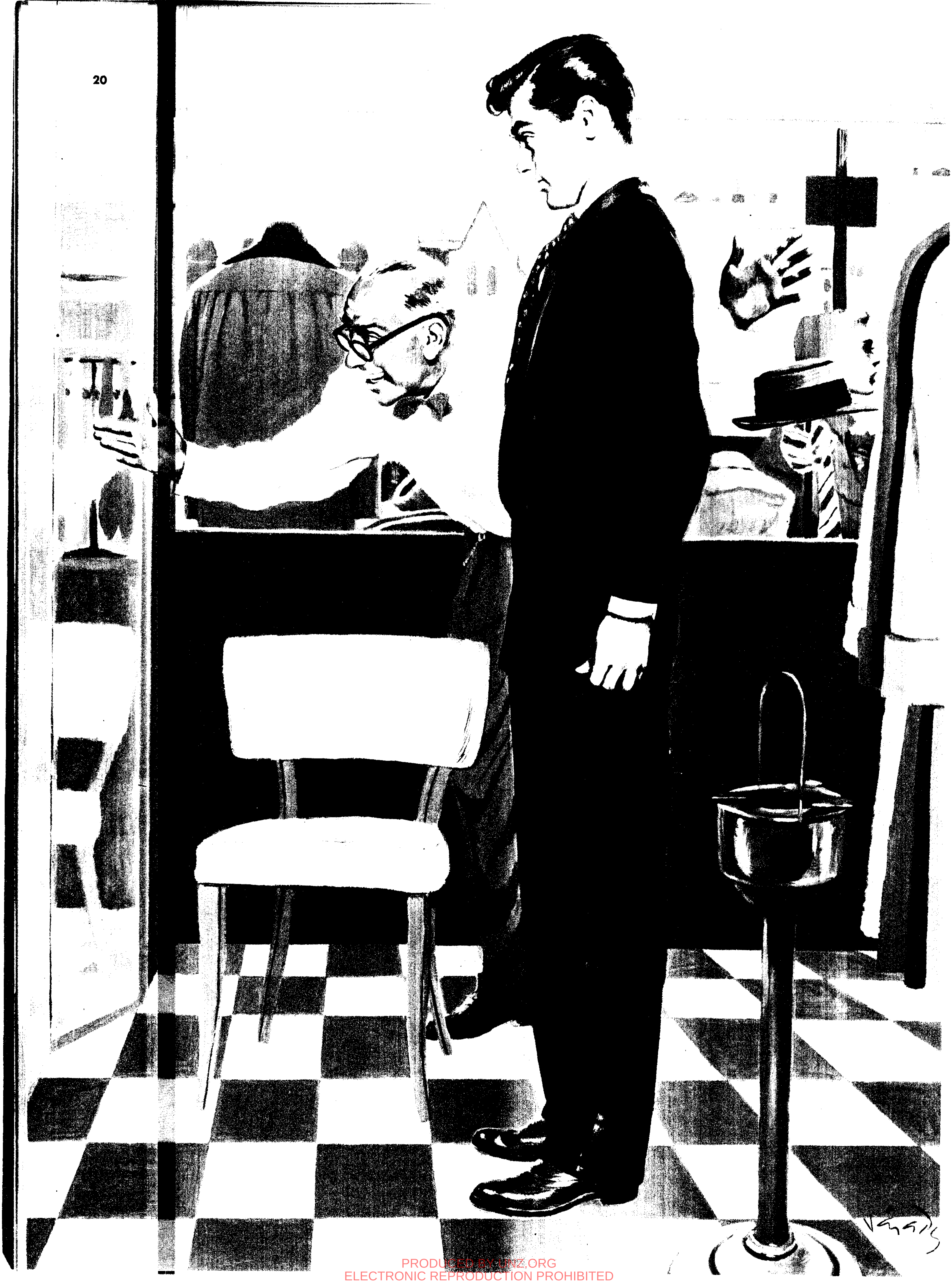
If I meet a Frenchman, or you fall in with a Brazilian, the language problem encourages us to make allowance for a different outlook. But a man who speaks our own language with an odd twang can easily seem like one of ourselves who happens to be behaving oddly. He

(Continued on page 77)



And a few Americans hold this "Dukes-and-Butlers" view of the British

DRAWINGS BY HARRY DEVLIN



The Man in the FOUR-DOLLAR SUIT

She was just a nice, nearsighted, curly-haired girl. But I had to see her again, even if it meant crashing the country club in a rented suit, and getting tossed out on my ear

By WILLARD H. TEMPLE

The sleeves were an inch too short, the collar drooped on my shoulder blades. Mr. Friedman stepped back and looked admiringly at me

THERE are two hotels in our town; one has bugs, the other is alongside the railroad tracks; and when the Pringlehof Pump & Machinery Company has an important visitor they put him up at the country club. I am the guy who drives the visitor out to the country club in the company station wagon.

Looking at it one way you might say I am not a very important cog in the Pringlehof Pump & Machinery Company. On the other hand, our traffic is fierce and it would not be good if an important visitor got killed in a traffic accident, especially if he was a visitor going to buy a lot of machinery, so you can see I have my responsibilities. Also, I do not plan to spend my life being a clerk in the office and driving the company station wagon. Some guys might be satisfied. I have hospitalization, insurance and a nice pension which I will start collecting in nineteen hundred and ninety-two, and some people might just sit back and have no ambition.

I am not that kind of guy. I am not only going to college four nights a week, I also pick up information from the visitors I drive to the country club. If the visitor is important I usually drive him through the worst traffic in town, going out to the country club by way of Fort Street, which is three miles longer than taking Broad Street, and turning right on Randolph. Of course, this uses up a little gas which is not strictly necessary, but I figure I am not gypping the company because if I pick up a little knowledge the Pringlehof Pump & Machinery Company will benefit someday and get it back when I have a better job.

On the day when my troubles began I knew I had an important visitor because I saw Mr. Pringlehof come out of his office to meet him and shake his hand, and there are very few visitors who get that treatment from Mr. Pringlehof.

He came out of Mr. Pringlehof's office at four o'clock, and Fred Ryan, the sales chief, said to me, "Joe, will you take Mr. Winthrop to the country club?"

I carried the suitcase out to the car. Mr. Winthrop was a big man with a lantern jaw that was set hard. He looked like a tough bird to deal with, and I really did not expect much from him in the way of illuminating conversation. Still and all, he was evidently a VIP so I started off by way of Fort Street and hadn't gone three blocks when we were stalled in traffic.

Mr. Winthrop hadn't said a word. I eased the car forward a few feet. "Be a nice afternoon for golf out at the club," I said.

Mr. Winthrop didn't answer. Really tough, I thought, and I had a notion the Pringlehof Pump & Machinery Company was finding him the same.

We got as far as the corner when the light turned red, and I tossed out another conversational opener.

"Too bad we don't have a really good hotel in town, sir," I said, "but I think you'll find the country club very satisfactory. Comfortable rooms, good food and no street or traffic noises at night."

"Yuk," he said, or at least it sounded like that. The light turned green, and I got into high gear for half a block before we were slowed again. Glancing sideways at the visitor I could just see his profile which looked as rugged as the coast of Maine. It didn't look to me like I was going to collect any pearls of business wisdom from Mr. Winthrop but I gave it the old try.

"Peak traffic right here, sir," I said, "but we'll shake loose from it in another three blocks."

I didn't expect anything, but he wriggled around in his seat and spoke. He took me by surprise. More ways than one.

"Listen," he said, "what the hell did you come this way for? Why didn't you go out Broad Street and turn right on Randolph?"

I almost hit a bus. All the time I'd driven the station wagon there wasn't a scratch on a fender, but I almost plowed right into a bus. It seemed to me a white lie was in order. Not just to save my own skin; it might do the company some good.

"Construction," I said, thinking fast. "Broad Street's torn up."

I felt proud of myself. A good businessman has to be able to come up with the quick answer. I was congratulating myself when Mr. Winthrop spoke again.

"You work fast in this town, don't you?" he said nastily. "When I came out in the limousine from the airport this morning Broad Street hadn't been touched. Now at four in the afternoon it's all torn up."

The traffic up and died on us. A woman tried to make an illegal left turn, a cop blew his whistle, a truck backed out of an alley and the traffic quit. We sat there with the sun shining through the windshield. All around us pedestrians were walking, horns were honking, drivers were complaining, the cop was blowing his whistle.

In the station wagon of the Pringlehof Pump & Machinery Company was the silence of the grave.

Mr. Winthrop broke it. I had thought he was one of those strong, silent captains of industry. Now he began to run off at the mouth.

"We get a bum shipment from Pringlehof," he said. "I have to come down here to straighten it out, and I find the whole organization fouled up. They haven't even got a man who can drive five miles to the country club without getting lost. How long you been driving this station wagon? How long you lived in this hellhole?"

"I was born here," I said. "I—"

"Well, Buster," Mr. Winthrop said, grating his teeth, "maybe by the time you're fifty you'll have found out how to locate the country club. Don't give up."

HE WENT on from there. He expressed his opinion of the town, the Pringlehof Pump & Machinery Company and of me. He didn't like any of us or our forefathers and he said so without repeating himself once.

I sat there paralyzed. Finally I realized the traffic was moving. Everything was moving except the Pringlehof Pump & Machinery Company station wagon and the traffic that was stalled behind it.

A cop came over. His face was as red as my ears felt. He waved his arms like semaphores. "What you waitin' for?" he bawled. "Somebody gonna bring you a sandwich?"

I got the heap rolling. A truck blocked me and I crossed the white line and went around the truck. I beat two guys at the light and gunned the car and shook loose from the traffic. I turned onto Randolph and we had clear sailing. I pulled into the country club drive, parked under the portico, jumped out of the car, opened the door for Mr. Winthrop, picked up his suitcase and followed him into the clubhouse. A steward took over from there and Mr. Winthrop went upstairs and out of sight. He didn't bother to say good-by and I couldn't.

I had always enjoyed driving a visitor to the country club. They were usually relaxed with their work behind them. They *(Continued on page 73)*

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDRIC VARADY

As Aunt Cissy in the new musical about Brooklyn. Betty Smith, who wrote the book, says Shirley "knows more about Cissy than I do"

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

One Touched with Genius

By JAMES POLING

Theater people nodded knowingly when public acclaim came to Shirley Booth, star of A Tree Grows in Brooklyn. For years, they've touted her as one of the best actresses on the American stage

IN THE theater, where scene-stealing is often looked on darkly by members of the craft, actress Shirley Booth is something of an anomaly. She is one of the best scene-stealers in the business, yet she has been widely acclaimed by stagefolk for years. In the role of Cissy in the new musical, A Tree Grows in Brooklyn, she blithely steals the whole show. And all up and down Broadway, a street notorious for its back-biting, people are delighted and are saying so.

"In my 37 years in the theater," says George Abbott, who coproduced, directed and helped write the play, "I've worked with more actresses than I can count, and to me Shirley is easily tops. How can there be any better, when she's perfect?"

Betty Smith, author of the novel A Tree Grows in Brooklyn and coauthor of the Broadway hit, is more specific: "Shirley gives the character of Aunt Cissy dimensions that I never dreamed of, and I created the character. She knows more about Cissy than I do."

Cissy—a singing, dancing, uninhibited creature with a disconcerting penchant for calling her current boy friend "Harry," whoever he may be—is not an easy person to portray. But for Shirley, who seems constitutionally incapable of fumbling a tough part, the role was foolproof; she couldn't have thrown it away if she had wanted to. (Once, out of anger, Miss Booth tried to sabotage a curtain line in Goodbye, My Fancy. She said it was vulgar and that if it wasn't taken out she'd ruin it. It was left in; she simply couldn't ruin it.) Cissy was a plum for her—a plum that was long overdue.

For years, as a featured player, Shirley has taken tired, minor roles and made them incandescent. In Goodbye, My Fancy, starring Madeleine Carroll, Miss Booth played an acid-tongued secretary. It was not much of a part, but she produced such laughs that she was asked to give some of her lines to the star. Miss Carroll gave them back; without Shirley, they wilted. In The Philadelphia Story, Shirley acted an enterprising magazine photographer so successfully that her performance got almost as much critical acclaim as that of the star, Katharine Hepburn.

Yet, although she has been a favorite of the professionals for years, Miss Booth was hardly known to the public.

She had just about resigned herself to being a successful featured player but never a star when, last year, the Theatre Guild unexpectedly asked her to play the *(Continued on page 61)*

RICHARD AVEDON

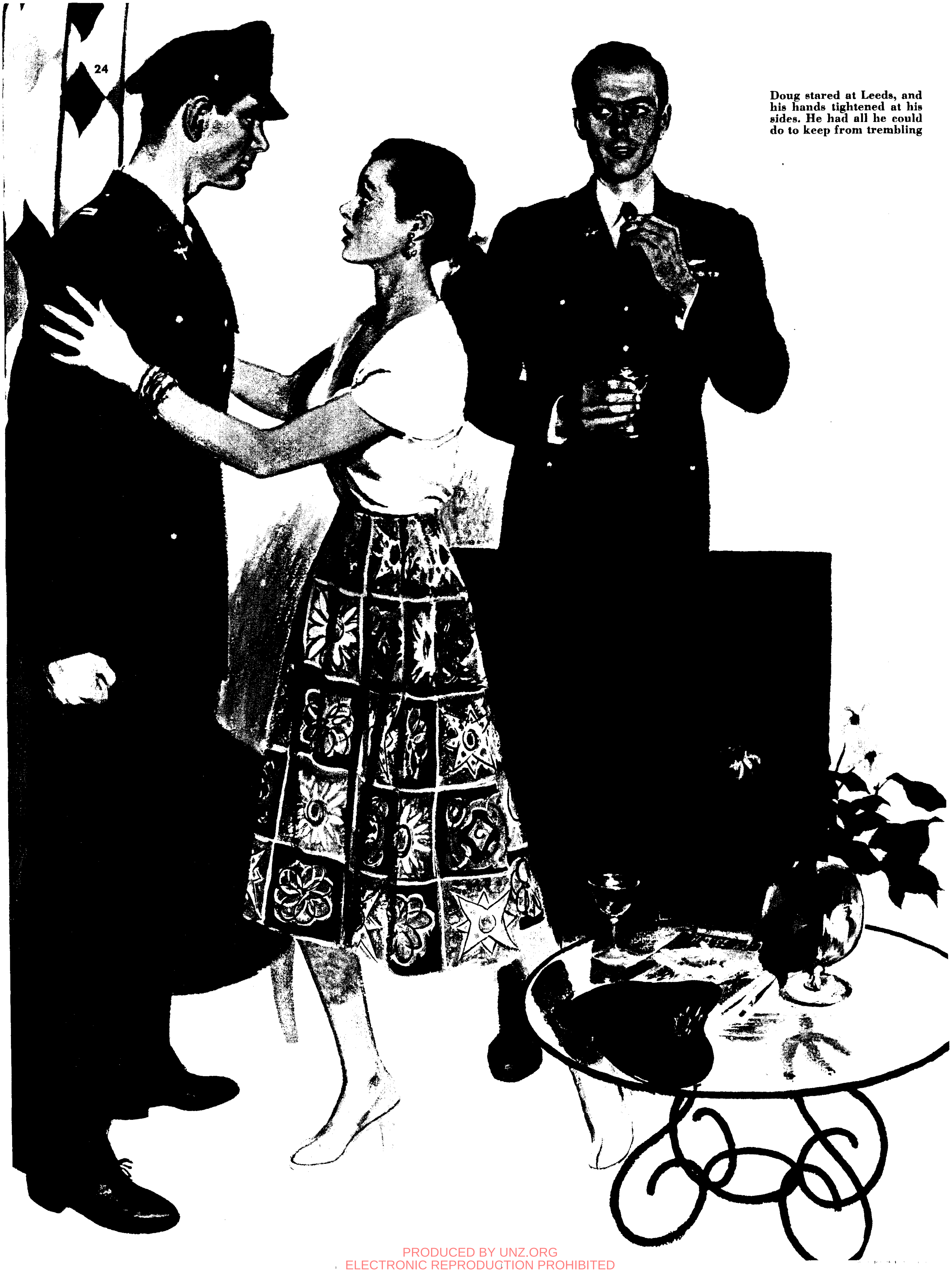
Shirley won several awards for her superb portrayal of the tragic, slatternly Lola in the play Come Back, Little Sheba

JOEL

In My Sister Eileen, a great personal success, with Jo Ann Sayers (left), Gordon Jones (center) and Tom Dillon (right)

VANDAMM

Another role the critics liked—in The Philadelphia Story, with Katharine Hepburn (r.), the play's star, and Van Heflin



Doug stared at Leeds, and his hands tightened at his sides. He had all he could do to keep from trembling

Sham Battle

By WALT SHELDON

Doug hadn't bargained for all this play-acting. He was a trained fighter pilot—and they needed fighter pilots in Korea, didn't they? So why all this horsing around?

CAPTAIN DOUG PARKER brought the F-86 Sabre jet out of a tight turn and touched down on the runway. It was a perfect landing, but there was no satisfaction in it. There was no satisfaction in anything today: not in the fact that Major Leeds, the jet instructor, was watching from the line; not in the fact that Joanna, waiting in front of headquarters, had probably seen it, too.

Doug Parker felt empty and unimpressed. Maybe things had reached a point—

He was still scowling about it when Major Leeds met him in front of Operations. "Not bad, Parker," Leeds said. "Like to see you try it straight-in sometime, though." Leeds was a tall man with an assured manner. Doug found it hard to believe he was a jet expert; somehow he pictured him in the Pentagon, charming VIPs and losing gracefully to generals at bridge and golf.

"That nose comes way up when you flatten out," Doug said. "And I like to see where I'm going."

"Don't worry about it." Leeds said laughing. "You'll get used to it. Takes time."

"Yeah, time. Overseas they've got plenty of time—"

"I know how you feel, Parker. We all feel that way. But this is best—training first."

Doug stared at the tall young major and vaguely considered spitting in his eye. Plenty of time. Doug would get used to it. Sure, after a while he'd get used to this whole new Air Force: the tightened discipline and the blue bus-driver uniforms and the upside-down chevrons, and possibly he'd even get used to sitting here on his fanny in the Great American Desert, training, while guys were flying man-sized missions overseas.

"Yeah," was all he could think of to say. He turned to go.

"I'll give you a lift downtown," Leeds said cheerily. "Got the old junk pile at the gate."

"No thanks," Doug said. "Got a date." Joanna was waiting for him and they'd take a taxi downtown. They'd sold the car months ago, sure that Doug would go overseas.

Funny, when Doug Parker had been recalled to active duty last summer it had seemed just what the doctor ordered. He'd been bored with his job as a draftsman, bored with their small, big-city apartment, bored with the struggle to get along on a draftsman's pay, and he'd begun to be bored with Joanna. They both knew that, even though they didn't talk about it. They'd thought the Wing Reunion in Chicago last year might get some of his restlessness out of his system. It had only made it worse. Meeting all the old guys, drinking the way they used to drink, retelling the old jokes and agreeing to all the half lies about what had really happened in combat—no, that had only stimulated him.

There weren't many old jokes now. Captain Douglas F. Parker, USAFR, was in command of a skeleton fighter squadron here at a skeleton base where a skeleton group was being made ready by his old buddy, Colonel Bob Yancy. And Bob had changed. He'd been a major when Doug knew him overseas; those eagles seemed to have made a difference. Or maybe Bob had just logged too much desk time and not enough air time.

Leeds was still with Doug as he came down the main street toward headquarters. Leeds was chattering about jets and Doug wasn't listening. Doug looked ahead and saw Joanna standing in front of the headquarters building. She had a pass to get on the base so that she could shop at the commissary. Meeting him on Saturday and going into town for a couple of cocktails had become a regular thing: on the whole, they were getting a little less bored with each other. But Doug still wanted to be overseas.

Joanna was, as always, beautiful. As he came closer, he saw again her easy, friendly smile, and that not-miss-a-trick look in her eyes. He walked up to her. "Hi, baby. All set?"

"Ready and willing," Joanna said. She glanced at Leeds.

"This is Major Leeds, darling," Doug said, without enthusiasm. "Major, this is my wife, Joanna."

Leeds took Joanna's white-gloved hand as though it were a delicate pastry. "Doug's been hiding you," he said. "I would myself, if I were him. Still, he owes it to the gang to bring you around once in a while."

Joanna laughed, and Doug didn't like it. She probably saw through Leeds's studiously boyish charm well enough, but she probably found it charming just the same. That was a woman for you. She said, "Doug doesn't bring the gang around either. You come sometime, Major. The apartment's awfully small, but we've been known to have drinks."

"Not your Martinis," Doug said. He just felt left out and wanted to get in on the chitchat. "You make terrible Martinis."

"See, Major?" Joanna said. "That's what's behind the whole thing."

"Let *him* make them, then," Leeds said. He hadn't taken his eyes from her. "And call me Norman, not Major."

Before she had a chance to call him Norman, the front door of the headquarters building suddenly opened and Colonel Bob Yancy came out. "Captain Parker!" He was looking at Doug.

Doug scowled at Bob's approaching figure. The guy was putting on weight, all right. He'd once had a hard, swaggering little frame, tailor-made for a fighter cockpit, and now he had jowls and the beginnings of a gut. He always had a worried look, too, these days. Bob nodded at Joanna and Major Leeds, then looked directly at Doug. "Glad I caught you. Something pretty important we've got to take up. You better come in the office awhile."

Doug said, "I was just getting ready for a week end. Can't this wait till Monday?"

"Afraid not. And you may be tied up the rest of the afternoon. Better meet her later." He looked at her. "You understand, don't you, Joanna?"

"Of course. I'll—I'll take a taxi home, and meet you when you get there, Doug."

"Taxi, nothing," Leeds said brightly. "I'll take you there in the old junk pile."

Yes, things had reached a point. It was a day for everything to go wrong. Doug could feel it in the air. In the office, Bob sat behind his desk. He scowled, picked up some papers, and handled them without looking at them. Doug sat across from him. Bob said, "Now, Doug, see here, damn it!"

"What's eating you, Bob?"

"These reports." He slapped them with his fingernails. "Your squadron. Everything."

"Oh, hell, Bob!" said Doug.

"That's what I mean. That attitude. We're supposed to be doing some serious training here. They gave me eight months to have a fighter group ready and right now this outfit couldn't dust crops. What kind of a report is this? Progress of every man—quote—excellent—unquote. Special problems—none. Morale problems—none. Suggestions—none. How long did you spend on this report, Doug?"

"Well, I started early this morning, and—"

"You wouldn't lie to me, would you, Doug?"

"All right. Five minutes, maybe," Doug admitted.

Bob nodded. "Now, listen, Doug: there's something big coming up. Any day. I can't tell you the day or the details, but it'll demand the best of every man in this so-called fighter group. I can't have the outfit ready unless I get decent reports from my squadron commanders. Last week over in Hurley's outfit a kid named Novak—a second lieutenant just out of school—cracked up an 86 on a landing. I looked back over his training reports: excellent, excellent, excellent. Fact was, he can't get onto an 86. I'm giving him another chance because we're low enough on pilots as it is. But a thing like that's got to be watched. That's why we train first, so it happens here, not in combat."

Doug got up. He leaned on the desk. "All right, Bob, you listen to me. I'm not a second lieutenant just out of school. I flew forty missions in a 51 when jets were something out of science-fiction magazines. I didn't volunteer for active duty to sit at a desk and make out a bunch of damfool reports."

"Try to operate a group without reports sometime. Try it."

"Okay, okay—that's your department, Bob. You're a big bird colonel now and good luck to you. I'm a pilot. A combat pilot. What the devil am I doing here? Is it a project, maybe, of the Department of Agriculture to fly jets over the desert and scare off all the jack rabbits?"

Bob frowned. "Doug,

(*Continued on page* 55)

ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT

He Leads the Life He Loves

Two decades ago, businessman-artist Philip Plaistridge withdrew to a handmade haven atop a New Hampshire mountain. There he proved that man can be self-sufficient in a complex world

By JOHN W. RANDOLPH

TO PHILIP PLAISTRIDGE it is only natural that a man who can paint and sell landscapes can also easily make money in the commercial world, and excel most other men as a gunsmith, rifleshot, pistol slinger, carpenter, stonemason, hunter, guide, cartographer, violinmaker, cook and animal handler.

It follows, then, that such a man can also build his own home with his own hands from materials on his own land and live alone in the woods, without a lesser man's (or nonartist's) need for the society or services of other lesser men.

This Plaistridge has been doing as an implacable and contented bachelor for 22 years at Winchester, New Hampshire, a mile from where he was born sixty-five years ago.

He has now carried far forward the manner of life that Henry David Thoreau was so exultant about starting and so quick about ending: that of a solitary human free from the burdens of surplus property, employment, rents, debts, duties and obligations. Unlike Thoreau, he has proved he could carry all these burdens with ease in an urban world, and then contemptuously abandon a reasonably successful business career to take to the woods.

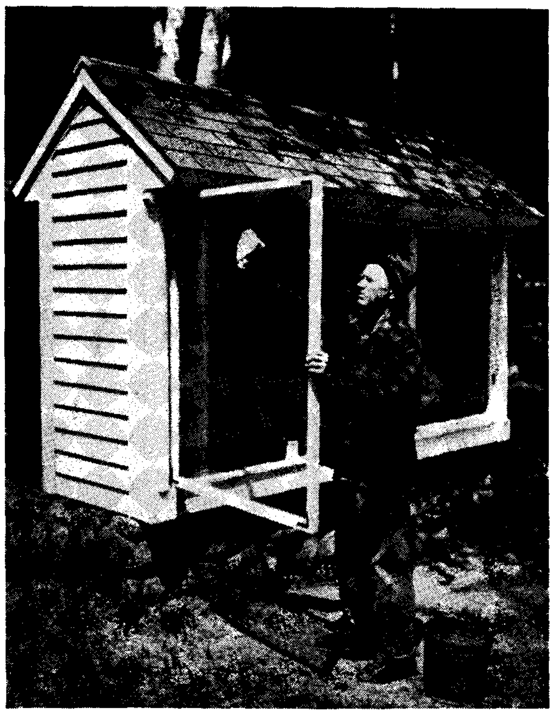
His life is now simplified to a degree possible only for an ingenious, self-sufficient and somewhat irascible man who has spent two decades at it without any regard for anybody else's opinions.

Plaistridge lives in a tight, lovingly built story-and-a-half house on a sidehill in the beautiful Monadnock region, just south of the village of Winchester. The house stands among flowers and fine big pines and the home plot is terraced, with fieldstone retaining walls, just enough for the house and five small outbuildings to look as though they are embedded in the green hill. Everything is neat and casually well-kept.

The 21-acre place extends up through the pines behind the house to the top of a little mountain ("A man is a fool to buy part of a hill and not the top"). Hidden in the pines is a small portable sawmill, standing near Plaistridge's blacksmith shop. A bridle path, neatly retained with fieldstone on the downhill side, meanders up through trees and laurel.

The man who beavers about this hill is a medium-built, medium-sized fellow with gray eyes and a confident, slightly amused air. He dresses habitually in old tweed pants or dungarees, an old flannel shirt made by himself, low-cut hunting boots or sneakers, and a notable hat. The hat, lying on a bench, is simply a worn old headpiece; tilted on Plaistridge's erect head it is the far-seen badge of a man upon whom no woman has ever dropped her loop and to whom no man says: "Do thus."

The hat bugles Plaistridge's sure belief in everything he does himself, including the painting of pictures. He has no accepted place in the art world, and feels the need of none. He has never held an exhibition or had a picture hung in a museum, but he has sold between 500 and 1,000 oils, water colors and etchings directly to the public at prices ranging from $15 to $300 and knows that he has pictures hanging in homes all over the country, where he wants them.


On the roadside below his retreat, the artist constructed this showcase for his landscapes

As a lifelong woodsman and therefore a naturalist, Plaistridge paints landscapes and animals with authority. On his canvas, a tree is a sycamore, an oak, a beech, and New England landscapes are New England landscapes. To Plaistridge, the *avant-garde* who paint unintelligible pictures are nothing at all.

Much of his painting is done on his own land. Buyers must come to him if they want his work, and sometimes sales are slow. When this happens he simply mends guns and furniture, or rebuilds violins, or straightens out somebody's books until —and only until—he has enough money for current expenses. Then he returns to art.

In this he follows Thoreau, who wrote that "the mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation" because of the incessant obligations of their work and their property and that they "work under a mistake." Plaistridge goes a little further. To him work is anything a man is paid for by the hour or month or by contract, and it is an unmitigated curse.

This attitude toward work is maintained with some logic. Plaistridge will mend a gun for a friend free, when he would not mend one for money, and he will take no pay at all for stonework. One of the most incessantly busy men on earth, he yet detests paid tasks so ferociously that it is doubtful he would paint landscapes, even, at $100 an hour.

His intolerant attitude toward compensation is too complicated for the understanding of a nonpainter. He sometimes gives paintings to friends, but he thinks the creator should be paid and that for the good of his soul the nonartist should pay.

Yet with almost complete inconsistency, Plaistridge "charges" himself by the hour for painting—$1 an hour. His prices for pictures are based on that scale. If he spends 25 hours on a picture, he will sell it for $25 plus the cost of materials—unless he happens to like it particularly well. Then he may arbitrarily set a fairly high price on it in the hope no one will buy it, or simply refuse to sell it at all for a year or two. Once having fixed a price, he will not change it or even discuss it.

Buyers often arouse in him a snorting intolerance that rarely fails to daunt them. A hundred yards below his house runs Highway 10, known locally as Manning Hill Road, the main highway from New Haven to the White Mountains. Beside it Plaistridge has built what he calls his "store," a beautiful showcase about seven feet high, ten feet long and three feet deep, set on a stone foundation and roofed with composition shingles. It is glassed in, paneled in varnished, knotty pine, and in it hang a dozen oils, water colors and etchings. On a summer day as many as 40 cars will stop there. Some of the tourists, as many as eight a day, come up to the house for further inquiry. Plaistridge does not go down to them.

The store is a simple and, so far as Plaistridge knows, unique country adaptation of the city showroom window. Apparently, astonishment at finding it there among the big pines hauls tourists up short.

A New Yorker recently spotted in the store a trivial little sketch priced at $10. He came to the house demanding to see more. Plaistridge, who believes a man is justified in using loud tones only when angry or calling cows, considered his visitor too strident.

He has a method for such people. He pretends that all of his salable work is stored in the attic above his neat woodshed, where a few lesser works really are stored. Such a customer is not permitted in the attic, but must stand in the shed while Plaistridge shows pictures through a window above. This usually keeps a caller in his place.

But this particular one was tough. He glanced at each work and demanded the price immediately. Prices ranged from $20 to $100. Finally, the prospect pointed out belligerently that there was a $10 tag on a picture in the store and demanded a picture for $10. He was simply buying prices. Plaistridge descended the ladder. "You see that car out there?" he asked ominously, pointing to the New Yorker's sedan. "Well, you get in it and then I'll tell you where to go from there—FAST."

Plaistridge himself rarely pays more than $10 for anything except a heifer or a pony. And while he will not haggle over anything he sells, he is a close trader on anything he buys, especially animals.

Though he loves animals, wild or domestic, and despises any man who abuses either kind, Plaistridge is an inveterate *(Continued on page 60)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ARTHUR GRIFFIN

Plaistridge, who once earned his living as a carpenter, built this house himself, almost entirely of materials from his own land. He also is a gunsmith, cartographer, violinmaker

DREAM GOLF COURSE

By BILL FAY

Frank Stranahan, a top-ranking U.S. amateur and perhaps the most widely traveled player in the game today, picks a "toughest" composite course from favorite holes here and abroad

IT DOESN'T make any difference whether you shoot pars or bogeys. You'll like this golf course. It's a composite layout of 18 Great Golf Holes selected by Frank Stranahan—one of the foremost amateurs—from outstanding courses in the United States and Great Britain.

You won't find a tougher or more interesting collection of golf holes anywhere, but don't worry. You're going to shoot this course in par—mental par, that is—without getting into a bit of trouble.

What's more, you're going to drive like Snead, pinpoint your approaches like Hogan, and putt with the finesse of a Ferrier.

Stranahan

Working from aerial photos and blueprints of the original holes, artist Ken Thompson reproduced—sand trap by sand trap—the composite course pictured on these pages, and Stranahan marked down the theoretical shots required for a perfect round. All you've got to do to card a par 72—or a sub-par 71, if you gamble on the thirteenth—is follow Stranahan's directions from tee to green.

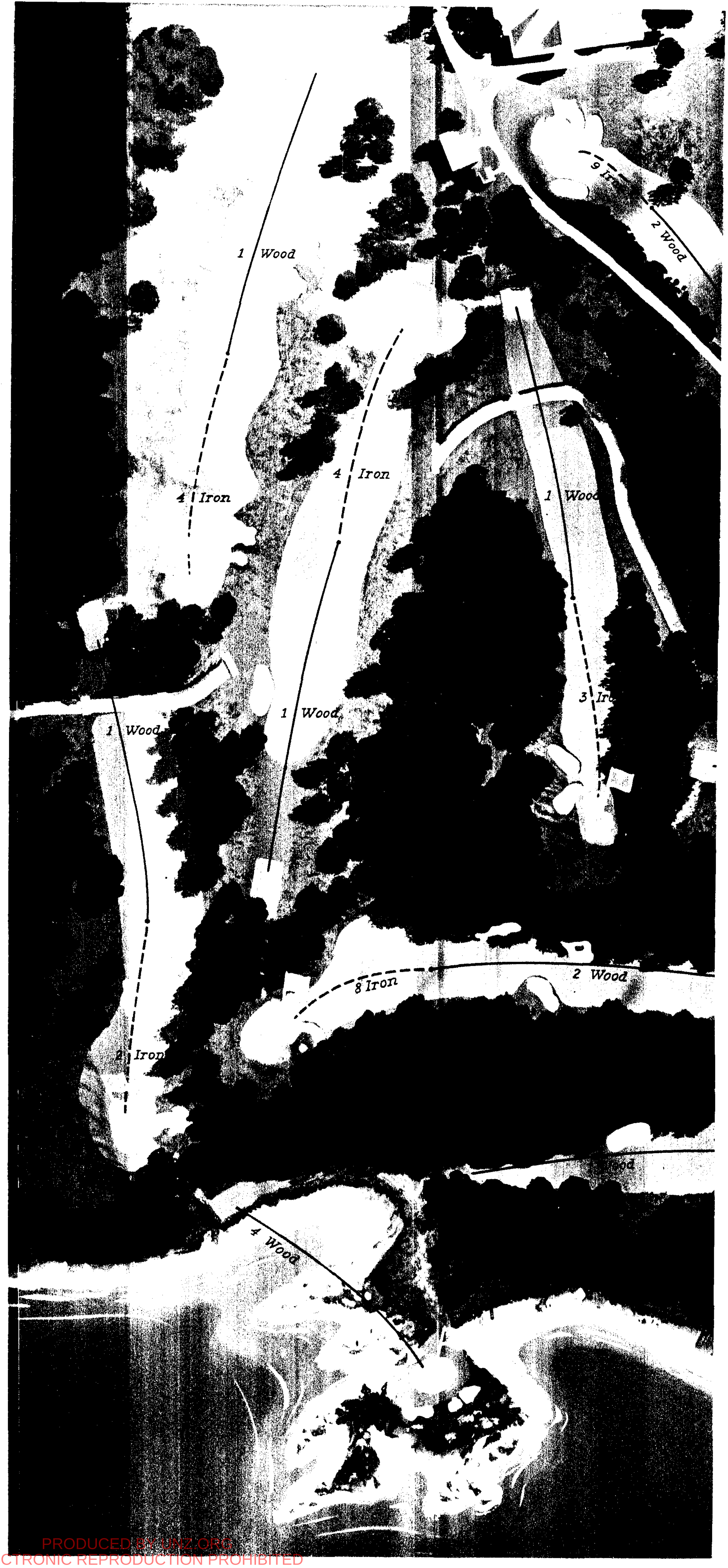
During the last five years, Stranahan has covered more golfing territory than any other topflight player. In addition to familiarizing himself with most of the world's outstanding competitive courses, Frank has acquired enough trophies to fill a large room in his home in Toledo, Ohio. He's won the All-America Amateur three times, the British Amateur twice, the Canadian Amateur and the Mexican Amateur twice also, while scoring many notable triumphs over the pros on the U.S. open tournament circuit.

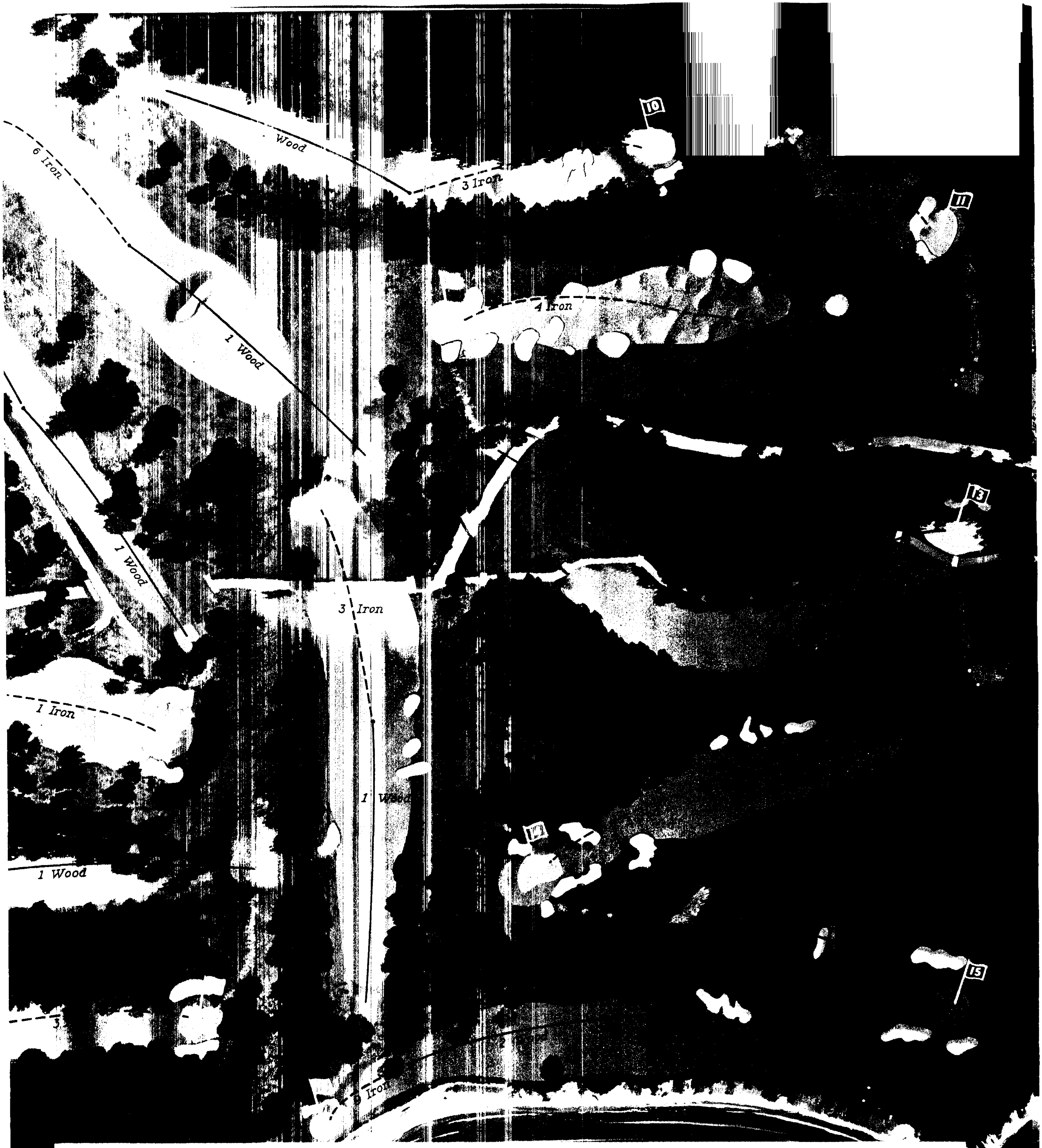
Stranahan's 18 Great Golf Holes blend into a beautifully balanced 7,438-yard course. There are 10 par 4s, four par 5s and four par 3s. In making these selections, Stranahan picked the holes which (considered collectively) offered the widest variety of shots under the maximum range of geographical and climatic conditions.

On the front nine, for example, you'll run into 220-yard and 222-yard par 3s that require the utmost accuracy from the tee. However, although the distances are almost identical, you won't be able to use your favorite No. 4 wood for both drives. Here's why.

On our third tee, standing on a wind-swept crag hanging out over the Pacific Ocean at Cypress Point in Del Monte, California, you'll drive across 200 yards of water to a postage-stamp green. You'll use your No. 4 wood—and bang it hard—because the moist "heavy" sea air cuts down distance. Also, the apron around the green is soft and spongy. You won't (*Continued on page* 71)

DRAWING BY KENNETH THOMPSON





HOLE NO.	HOME COURSE
1	First at Oakland Hills Country Club Birmingham, Michigan
2	Second at Riviera Country Club (No. 2 Course) Los Angeles, California
3	Sixteenth at Cypress Point Golf Club Del Monte, California
4	Fourth at Medinah C. C. (No. 3 Course) Medinah (Chicago), Illinois
5	Tenth at Pinehurst Country Club (No. 2 Course) Pinehurst, North Carolina
6	Seventeenth at Winged Foot Golf Club Mamaroneck, New York
7	Third at Northland Country Club Duluth, Minnesota
8	Eighth at Phoenix Country Club Phoenix, Arizona
9	Ninth at Canterbury Golf Club Cleveland, Ohio
10	Tenth at Augusta National Golf Links Augusta, Georgia
11	Eleventh at Tam O'Shanter Country Club Chicago, Illinois
12	Thirteenth at Royal St. George's Golf Course Sandwich, Kent, England
13	Thirteenth at Augusta National Golf Links Augusta, Georgia
14	Fourteenth at Pinehurst C. C. (No. 2 Course) Pinehurst, North Carolina
15	Tenth at Hillcrest Country Club Kansas City, Missouri
16	Eighteenth at Pebble Beach Golf Course Del Monte, California
17	Fourth at Inverness Country Club Toledo, Ohio
18	Eighteenth at Royal Liverpool Golf Club Hoylake, Cheshire, England

I HEAR THE STEP OF

They were five strong young men, restless and lonely and full of an urge to prove themselves. They needed to fight—even to fight a battle they could never hope to win

SUDDENLY Red Boward took his brass knuckles out of his pocket. He slipped them over his fingers, banged his right fist into his left palm, and said, "I'll fight any man any time I'm crowded."

Red was a restless fellow. Every so often he would take off his hat and run his hands through his coppery hair.

None of us asked him who he wanted to fight or why. It was a simple declaration of an attitude.

We were passing the raw moonshine whisky around, drinking out of the jar. We had stopped in the warm night, we five young Virginians, up there on top of Three Mile Hill. Ahead of us we could see the stars hanging low in the sky over Colonial Springs. We were silent for a time.

It might have been that we were listening, even then. A majority of the men who have their heritage in that solemn empire of mountains that begin in the western part of the state and extend on into West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee are lean and cold-eyed. They have a reputation of violence and unpredictability, of shooting or cutting quickly, without word or reason. But they are a quiet people, a slow-spoken and ordinarily a soft-spoken people, and they have a peculiar trait. A man may be talking to you. Suddenly he will pause and listen curiously; he will cock his head as if to hear a distant sound, as if trying to catch the echo of a lost destiny, before he goes on with what he was saying.

"Just one more little touch," said Ruffin Glendye, and he took the jar and drank again.

That modern highway on which we were parked traversed not only land and space but time and history. Its course had been established by roaming Shawnees, Cherokees and Catawbas. The great hunters, explorers and Indian fighters picked their way westward over it when it was a dim trail. The settlers came. A century passed. The trail became a stage and wagon road. Descendants of the pioneers traveled over it in the ragged armies of Jeb Stuart and General J. E. Johnston. More years went by and there were we.

At the exact spot where we had stopped, our grandfathers and our great-uncles had fought a Civil War skirmish under Stonewall Jackson, against a force under General Milroy. The site was now an apple orchard; it was the time of year when young green apples were hanging on the trees. Our headlights shone directly on a state highway marker that told us that our ancestors, although outnumbered nine to one and weary from a long march, had won.

"We done drank enough now," said Tall Bill McManaway, and he screwed the top back on the jar of whisky and put it away.

We started on down toward the city. Through the heavy summer night, passing banks and fences thick with tangled honeysuckle, we clattered along that historic road in Dewey McManaway's fast, red-wheeled, broken-mufflered Ford and we threw back our heads and lifted our voices and sang Red Wing.

". . . She longed for her brave's
return—
Thuh heart of Red Wing yearned . . ."

Tall Bill carried the lead. He had a good, steady baritone voice. He was a great, tall, freckle-necked man with wild eyes. He was a man of dignity and honor. He was wearing an Army tunic that the proprietor of a secondhand store in Colonial Springs had sold him and it was three inches too short in the sleeves. He sat on the back seat, stiff and straight in the Army tunic, the hair growing long behind his ears, his voice booming out the lead to that old ballad.

All of us except Tall Bill lived in the village of Cherry Glen, out in the foothills. There was a restlessness about all us young villagers. We could not loaf around the stores or the porch of the County Bank without scuffling and wrestling, engaging in all kinds of horseplay. Dewey McManaway would suddenly get a peculiar, faraway look in his eyes and climb in his broken-mufflered Ford and race down to the high school and back with his exhaust barking and banging so loud it would wake up half the people in the village. He would drive as fast as the car would go, as if he were trying to make it fly away. He might do that two or three times during the evening without a word of explanation.

We rattled into town. We pulled into a free parking lot on Central Avenue and debated what we were going to do.

"Let's go see that Western picture down at the Strand The*ay*ter," said Tall Bill, who was not like the rest of us. He still lived up in a place called Jerkumtight Hollow. Despite the wildness of his eyes, he was a calm man. Now and then he worked in a sawmill and sometimes he made a little liquor or worked on a rock crusher. He had made the whisky we were drinking. But most of the time he went around over the slopes of the Shenandoah with a rifle in his hand, hunting squirrels or wild turkey; it takes a good calm man to kill a wild turkey with a rifle. We voted him down on the movie. We knew that calmness of his would keep him sitting through all three shows of the same picture. The rest of us knew what we would eventually do anyway, what we had come to town for. We were just going through the motions of pretending we had a choice.

"Ah'd like to shoot some pool," said Ruffin Glendye.

WE AGREED to that. We started for Appler's Poolroom. Stores were open for the Saturday-night country trade. We walked along under flashing neon signs. Tall Bill and Ruffin Glendye were walking side by side in front of the other three of us. Tall Bill might have been keeping an eye on Ruffin. I am not sure. Ruffin had that restless undercurrent too, but you had to look sharp to find it. He was a small man. He hardly came up to Tall Bill's shoulders and he weighed less than a hundred and thirty pounds. But he had big bony wrists, and if you ran your fingers over his knuckles it was like feeling the knots on an oak tree. His whole body was bony and hard. He was a fighter and he was unpredictable.

But to talk to him you would not know it. He had a soft, drawling voice. In conversation he would be likely to agree with everything you said and he would be grinning all the time and even as he talked to you so amicably he was holding something back, probably planning an act of revenge. It was an unexplainable thing in his nature, like the way Dewey would silently climb in his Ford and race up and down through the village as if he were trying to attain flight.

Appler's was chock-full of Gatemyers, Lowhatters and Dowdyshells—big clans that populated the mountains and foothills and spread out over the county and even, in drab, bootlegging homes, to the outskirts of the town. They were ill-humored and furtive men, some of them always in jail or at the State Farm or in the penitentiary. Every pool table was taken and more of them were lined up against the walls, waiting for one to be available. We went out of Appler's and walked down to Main Street. We stood around on the corner under the town clock over Hoy's Department Store.

The sidewalks of Main Street were jammed with the Saturday-night parade of country folk, people like ourselves. There was something raw and beautiful about it. Mountain country has a great somber loneliness. The winters are especially lonely. You live there in country like that. Your neighbors are few. Once in a while, in that great dead winter stillness, you hear a solitary crow cawing and you go to the window and watch its fugitive flight across the dull sky. The snow drifts high in the hollows there. And when the warmth of summer finally does come, you feel the need to go out and be among people.

•

NOW they had come to swarm into the ten-cent stores, the hardware stores and notions stores, the Strand and the Colonial movie houses, to parade along the streets, to look and see, to get a little excited and possibly a little drunk, to give expression to something elemental. They lined up two or three deep in front of the plate-glass store windows, some still wearing their overalls and others changed into their blue serge suits. The sidewalk bulged with people walking on one another's heels. Men yelled at one another: "Hi, Charlie! Whur's ol' Cephus at?" They surged through the main street of the town, up to the foot of Wine Jug Hill—the Negro section—and turned there and came back again, country-mannered, out of place, without urban spit and polish and knowing it and being self-conscious about it.

We stood, scuffing our shoes on the pavement or leaning back against the plate glass of Hoy's, we descendants of those early explorers and settlers and Confederate soldiers, standing first on heel and then on toe and then flat-footed, restless, shifting about. Red Boward took off his hat and slid his fingers through his coppery hair.

"Let's go out on Jitney Street," he said.

He was referring to a street of cheap houses and cheap women. Red was terrible about women. When he talked about them he got excited. His face became as red as his hair. He had a way of bouncing up and down on his heels and toes. The rest of us refused to go. We still pretended we could not decide what to do. There was a kind of vestibule to Hoy's and all of us except Tall Bill stepped in there and sang a few more verses of Red Wing, low and just for our own amusement. Tall Bill would have no part of it. He did not think it proper to be singing in town; he was a real gentleman. Even the rest of us soon stopped singing; it did not sound right.

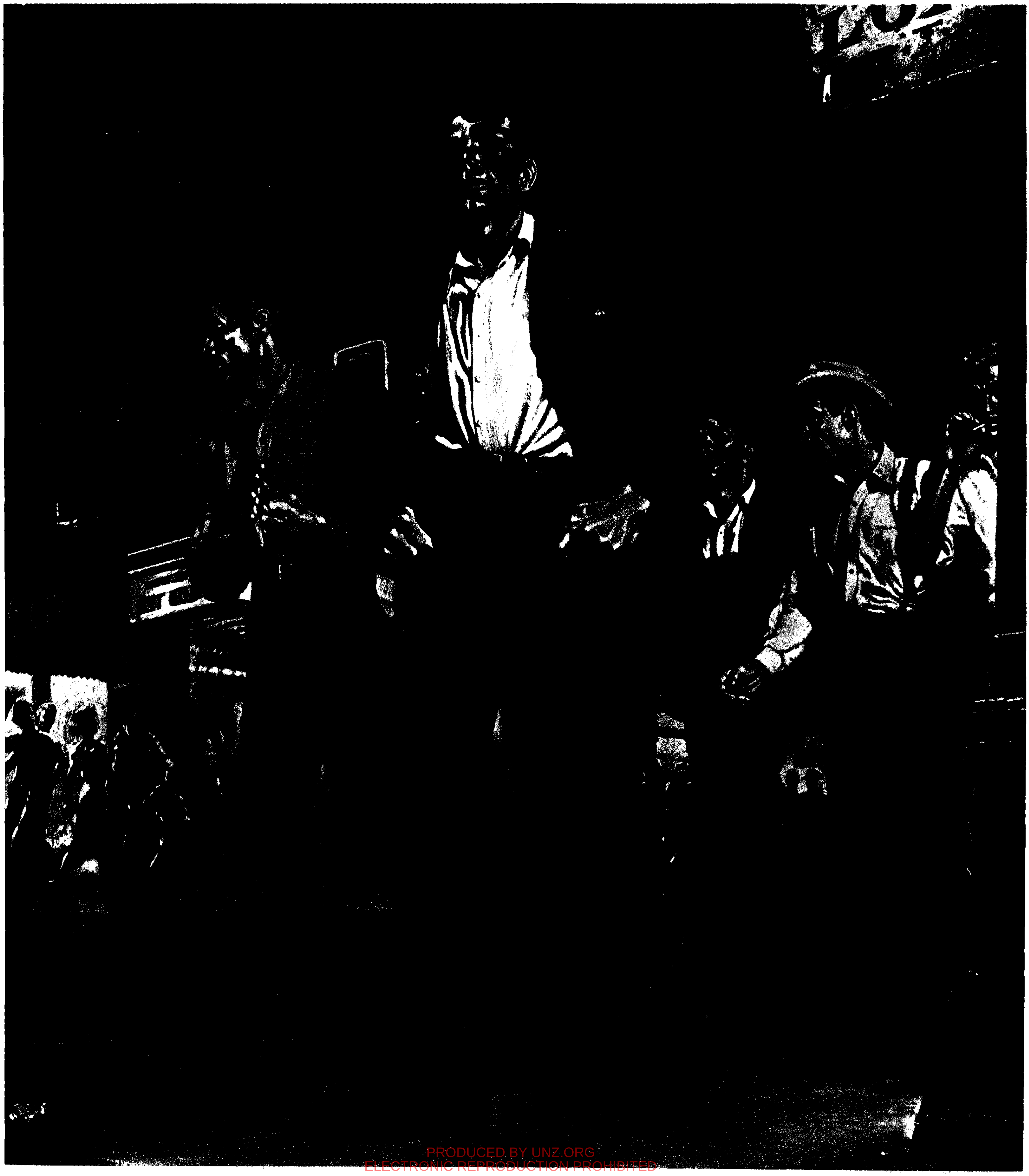
Tall Bill knew what loneliness was. He lived entirely alone in a shanty on a high shale bank of the Little Bull River, thirty miles from a railroad and five miles from a country store. Now the excitement of all the people and the movement had gone to his head slightly. He stood towering above us and looking around with great reverence. He had tremendous hands, the biggest hands I ever saw. He could not decide what to do with them. He would put them in his pockets and take them out again. He wanted to pay a *(Continued on page 79)*

Tall Bill and Ruffin Glendye were walking side by side in front of the other three of us. Tall Bill might have been keeping an eye on Ruffin

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. MONROE, JR.

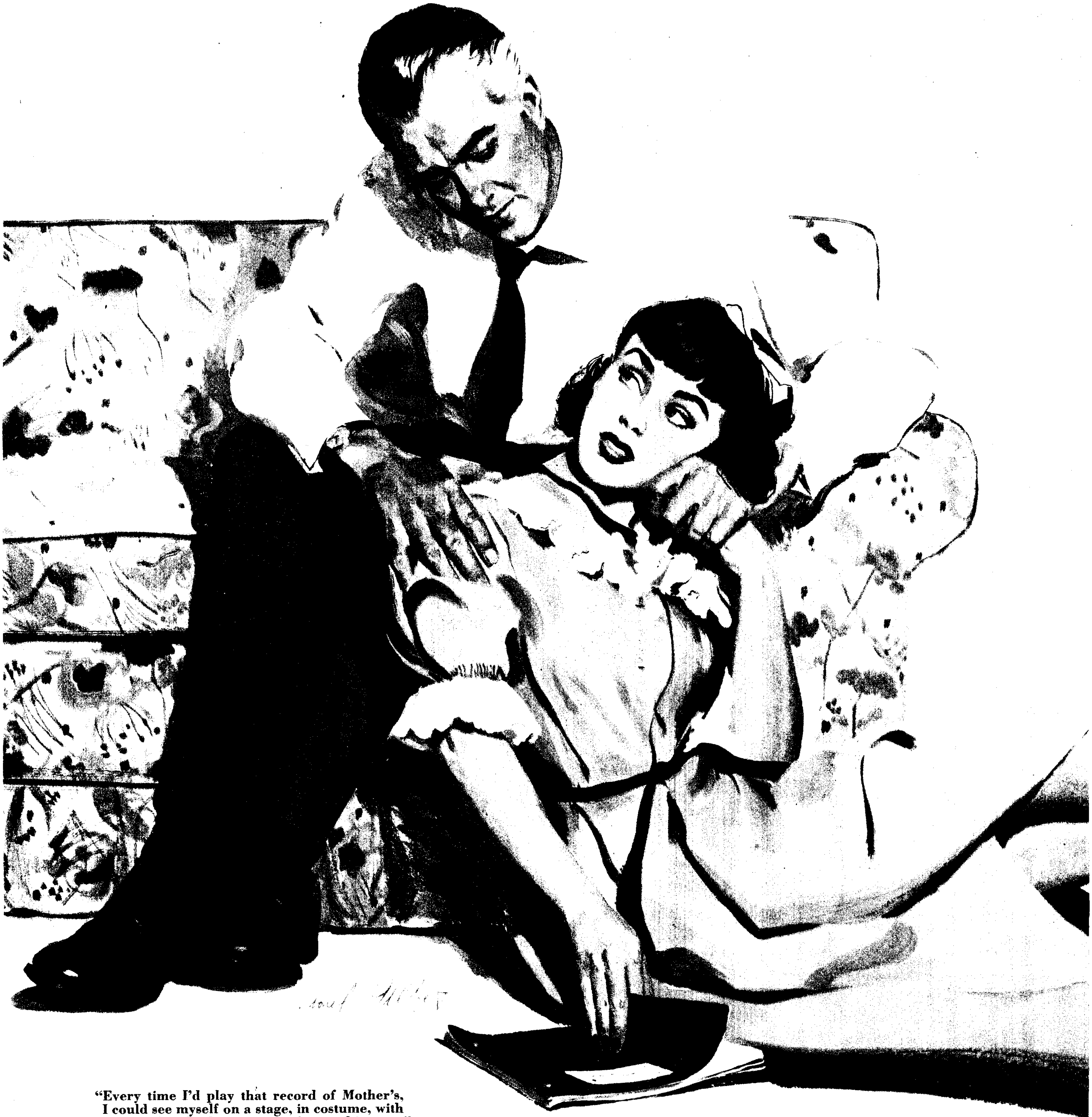
SHAWNEES

By JOHN BELL CLAYTON



The Love Man

By JOHN D. WEAVER



"Every time I'd play that record of Mother's, I could see myself on a stage, in costume, with thousands of admiring people watching me"

It had been a long, hard summer for the women connected with Thornton Sayre. They couldn't wait forever. Pretty soon he'd have to break down and start behaving like a man in love

The Story: THORNTON SAYRE had been on a merry-go-round for weeks, and he didn't know how to get off. He had been a romantic movie star in the twenties, but he had lived for the past eighteen years in the quiet Midwestern town of Rockport, to which he had retired after his wife, actress KAY SHELDON, died when their child, CAROL, was born.

He entered the real-estate business with Kay's brother JEFF; maintained a rather unaggressive courtship of the widow across the street, STELLA BAKER; and seemed content to grow old.

Then his peaceful little world exploded. His old movies were revived on television, and Thornton was famous all over again. He went to New York and picked up his career where he'd dropped it years before. Stella and Carol followed him—Stella because she felt he needed someone to look after him; Carol because, being eighteen, she wanted to share in the glamorous life that Rockport did not offer.

Carol fell in love with BILL AINSLEE, who worked for Thornton's agent, SAM LEVITT. She lost interest in her Rockport boy friend, DICK CARNEY, and wrote him that she thought he'd be much happier with HARRIETT FOSTER, a home-town girl whose tastes were simpler. But her romance with Bill didn't progress very well; he was older, and the failure of his first marriage had left him cynical about love. He asked to be transferred to the Hollywood office of his agency, and Carol, refusing to believe he didn't love her, followed him there.

Thornton was having trouble, too. He fell in love with JUDY COLES, a young television actress. At first, they were delighted with each other, but gradually the difference in their ages came between them. He just couldn't keep from feeling old in her presence. When, at a party, they met SARA LESTER, a film star who had been a friend of Thornton's and Kay's years ago, he was shocked to find that his old friend was, to Judy, just an old woman.

Stella, when she learned that Thornton planned to marry Judy, went back to Rockport without saying good-by to him. She had loved Thornton for a long time, but she had always feared that he saw her more as a housekeeper who would help him grow old than as a wife who would help him stay young. She could still hope, of course, that he would come to his senses and court her the way she deserved to be courted, but it didn't look now as though he were going to be courting her at all.

CONCLUSION

PHOEBE caught a train out of Tulsa within an hour of hearing about poor Stella. It was, Phoebe's friends agreed, so like her to drop her own worries and go bounding off to Rockport to comfort her distressed cousin. Phoebe was always the first member of the family to turn up in time of stress, arriving simultaneously with the divorce lawyers, the bail bondsman, the outstanding creditors or the undertaker.

"Now if it was me," Phoebe said—and Stella had long ago stopped estimating how many times she'd said it—"I'd put him right out of my mind. I wouldn't brood, I mean."

"But I keep telling you, I'm not brooding," Stella said, and this annoyed Phoebe. She certainly hadn't come all the way from Tulsa to console someone who insisted she didn't need consolation.

"At a time like this," Phoebe said, "the first thing to do is get a good grip on yourself and start planning the kind of life you want to live. I remember when poor Lucy lost her second, he dropped dead in the yard one Saturday, he'd gone out to slip some carnations, Lucy said he'd never looked better in his life, and she heard a thud, and there he was, but I told Lucy at the time, Lucy, I said, you've got to get a good grip on yourself."

"But Thornton isn't dead."

"It comes down to the same thing. Personally, I wouldn't have run off from New York like that, not before I'd given him a piece of my mind."

"I was hurt and—anyway, we'd have ended up shouting at each other, and all his life he'd remember only that one nasty scene. I didn't want to leave Thornton that way."

"You made everything too easy for him."

"Oh, no, just the opposite. Now he can't help remembering all the good, quiet times, and I think that may become quite a punishment."

Phoebe began to drum on the arms of her chair. She was a bony, spinsterish woman with the eyes of a stalking animal and little quicksilver hands which were always picking at something—a loose thread, a torn place, a broken life. "Did I tell you I saw some of his pictures on television when I was trying to get poor Cousin Myron back on his feet? Myron just sits and watches television all the time, he's ruining his eyes. I can't for the life of me see why they make such a fuss over Thornton."

"Didn't you think he was sexy?"

"Of course not. It's just like I told Lucy. Life doesn't stop, you know, and the best thing in the world for you right now is to start making some plans, I mean plan something to do."

"I've been thinking about painting the kitchen."

"That won't solve anything."

"It's something I've been meaning to do for a long time, and I enjoy painting."

"Fresh paint always makes me deathly ill."

"Oh, that's too bad, but if I keep the windows open and you stay out of the kitchen—"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you the Langleys have split up. Poor Bea, she never suspected a thing, and one morning she was sending some of Robert's clothes to the cleaners—"

"You told me," Stella said, and she telephoned the paint store.

DICK CARNEY, after a restless night, lay in bed waiting for the first sounds of breakfast in the kitchen below—not that he felt like eating, except maybe a cup of coffee and a couple of eggs. He kept going over and over the same ground, trying to find some reason other than the obvious one for the change in tone of Carol's last letter and for the long silence which had followed it.

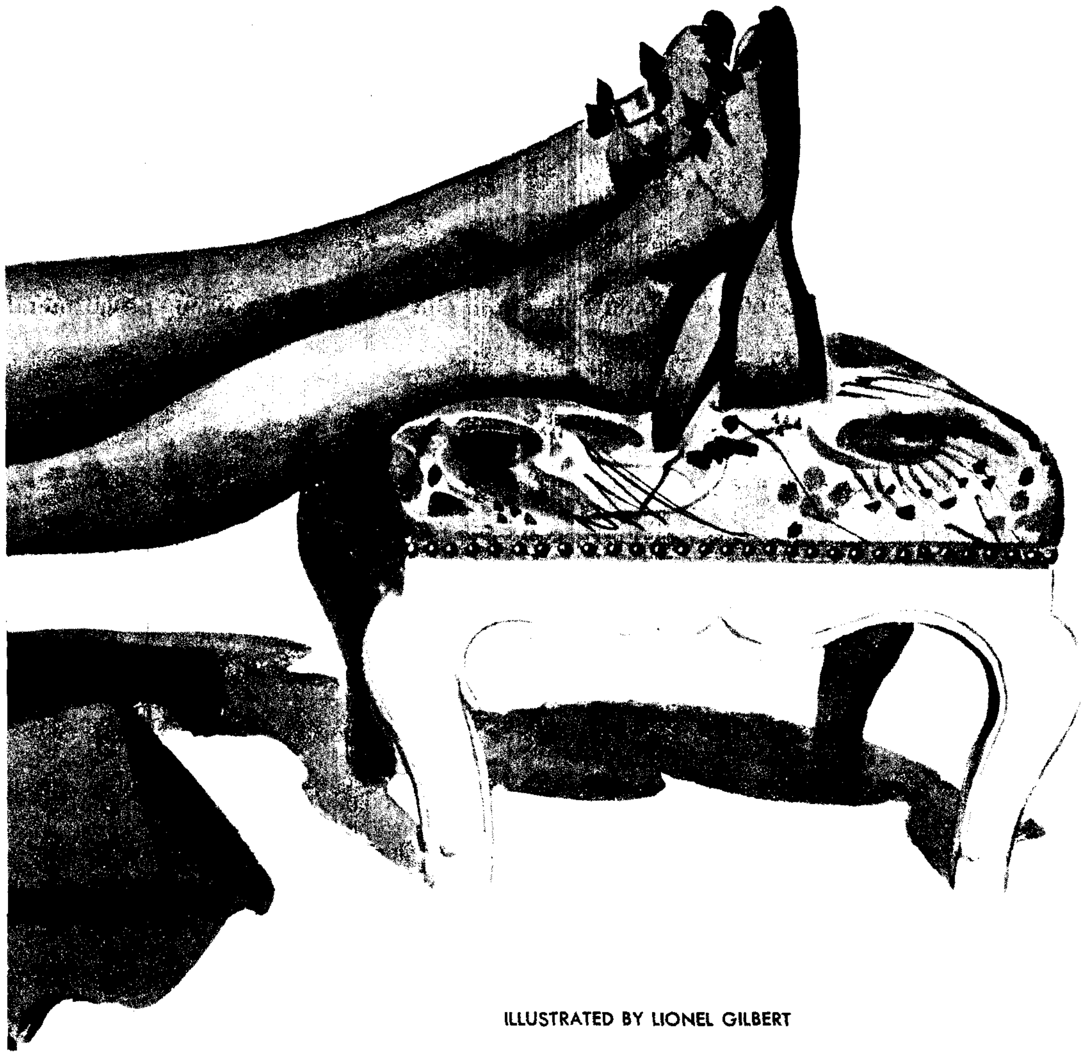
She didn't send back the pin, he thought, with hope; and then, with a desire to inflict on her something of the pain she'd caused him, he decided to ask Harriett to the Home-coming Dance. He began to draft a letter to Carol about how much fun he and Harriett had had. *The only trouble,* he imagined himself writing, *was that people kept cutting in on me all the time, and I didn't get to dance with her as much as I wanted to.*

When he heard his mother scraping around the kitchen, he sprang out of bed, feeling hungrier than he would have thought possible a few minutes ago. He slipped out of his pajamas and got under a warm shower, happily slapping himself while he went on with his letter to Carol: *What I like about Harriett is the way she understands how people feel about things. She's sincerely interested and she's the first girl I ever met who knew the difference between a double steal and a squeeze play.* He began to sing.

He ate the breakfast of a ranch hand, then walked down Sycamore Drive toward Harriett's house on the off-chance she might see him and they'd get to talking and he'd ask her to go to the dance with him. Another nice thing about Harriett: you could depend on her. If she promised to wear your pin, for instance, you'd never have to worry a minute, you'd know she'd be wearing it; and when she was all dressed up, she was really very pretty.

Not only pretty, he

(Continued on page 44)



ILLUSTRATED BY LIONEL GILBERT

Largest free-flying flag ever made gets final inspection at Annin & Company. The 60-by-90-foot, 400-pound Old Glory will fly from special metal

C. Randolph Beard, an Annin vice-president, shows a brace of miniature flags to a client

Where Every Day Is

Collier's **COLOR CAMERA**

ALEXANDER ANNIN of New York City was a man who got in on the ground floor of a good thing. It was about the year 1820, and the circumstances were somewhat auspicious. He may have known what he was about when he got started but, like many another businessman, he probably did not foresee the vast consequences of his first transactions.

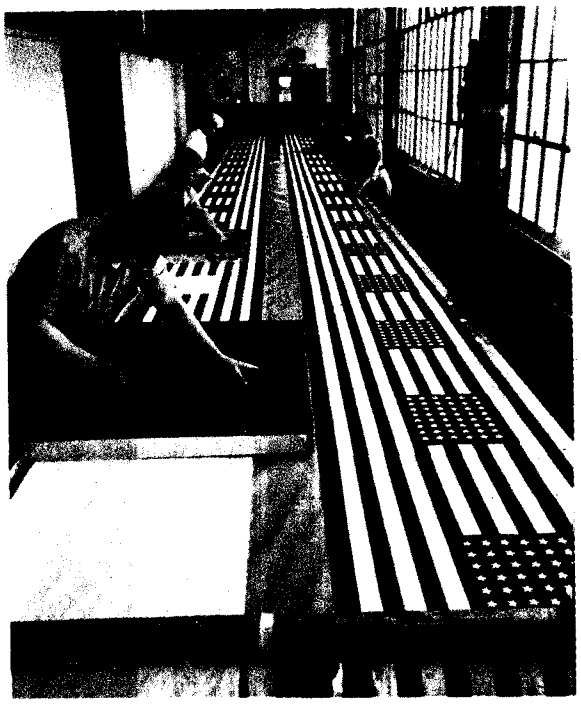
Mr. Annin was a ship chandler with a shop near the water front. It was his business to provision ships for their voyages to Europe and the Indies.

Sometime early in the twenties of the nineteenth century, when the idea of the United States of America as a successful nation began to take hold, Mr. Annin added American flags to his shop's stock. He had few competitors in those days and his flag business soon flourished. But Mr. Annin was apparently not a rash man, and he held on to his chandler's trade. His sons, on the other hand, knew a good thing when they saw one, and they took over the flag business. By 1847 they had built it into one of the major sources for all U.S. flags.

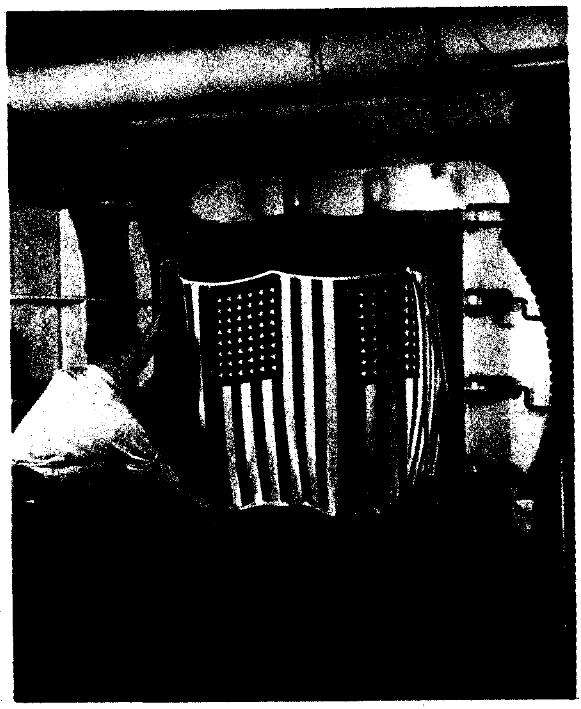
Today Annin & Company of Verona, New Jersey, is the biggest and oldest flagmaking organization in the world. According to company estimates it makes 25,000,000 flags annually. The greatest portion of Annin's business is, of course, the manufacture of standard United States flags for home, business and government use, but the company, headed by eighty-three-year-old Louis Annin Ames, also makes signal flags, Braille and fluorescent flags, organizational ensigns, Boy and Girl Scout flags and the flags for some 167 countries throughout the world.

Annin has made two of the biggest flags in the world. The first, manufactured in 1923 for the J. L. Hudson department store in Detroit is 90 by

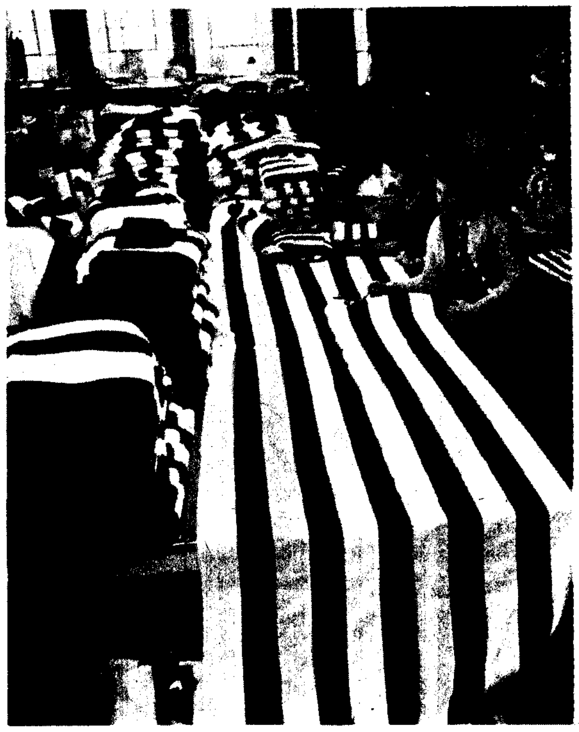
ar on Hudson River's George Washington Bridge



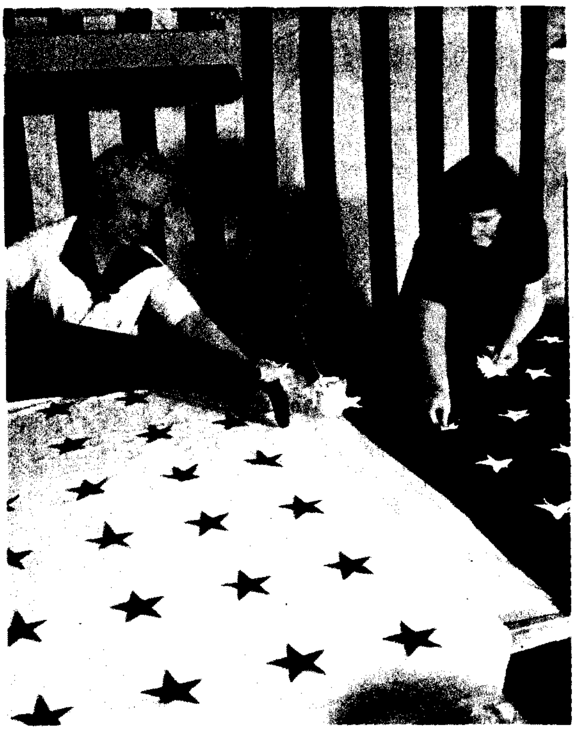
Annin's small flags are silk-screen printed by pressing colors through patterns on silk



Silk-screen dyes are intensified and made permanent by submitting them to steam bath



Most Annin flags are cut from mechanically dyed red, white and blue fabric; then sewn



Lighted from below, blue stars on white field guide placing of white stars for stitching

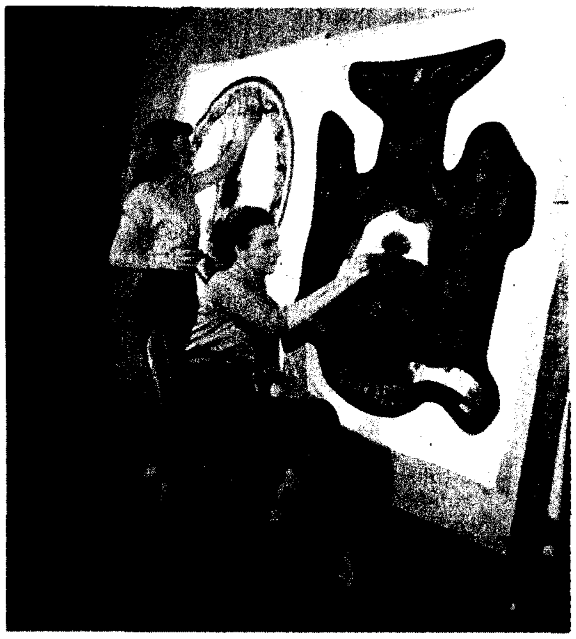
Flag Day

270 feet. The second, 60 by 90 feet, hangs, on holidays like Flag Day (June 14th), on New York-New Jersey's George Washington Bridge.

Annin flags have been through all of America's wars since the 1820s. Annin-made U.S. flags went with Peary to the North Pole, and with Byrd to the South Pole. On February 23, 1945, the Fifth Marine Division pushed an Annin-made flag to the top of Mount Suribachi on Iwo Jima to make one of the most famous photographs of World War II. And in June, 1950, the Annin Company supplied the first UN flags to the United Nations forces in Korea.

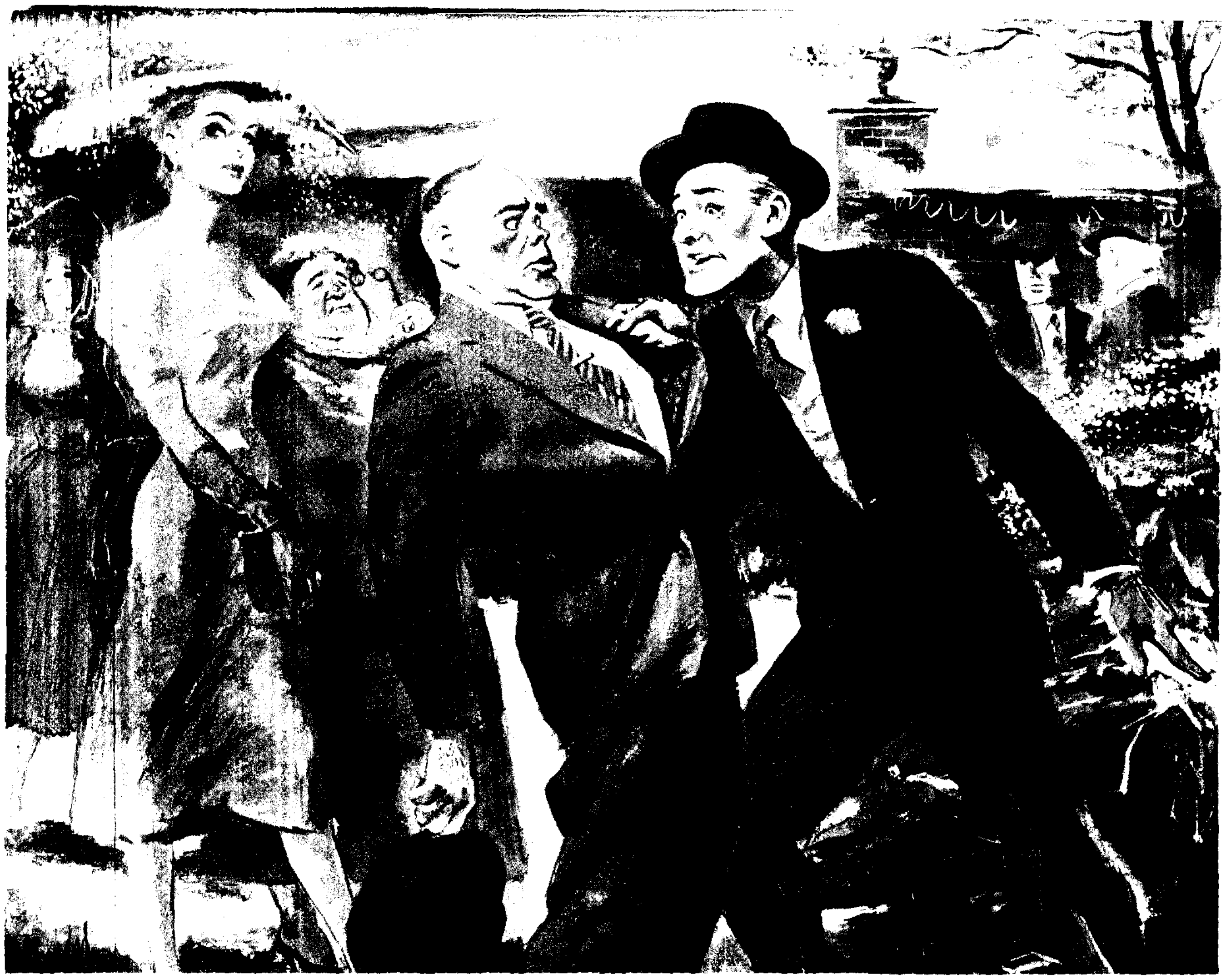
Flagmaking is Annin's business, but the company does not consider its job a sentimental one. "It's just a lot of red, white and blue," a worker in the plant remarked recently. Then he thought a moment: "Until you see it flying free in the sunshine," he said, "where it belongs." SEY CHASSLER

To make everything from church flags to ad banners, Annin virtually stocks the rainbow



Attentive to detail, Annin artists retouch complicated "seal" flags, like New York's

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF



H. E. BISCHOFF

"Get out of here immediately, Shea," Hunnewell whispered heavily

Crusher Shea's Social Security

By JOE McCARTHY

WHEN Mrs. Rodney Delatroyd, the dowager, cut off her son, Rodney, Junior, from fourteen million dollars because he eloped with Ada McGlone, a redheaded telephone operator, every other newspaper in town played it up and called it "the love story of the year." The Star didn't print a line about it. We didn't get scooped, either. We had the story, as well as an exclusive interview with Ada McGlone's father, who drives a beer truck, and some choice pictures of Ada in a bathing suit, taken at the telephone company's Labor Day outing. But Hunnewell Thayer put his foot down.

"I wouldn't use this if I were you," Hunnewell told Tom Clark, the managing editor.

"Why not?" Tom said.

"Mrs. Delatroyd would be frightfully upset," Hunnewell said. "She's very important in society. We must not offend her."

Tom almost swallowed his mustache.

"This is precisely why I was hired as assistant managing editor of this newspaper," Hunnewell said. "I'm here to stop sensational journalism."

Tom phoned Mrs. Lancaster Peabody, the new owner of The Star, but it did no good. Mrs. Peabody said that Hunnewell Thayer's word on all questions of good taste was final.

Hunnewell was Society, himself, and he never forgot it. His mother and Mrs. Peabody bought their lorgnettes from the same jeweler and served together on the ways-and-means committee of the Society for the Preservation of Decency. When Mrs. Peabody's bachelor brother, Harry, died and left her The Star, Hunnewell's mother convinced her that a good way to preserve decency would be to stop her newspaper from writing up juicy divorce cases and hammer murders. So Mrs. Peabody appointed Hunnewell assistant managing editor in charge of making The Star respectable.

The second day he was on the job Hunnewell tried to fire Crusher Shea, our best photographer when sober, for covering a debutante ball in a mussed brown suit. Hunnewell said anybody who wore a brown or gray suit in public after six o'clock at night was giving the paper a bad name.

He also wanted to decorate the city room with Persian rugs and oil paintings. Once he complained because Tom Clark gave a play to a three-alarm fire in a tenement district.

"Six people were hurt in that fire," Tom said.

"But none of them mattered socially," Hunnewell said.

Hunnewell filled The Star with pictures and stories about tea parties and yacht races and dog shows. But when we came up with a real high-class society item, like a master of foxhounds beating up his wife at a hunt breakfast, Hunnewell stopped us from printing it. Too embarrassing, he said.

"He's ruining the paper," Tom Clark said one night to Crusher and me. "But I can't fire him because his mother sits near Mrs. Peabody at the symphony concerts."

"He missed his calling," Crusher said. "He should of been the Middle Initials Editor at the Social Register."

"I tell you what," Tom said. "If one of you guys can figure a way of making Hunnewell quit, I'll promise you a job here for life."

"Even me?" Crusher said. Crusher's standing at The Star was always precarious because of his drinking.

"Even you," Tom said.

"You make it interesting," Crusher said. "I must give the matter serious thought. Besides, I never got even with the bum for what he said about my brown suit."

Less than two weeks later, Tom received his wish. Hunnewell resigned in haste, hurried off to the Riviera with his mother and never returned to the newspaper business again. And Crusher Shea is no longer obliged to worry about employment when he comes off one of his periodic benders. When Tom makes a promise, he sticks to it.

The day before Hunnewell made his quick exit, Tom got a new tip on the Rodney Delatroyd-Ada McGlone story. He heard that Rodney's mother had forgiven the newlyweds and that Ada would be at a charity bazaar on the lawn of the Delatroyd country house that afternoon.

"See if you can sneak into that bazaar," Tom told Crusher. "I don't know how you'll do it. Old lady Delatroyd has all newspapermen shot at sight. But if you can get a picture of her and Ada together, I'll give you a case of rye and a week off in which to drink it."

"Why bother?" Crusher said. "If we get the picture, Hunnewell won't let us print it."

"He's not working today," Tom said. "Maybe we can slip it in without him knowing about it."

CRUSHER had crashed tougher gates than the Delatroyds'. He convinced a watchman that he was a Pinkerton detective, assigned to protect the receipts of the bazaar. Once inside, he hid his camera behind a rhododendron bush and began to mingle nonchalantly with the guests. One elderly lady was kind enough to point out to him Mrs. Delatroyd and her new daughter-in-law as they admired the lilies in the local Garden Club's display. Then Crusher saw a man in a white linen suit bearing down on him. It was Hunnewell Thayer.

"Get out of here immediately," Hunnewell whispered heavily. "Mrs. Delatroyd gave orders that no newspaper people were to be admitted."

"In that case," Crusher said, "what are *you* doing here?"

"I happen to be an invited guest," Hunnewell said. "Rodney Delatroyd and I roomed together at St. Swithin's. Rodney's mother understands that I'm here in a purely social capacity."

Crusher grunted.

"Now get out, before she sees me talking with you," Hunnewell said. "If she even suspected that you were a photographer from The Star, it could mean social ruin for me. She'd have me dropped from everybody's invitation list."

Crusher pretended to retreat toward the gate but he doubled back through the shrubbery and crept behind the rhododendon where he had hidden his camera. Peering through the foliage, he saw Hunnewell being greeted warmly by Mrs. Delatroyd and being introduced to Ada. Then Hunnewell accompanied the two ladies on their tour of the bazaar's booths and exhibits. Crusher noticed that they were slowly approaching a booth only fifty feet from his rhododendron. He loaded his camera and adjusted his flash bulb and waited a few moments, estimating time and distance, before he sprang from cover and ran across the lawn.

The two ladies and Hunnewell did not see Crusher until after he spoke to them. They heard him say, "Look this way, please, folks." When they turned toward him, he was kneeling on the grass in front of them, squinting through his camera sight. Then the flash bulb blinded them.

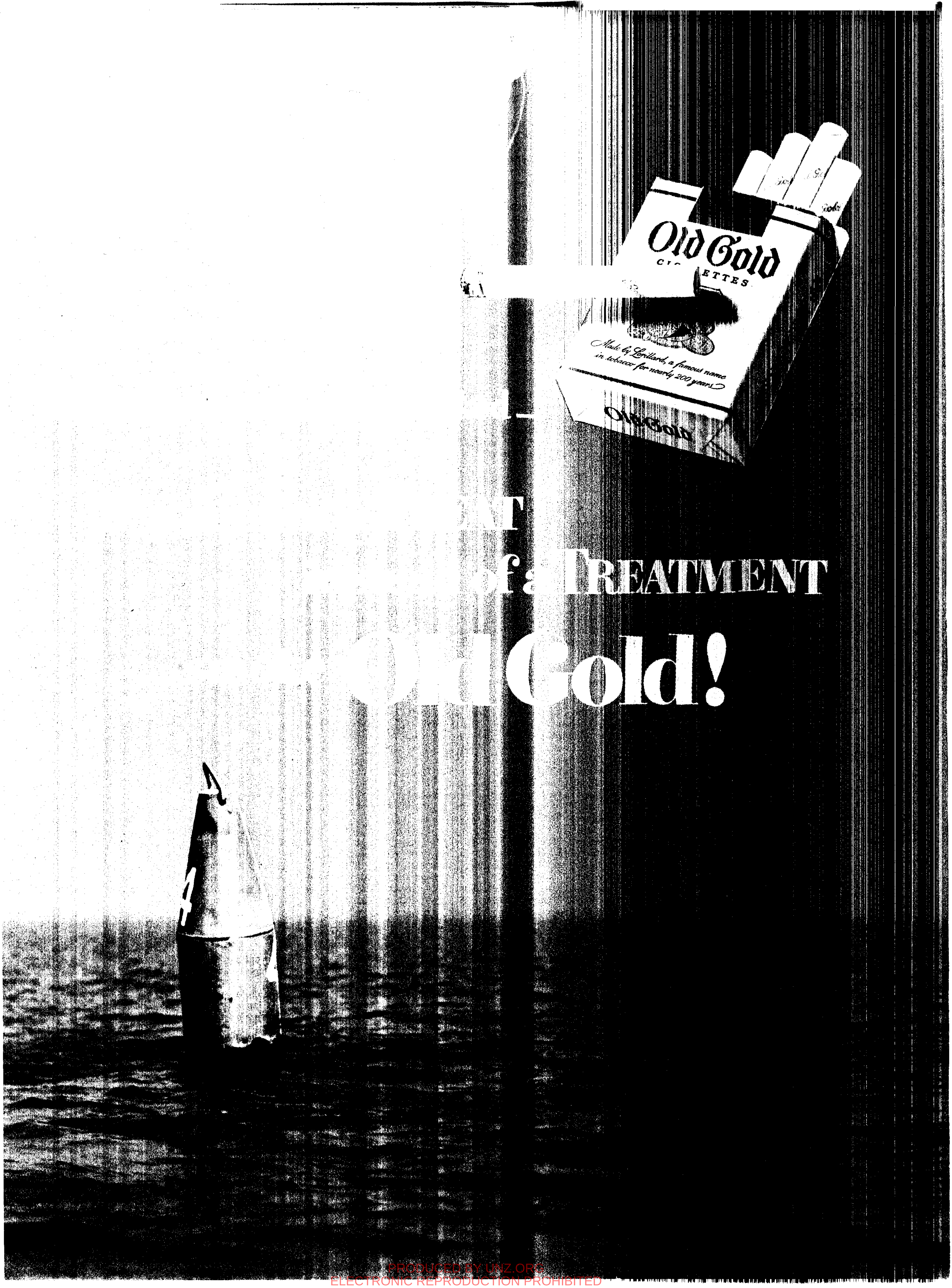
Mrs. Delatroyd began to roar. When she roars, her voice carries all over the countryside.

"This is an outrage! A perfect outrage! Who's responsible for this? Who arranged for this scoundrel to get in here?"

Crusher calmly removed the negative plate from his camera and tucked it safely into his inside coat pocket. He closed the camera and prepared to make a rapid getaway. But before he left, he paused to utter two words that were received by the audience in stunned silence.

"Thanks, Hunnewell," he said.

THE END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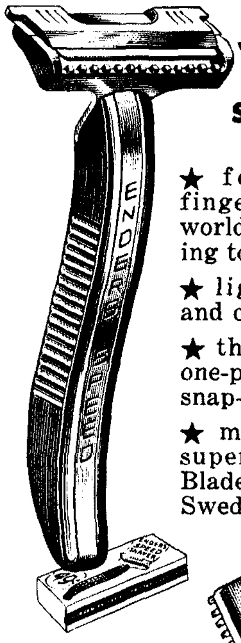

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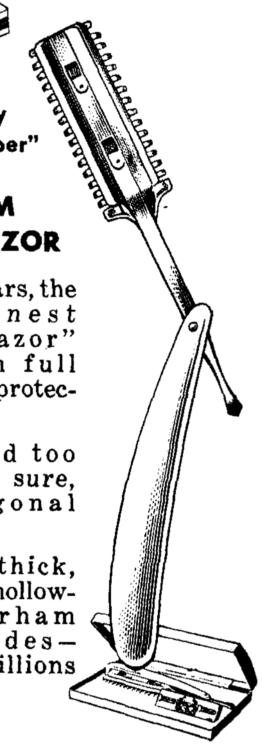

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My Air Adventures with General MacArthur

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

turned the plane over to the copilot and spent two hours putting the clock back together again. But to this day, President Rhee probably doesn't understand why the expensive office timepiece presented to him by Korean admirers in Japan doesn't keep time.

I ascended to the job of piloting General MacArthur quite by accident. I was the only American air-line captain for the British Overseas Airways Corporation before World War II, and I naturally gravitated into the R.A.F., and later into the United States Air Force. When the war ended, I was chief pilot of the so-called "Brass Hat Squadron" which flew high-ranking officers and personages on missions all over the world, from National Airport in Washington, D.C. With the end of hostilities, however, all of my pilots were returning to their civilian air-line jobs, and I had a tough time getting good experienced men to replace them.

On October 22, 1945, I was screaming over the phone to someone at Air Transport Command headquarters about my need for pilots, when he interrupted me in a thoughtful tone of voice. "It just occurred to me," he said, "that you yourself would just fit the bill."

"Fit *what* bill? What are you talking about?" I yelled.

"We just got word that General MacArthur's pilot, Colonel Rhoades, is going back to United Air Lines, and the general needs someone to fill in for a few weeks. He requested a pilot with lots of air-line and wartime C-54 experience."

The thoughts spun around in my mind. I had a good job lined up with KLM, the Dutch national air line, but that was still a few weeks off. This would be perfect, and it would get me away from the maddening task of lining up "brass hat" pilots. "Okay," I told the ATC man, "put my name on the list."

A Lot Happened in One Week

The next day, General Carl Spaatz interviewed me in the Pentagon along with a dozen other pilots, and I got the job. Then, I never saw a military organization move so fast. In 24 hours, I was promoted from captain to major, and two days after that I was on a plane headed for Tokyo. By the end of the week, I had made my first flight in General MacArthur's C-54, and he had invited me to live with his official family at the American Embassy. After just a few hours with the general, I knew that I wanted this to be more than just a few weeks' job. I gave up my plans to return to commercial flying and decided to stay on in the Air Force for as long as the general wanted me.

For the next few years, I traveled about the Far East in the Bataan, mostly ferrying such VIPs as the then Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson, Ambassador Averell Harriman, Australian Prime Minister J. B. Chifley and General Omar Bradley. The most pleasant passenger I carried during this period was Paul Hoffman, then head of the ECA. The most fascinating was the French ambassador to the Allied Council in Japan—a one-armed, ex-White Russian named Lieutenant General Z. Pechkoff, who once was a commander in France's famed Foreign Legion. "Petchy" was a tough, hard-fighting character and we had some great times together.

General MacArthur himself used the Bataan much less than he did later on. These were the days of peace, and most of his time was taken up with the problems of the Japanese occupation. Occasionally, however, he did make a flight, and many of these assumed historic importance. On July 4, 1946, I flew him from Tokyo to Manila to take part in the proclamation of the Philippines' independence. It was an uneventful journey, but as I approached the islands from the west, the thought suddenly struck me that the general had never seen Bataan and Corregidor from the air, since he had been taken off in 1942 by PT boat and submarine. I went back and told him that we were going to pass over the two battlefields. A pensive look came over the general's face. He said, "Would you circle Corregidor, Tony?"

I went back to the cockpit and put the plane into a wide sweep around the rocky little island. I thought that was the end of it, but that night, after a terrific celebration in Manila, the general apparently still was thinking of the island as he had a quiet dinner with his family and his aides. While we were eating, he suddenly said, "I kept looking at Corregidor, trying to see the scars of war. But there weren't any. In such a short time, God has seen fit to cover the scars with fresh green grass and foliage."

He was equally affected when I showed him the ruins of Hiroshima on our flight to Seoul to proclaim the Republic of Korea on August 14, 1948; but in neither instance did I realize how soon we were going to see *new* scars of war. I didn't even realize it when I flew Ambassador John Foster Dulles to visit the 38th parallel in Korea on June 22, 1950—just three days before the Reds launched their blitzkrieg across the border.

The news of the sneak attack came to me at 5:00 A.M. that morning of June 25th, and I immediately phoned my chief ground engineer, Master Sergeant Joseph McCloskey, of Crown, Pennsylvania, to round up the crew and get the Bataan ready for instant flight. While we stood by, I got an emergency call from the chief signal officer, Brigadier General George Back, asking me if I could spare some of my crew to fly urgently needed secret radio equipment to Korea. I said okay, and in a few hours I had the equipment under way in a C-47.

That night we got grim news from the C-47. The weather was so bad over Korea that they couldn't land at Suwon, their destination. It was just at that moment that the general phoned. "I want to fly to Korea tomorrow," he said. "I want to land at Suwon."

I gulped and rushed out to the weather station at Haneda Air Force Base. The reports told depressingly of a series of storms over all of Korea, but the weather officer detected a trend in their movement. We figured out this trend and decided that there might be a break in the weather the next day. Crossing my fingers, I phoned the general and said, "The weather is impossible, but I think we can get in, sir."

He said, "Phone me in the morning from the field." I then settled down to spend a sleepless night, checking weather reports every hour.

In the morning, it was still the same—a succession of weather fronts between Japan and Korea, with heavy rain and clouds right down to the deck. I learned later that the entire headquarters had tried to convince the general that he should cancel the trip, and I must admit that I was a bit shaky myself. But I phoned and said, "Do you still want to go, sir?"

He answered, "I'll be right out."

Even at the airport, people still were trying to get him to change his mind, and finally he turned and said, "Tony and I are *going*. If you want to come along, it's up to you. If not, I'll understand." With that, he climbed aboard, and the staff followed him. Not a single man remained behind.

We took off, and by this time the weather was so unbelievably bad that the Air Force radioed me to report that it would be impossible to get our fighter cover into the air. I went back and told this to the general and he said, "We'll go anyway." After this, our luck finally changed a bit. As we crossed the coast of Japan, I received a message that the fighter base had suddenly opened up to a minimum 200-foot ceiling and that the escort would take off and join us. Soon they were at our wing tips—an extremely reassuring sight, since the only armament aboard the Bataan was the .45-caliber pistol strapped to my waist.

Yaks Over Our Landing Field

It was even more reassuring when we picked up the coast of Korea on our radar, and I saw the clouds breaking up ahead. The Haneda weather officer had hit the prediction on the nose! But I didn't have time to exult in this triumph, for soon I began to hear the unmistakable sounds of combat on my radio. A flight of Yaks was bombing and strafing Suwon airstrip—the field where we intended to land. The jabber over the radio also informed me that there were other Yaks in our vicinity. I kept listening, with my fingers crossed again. The Yaks were driven off by our fighters just as Suwon came into sight. But even then, my troubles were just beginning.

Another C-54 had just been shot down by the Yaks and it had crashed on the end of the runway. It was burning fiercely, with flames shooting 100 feet in the air. Not only that, but there was a bomb crater a third of the way down the strip. This meant that I had to come in over the burning plane and over the bomb crater and land in just 1,800 feet of runway, where C-54s generally require 3,500 feet.

I cut down our speed until the engines were close to the stalling point, and I fluttered the Bataan into the tiny space. The wheels hit, and as the plane thundered toward the far end of the runway, I thought it never would come to a stop. It finally did—just one foot from the end of the strip. I rushed back to see how the general was. He was completely calm and unruffled. I cannot say that *I* was, especially after I saw that our welcoming committee—Korean President Rhee and U.S. Ambassador J. J. Muccio—were covered with mud from having just dived into a ditch to escape the strafing.

While General MacArthur drove to the front, I took off in the Bataan and headed toward Japan, to trick the enemy into thinking that the general no longer was in Korea. Just as I left Suwon, the C-47 with the signal equipment finally arrived from Tokyo and came in for a landing. I radioed them to remain there to fly the general home in case anything happened to me. No sooner had I said this than a Yak swooped down to attack the Bataan. Before he could fire, however, our fighter cover drove him down into the ravines of the Korean mountains and he disappeared.

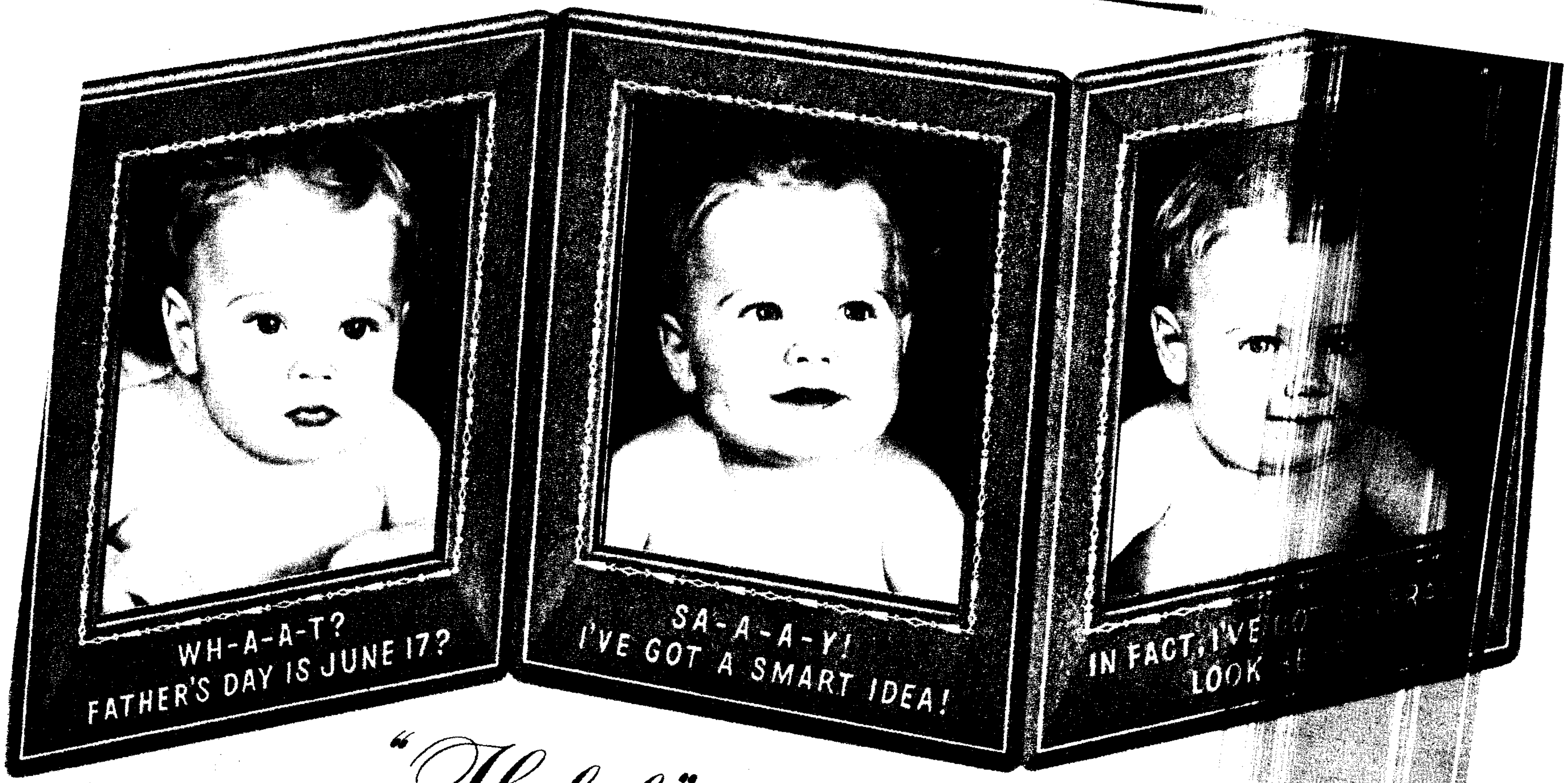
I finally got back to Suwon to pick up the general at the preset time, only to find

Next Week

ARE WE LOSING INDIA?

David E. Lilienthal Interviews Nehru

WEATHER AND YOU
or
Why Spoon Rhymes With June


WH-A-A-T?
FATHER'S DAY IS JUNE 17?
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IN FACT, I'VE [illegible]
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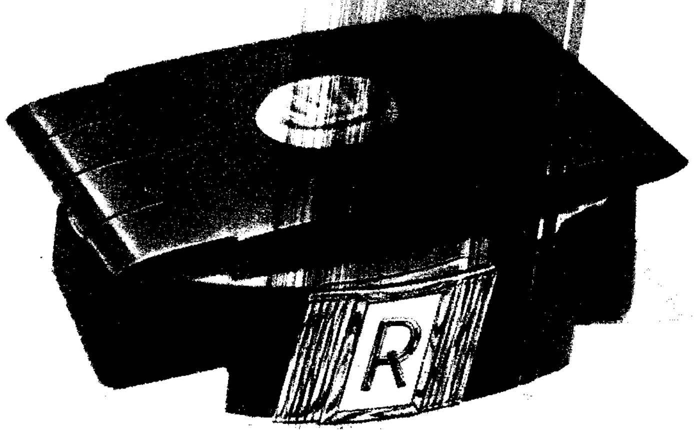

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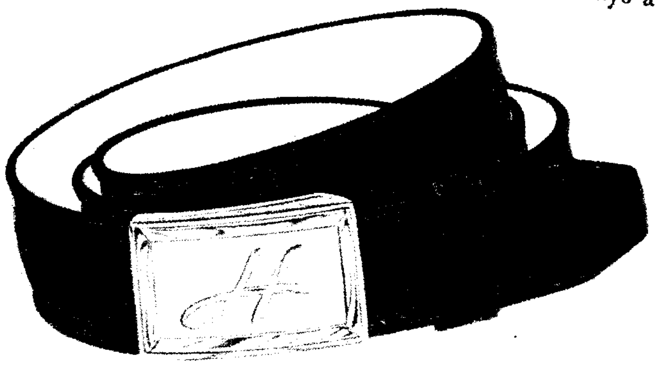

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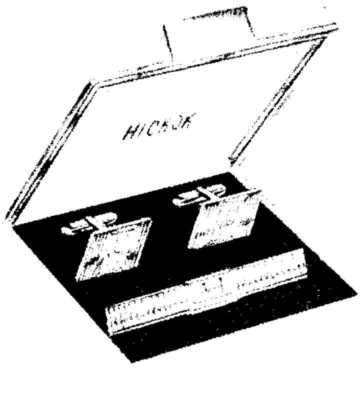
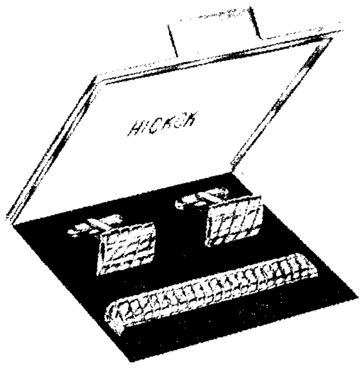


Nassau Initial Tie Bar $2.50, and Cuff Links $2.50. Set $5.00



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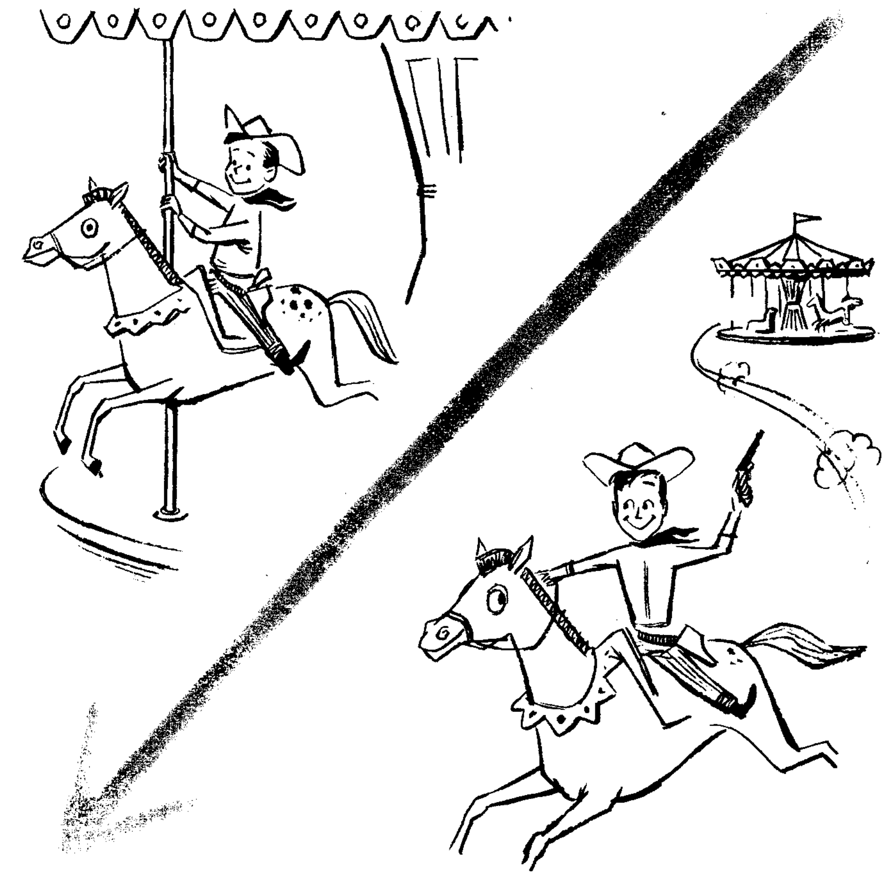

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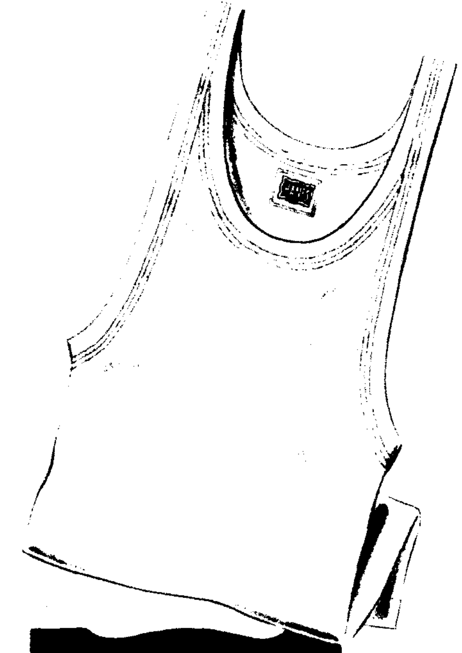

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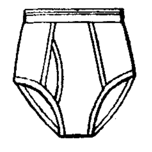

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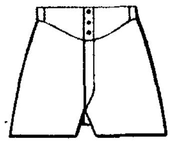

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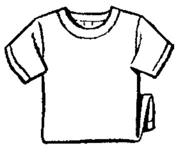

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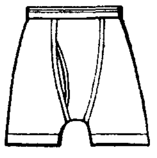

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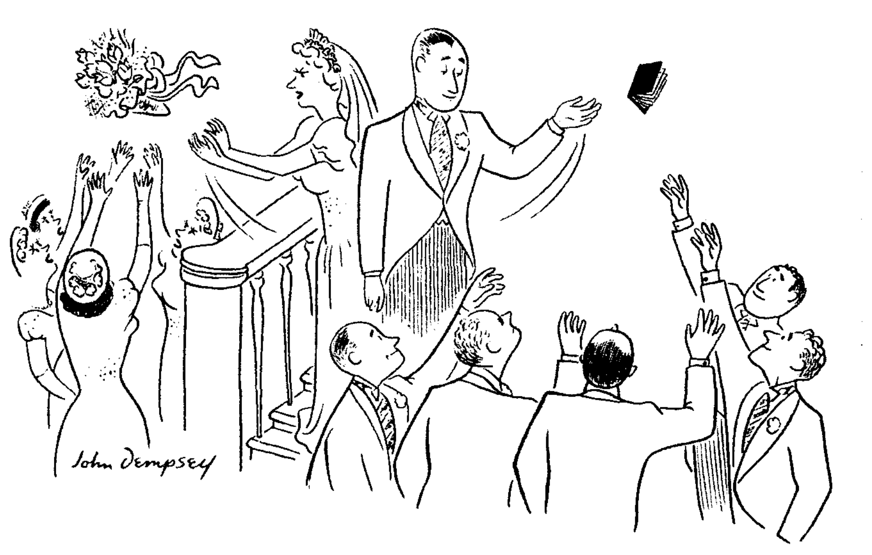


COLLIER'S JOHN DEMPSEY

that the field had been attacked again, and that my C-47 had been shot up. We rushed the general aboard the Bataan and we then got back to Japan without incident, thanks to a protective blanket of clouds all the way. He *still* was unruffled, but this ended one of the most harrowing days of my life.

I soon learned that there were to be other days like this. All in all, I flew the general to Korea 17 times after the outbreak of the war, and since he usually insisted on landing as near the front as possible, we rarely had a quiet trip. Once, he wanted to get to the Marines at the Changjin Reservoir, and I had to transfer him from the Constellation to a C-47 at Suwon, in order to fly him into a little mud strip, almost within artillery range of the enemy. On this occasion, an F-80 jet fighter cracked up coming in for a landing just as he left the C-47 and started walking across the field.

In an Airborne Operation

During the big drop of airborne troops north of Pyongyang, he asked me to keep the Constellation right in the middle of the immense operation as he directed it. We flew at such a low altitude that we could plainly see troops being hit and houses blown up by the predrop bombing and strafing; and later we came in with each wave of troop carrier planes, watching them spew out their multicolored parachutes. After this, the general insisted on landing at Pyongyang airstrip, which had been captured by our troops that very day.

But the most daring of all the general's exploits took place on November 24, 1950, just before the Chinese Communists entered the war. He called me in the preceding afternoon and told me that he wanted to fly up the Yalu River, which separates Korea from Manchuria, to see for himself what the Chinese were up to on the other side. I knew this was going to be dangerous because the Chinese had jet fighters and many antiaircraft batteries on their bank of the river. I worked all night setting up the flight.

We had special fighter cover that day, and as we headed north in Korea, we must have looked like a mother hen with chicks, except that in this case the chicks were protecting the hen. Also, the weather was perfect, with scattered clouds into which we could duck if the Chinese attacked. Despite this, we used an elaborate plan to trick the enemy, because we knew that even with all our protection, he could put enough jets into the air to knock us down if he got the chance.

We landed at Sinanju, some 70 miles below the Yalu, and then we took off and headed south, as if we were flying back to Seoul. Over Pyongyang, however, we suddenly about-faced and made a wild dash directly for the Yalu at more than 300 miles per hour. We hit the city of Sinuiju and peered across the river into the Manchurian metropolis of Antung before the Chinese could get a plane into the air. Then we streaked up the river—the same as I used to fly along railroad tracks in my barnstorming days in the Midwest—and the general clearly saw the airstrips across the river and the myriads of tracks in the snow where the Chinese had hauled supplies and men across the frozen Yalu into Korea. The Chinese *still* hadn't organized a fighter-plane attack by the time we turned south again at Hyesanjin, 250 miles upstream.

After running this gantlet, I thought that the general would have had enough for one day, but he had another request before we headed home. He asked me to fly over the front-line positions of the gallant 27th Infantry Regiment commanded by Colonel John Hersey "Mike" Michaelis (now Brigadier General), and at the general's direction I waggled the Bataan's wings to give the great outfit a salute from their supreme commander.

Interspersed among these missions to the combat zone, we also made three other flights that have become famous. On July 31, 1950, after the outbreak of the Korean war, I took the general to see Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek on Formosa. Aviationwise, this was just a long overwater journey, on which nothing happened. The same was true of the October 14, 1950, flight to Wake Island for the conference with President Truman. At the early-morning meeting of the conference, however, I sat in on the discussions; and as I listened to Truman, MacArthur, General Omar Bradley and the others making their momentous decisions, it suddenly struck me how amazing it was that my relationship with the general should lead to a point where I, a boy from St. Louis who used to hang around Missouri airfields, was listening firsthand to history being made.

Preparing to Go Back Home

But even this could not equal the thrill of the flight when I brought the general home for the first time in 14 years. As usual, that day, the general casually said to me, "Tony, get the plane ready. We're going back to the States." And that was all. I rounded up my crew and gave them the news. It's the best crew I've ever had (in addition to Vogelgesang and Aguilar it consists of Major William E. Gregg, of Columbus, Ohio, the other pilot; Captain Frank E. Bollinger, of Hazel Park, Michigan, the navigator; Captain Charles M. Evans, of Oakland, California, who joined us in the States, and Master Sergeant Earl W. Bartholomew, of St. Joseph, Missouri, and Technical Sergeant William J. Barnes, of Decatur, Illinois, the flight engineers); and in two days they had finished the monumental job of preparing the Bataan for the 9,400-mile journey.

We took off at 7:21 A.M., nearly a half hour late because of the huge crowd of Japanese that clogged the field to say good-by. Their show of respect visibly affected the general and he didn't say anything for a long time after we got under way. We had a mighty farewell escort of F-86 jets, F-80 jets and B-29 bombers that filled the air until we crossed the Japanese coast line, and the general kept watching them until they waggled their wings and turned and headed back to their bases. We leveled off at 17,000 feet, and the general began his quiet pacing up and down, up and down, which lasted until the end of the long trip.

When we crossed the international date line, Captain Bollinger and I ran a little ceremony in which we inducted young Arthur MacArthur into the select society of travelers who have accomplished this feat; and after a few more wearying hours of flying, we were in Honolulu. I have witnessed many landings in the Hawaiian capital, but I have never seen so many flowers. Thousands of people were there with *leis* over their arms, and as they surged forward toward the plane, they looked like a field of flowers swept by a strong breeze.

We left Honolulu at 9:30 A.M. the next morning, and this time we had a convoy of veteran Far Eastern war correspondents who were flying just ahead of us in a commercial air liner. The correspondents contacted us by radio. They wanted a blow-by-blow account of what was going on in the plane—as if they were covering a prize fight. I kept up a running conversation with a reporter friend, Frank Conniff, over the interplane radio, and when we began to pull slightly ahead of the air liner, I could almost detect the tears in his voice as he begged us to slow down so he would not miss the general's landing in San Francisco.

I took pity on him and asked Major Gregg to take the plane in a wide circle around San Francisco to kill some time. Then I went back in the plane to give young Arthur his first glimpse of American soil. It was a glimpse he is likely never to forget because what I showed him was the Golden Gate Bridge just after dusk. None of us is likely to forget San Francisco, either. So many people jammed onto the field when we landed that I had to turn off my outboard engines before taxiing to the administration building.

When we left San Francisco the next morning for our flight across the country to Washington, every little navigational radio station sent up its greetings to the general. The air was filled with so many of these good-luck messages that I could scarcely get the information I needed to navigate.

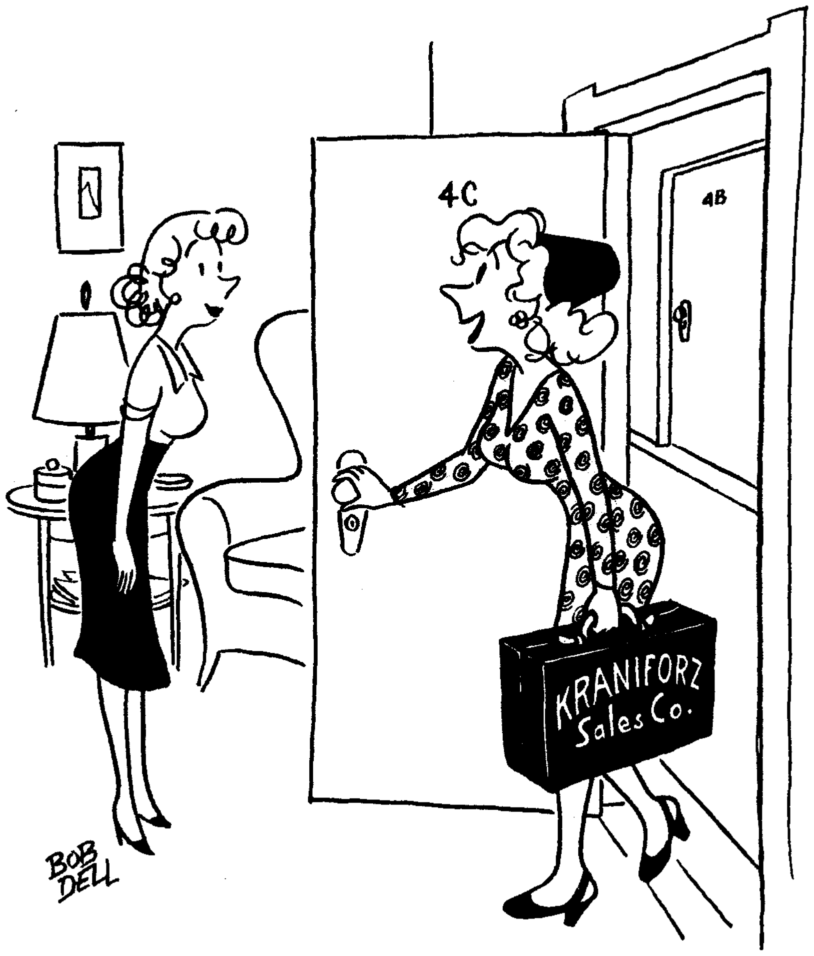
As we flew over Chicago after sundown, the city threw up all its police and fire department searchlights in greeting. The city looked like a beautiful birthday cake with a thousand candles on it. Finally, we landed at Washington just after midnight, and again the crowds surged forward. The general's face broke into its first big smile since we left, when his old Bataan sidekick, General Jonathan ("Skinny") Wainwright came out of the crowd to greet him. The two long-time friends threw their arms around each other, as the immense crowd closed in on them.

Even Mr. Whalen Was Amazed

After that, the unbelievable crowds followed us wherever we went. The New York reception, of course, has become a part of history, with people 10 to 20 deep lining every foot of the route from Idlewild Airport, 16 miles away, to the heart of the city. As we arrived at our hotel, Grover Whalen, New York's official greeter, said to me, "I have seen these receptions come and go, but I *never* have taken part in anything like this."

The same thing happened in Chicago and on the motorcade route to Milwaukee, where people jammed every village and hamlet along our 90-mile itinerary. Here, too, a perspiring motorcycle policeman drove up alongside my car and blurted out, "I've been 20 years on the force, but this beats anything I've ever seen." Even in little Murfreesboro, Tennessee, 50,000 people jammed into a town that seldom sees 15,000 on the most prosperous pre-Christmas Saturday shopping night.

Shortly after this, we returned the Bataan to the Air Force, a leave-taking which the general described as "like saying good-by to an old friend." This ended the most exciting period of my air career. I hope the next one will be as memorable. THE END



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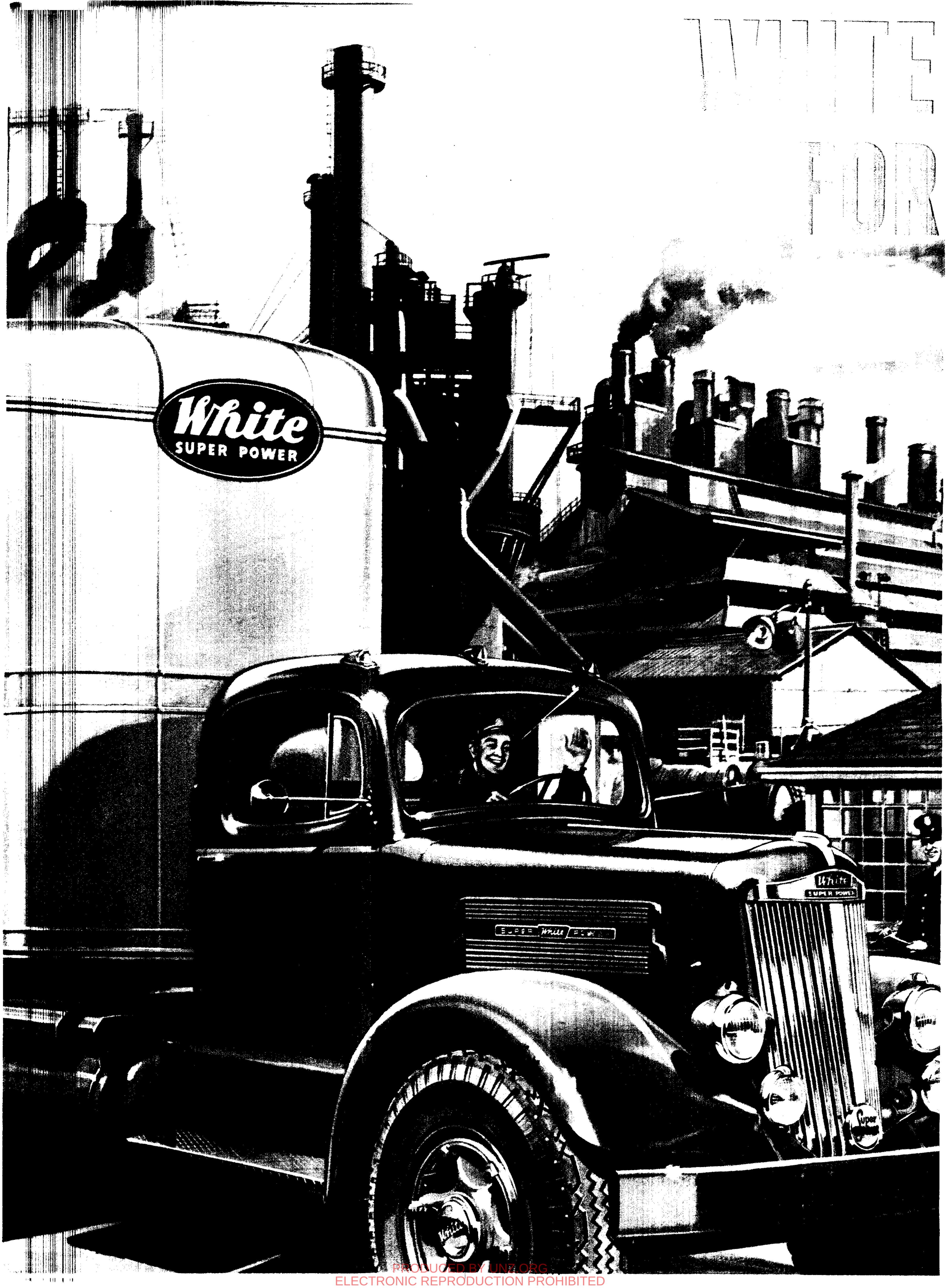
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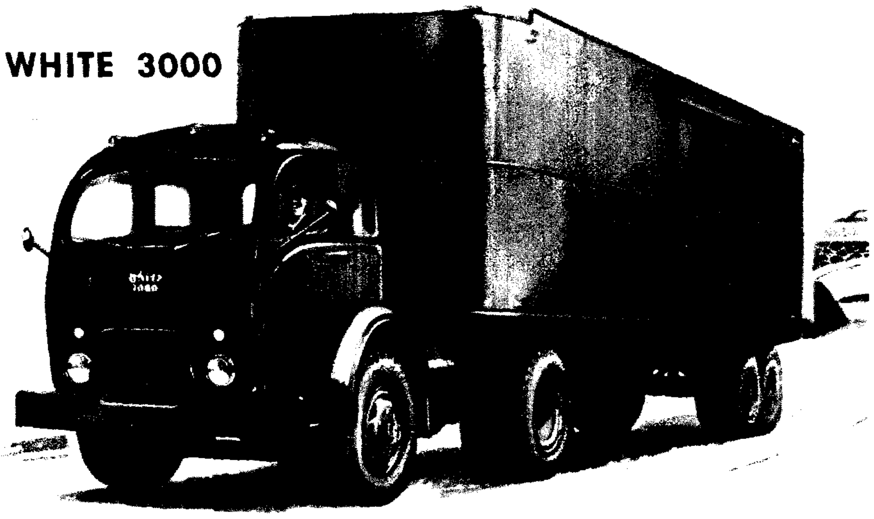
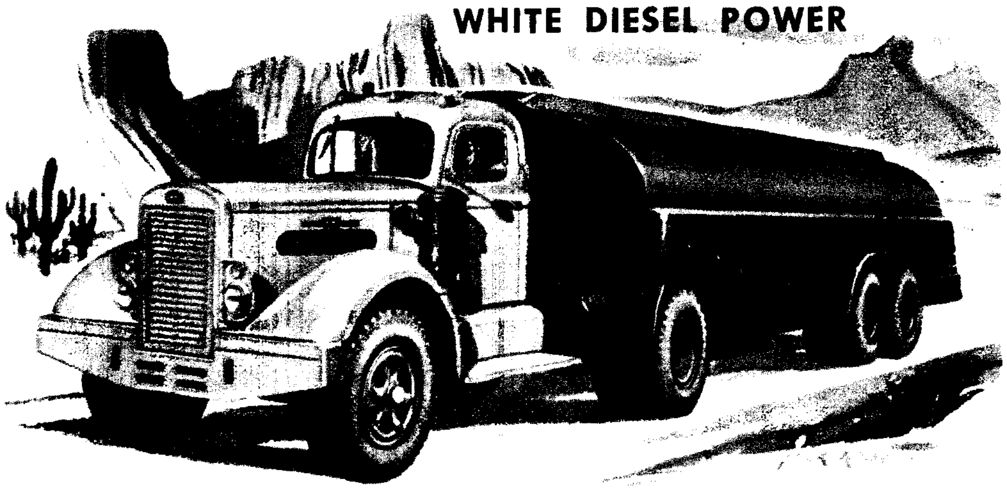


WHITE 3000



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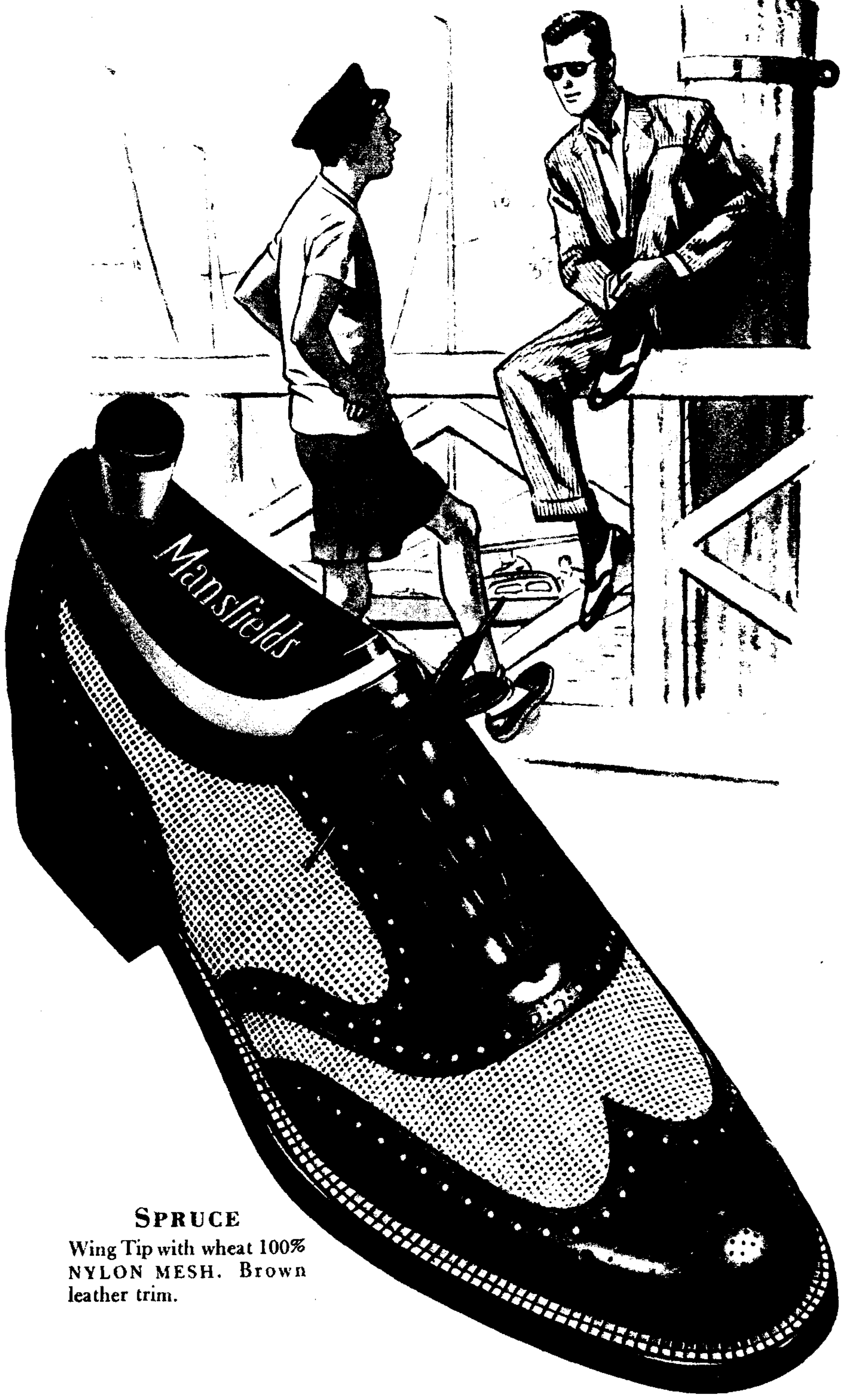

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Wing Tip with wheat 100% NYLON MESH. Brown leather trim.

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The Love Man

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

thought, but with a girl like Harriett, you'd always know where you stood.

Harriett, in dungarees and a camel's-hair coat, bounced out of the house as Dick came into view. She was bright and smiling, and all she needed, Dick felt, was a little make-up and a permanent. Her hair was stringy.

"I heard you were home for the week end," Harriett said.

"I come home every week end."

"I know, but— Did you pass your history test?"

"I couldn't miss, not after all that good coaching."

"I was glad to do it, Dick. Honestly."

Dick, glancing down the street toward Carol's house, suddenly realized that Carol might be sick. He imagined her in a hospital bed, surrounded by grave-faced nurses. Of course, if she really were sick, Stella Baker would know about it, so the sensible thing to do, he decided, was to ask her before inviting Harriet to the dance.

It's only fair to Carol, he thought.

STELLA was stripping the kitchen, the first step toward preparing a paint-fumed sanctuary for herself, when the telephone rang and Phoebe broke off a lively tale of sorrow to answer it. "Quick, Stella, long distance!" Phoebe called with the awed respect she accorded all long-distance calls, telegrams and letters from government agencies.

Stella wiped her hands on her apron and took the telephone, bracing herself for the familiar sound of Thornton's voice. The operator asked if she would accept a collect call from Los Angeles. "Yes," Stella said, and then she heard Carol's voice. "Stella?"

"Carol, honey, what are you doing way out there?"

"I'm—well, I'm kind of stranded."

"Is Thornton with you?"

"No."

"Does he know where you are?"

"I guess so. I . . ." The voice trembled and broke.

"Now, darling, it's going to be all right. Whatever it is, we'll work it out somehow."

Carol snuffled, and tried to carry it off lightly. "It's the first time I've ever cried long-distance."

"Do you want me to wire you some money to come home?"

"If you don't mind."

"I'll do it right away."

"Thanks, Stella, and—don't tell anybody. Dick, I mean."

"I won't."

"I don't want people laughing at me. I can't stand it any more."

"I'll have to tell Thornton."

"Oh, no, please."

"But, darling, he'll be worried."

"Well—all right, but tell him I'm going to stay with you, Stella."

"Of course, and once you get rested up, maybe we'll take a little trip somewhere, just the two of us. Mexico, maybe."

"That'd be fun. I'd like that. I sure can make a fool of myself, can't I?"

Phoebe tugged at Stella's sleeve. "Long-distance," she whispered hoarsely, pointing to her watch, and when Stella had said good-by and hung up, Phoebe drew up a kitchen stool and sat with her hands folded in her lap, momentarily still. "Now I suppose she's got herself involved somehow."

"I've got to change my clothes," Stella said, and when Phoebe came trotting upstairs behind her, Stella decided it was time to do something about Cousin Phoebe. "Carol's just been through a rather difficult experience, and she's going to stay with me a while."

"There's plenty of room, Stella."

"I know. It isn't a question of that. I think Carol would rather . . ."

"I can go visit Uncle Randall, if that's what you're driving at."

"Well, I do think Randall and Mary Frances would be hurt if you didn't spend some time with them while you're here."

"How is Randall's arthritis?"

"A lot better now."

"Oh, that's nice."

As she hurried out of the house, Stella almost bumped into Dick Carney, who was lumbering toward the front door in a lettered sweat shirt and an old pair of slacks.

"I was just wondering how Carol was," he said.

"Oh, she's fine."

"She's not sick or anything?"

"No. Why?"

"Nothing."

He took the long way home to avoid Harriett, who would be sure to pounce out at him if he walked past her house. That was one of the things he didn't like about Harriett. She was pushy.

Stella drew three hundred dollars out of her savings account, and the teller who always waited on her, Mr. Higley, asked if she were taking another trip.

"No."

Mr. Higley didn't ask any more questions, just counted out the money in ten- and twenty-dollar bills. Stella stuffed the green wad in her purse and scurried across the street to the telegraph office, where Miss Finch was bound to ask more questions.

"I thought Carol was in New York," Miss Finch said.

"No."

Miss Finch began to count the bills, and when she finished, she said, "She *was* in New York, wasn't she?"

"Yes."

"I've been reading about Mr. Sayre, and I don't suppose we'll ever see him again now that he and Carol have gone out to Hollywood. My sister in Chicago—you remember Ada—well, Ada sees him all the time on television. It's funny, but he used to walk by here twice a day every day of the world and I never paid any attention to him. He was always pleasant, of course, but nothing to make you . . ."

Stella, at the mention of Thornton, picked up a yellow pad and one of the pencils chained to the writing shelf along the front of the counter. She addressed a telegram to him at his hotel, thought for a moment, then wrote: CAROL ALL RIGHT. COMING TO VISIT ME.

"Oh, didn't he go with her?" Miss Finch said, when Stella handed her the telegram, and Stella shook her head. "You're allowed ten words," Miss Finch said, but Stella couldn't think of anything else to say to Thornton just then.

LATER that afternoon, while Stella was changing the guest-room bed, Miss Finch called to read her a telegram from Carol, a brief message thanking her for the money and telling her she would arrive in Rockport on Flight 24 around midnight.

"Is Mr. Sayre coming too?" Miss Finch asked.

"I'm sure I don't know," Stella said, and hung up.

She got out to the airport early, walked around restlessly for twenty very long minutes, and when Flight 24 was finally announced, she scurried out of the waiting room toward the ramp, almost bumping into Dick Carney. She stopped short, frowning. "How did you find out?" She sighed. Miss Finch, of course.

"Look, Mrs. Baker, she's been gone a long time, and I want to see her."

Stella moved in front of him, blocking him from the ramp leading to the landing field. "No, Dick, not now. Wait till tomorrow. She'll be tired."

Dick's grin reflected the unshakable self-confidence which took the place of sensitivity in his varsity make-up. Stella hurried ahead of him and reached the gate as Carol came up the ramp. Carol fell into her arms and Stella tried to soothe her. Suddenly she felt Carol's body stiffen.

"Hi, honey," she heard Dick say.

Carol backed away from Stella. "You promised not to tell."

"I didn't. Miss Finch."

Dick edged toward her. "I thought you'd be glad to see me."

Carol walked stiffly past him. Stella motioned him away and led Carol to the car. Carol managed to hold up until the car drove away from the airport, and then she slumped back, a limp bundle of humiliation and helplessness.

"He was laughing at me," she sobbed.

Stella, when Carol had crawled into the guest bed, came in and tucked the blanket around her, less for warmth than as a small evidence of devotion. Carol had turned out the bed lamp, but from the edge of light streaming in from the hall Stella could see the shine of tears on the young face.

"I don't want to talk about it," Carol said.

"No, dear. Of course not."

Carol burrowed into the warmth and darkness of the blanket. "I kept hoping the plane would crash."

"I know."

"No, you couldn't."

"How do you think I felt coming back from New York?"

Carol reached out for Stella's hand. "I'd forgotten."

"Your friends understand, and it doesn't matter about the others."

Carol was silent for a moment, her hand slipping away from Stella's. "Keep him away, will you please?"

"Dick?"

"Uh-huh. At first, anyway."

"Of course. Now don't you think you'd better try to get some sleep?"

"In a little while. I feel better now I'm home, only I don't want to talk about what happened."

"There's no need to."

"Bill always acted like I was a crazy kid, and I had to go prove it by chasing out to California after him. I just couldn't believe he'd go away deliberately, not after the wonderful time we'd had together, especially that last day, but— You know what he told me?" Carol hesitated, probing the aching core of her humiliation. "He said he didn't feel up to adopting a child."

"Darling, if you'd rather not talk—"

"I think I know why he ran away. Because he blames himself for what happened to Gwen. He was afraid it'd happen to me."

"He's afraid of a lot of things."

"It's funny, Stella, and I wouldn't say this to anybody else, but in some ways I feel much older than Bill."

"I think you are, honey. In some ways."

Stella sat quietly on the edge of the bed until Carol had fallen asleep; then she slipped out of the room, leaving the door open in case Carol should wake up in the night and call for her. Never so much as in this moment of stumbling home in pain and confusion over what she'd found in the great world had Carol seemed so much her own child.

After breakfast next morning, while Stella was busy upstairs, Carol sat sprawled in an overstuffed chair, staring across the street. The big old-fashioned house where she had grown up seemed as remote as the old dungarees she'd worn as an adolescent so long ago, before she'd gone to New York. She suddenly drew back from the window. Dick was ambling up the front walk, wearing his sweat shirt with that university letter he was so proud of. Carol remembered the day Harriett had sewed it on for him and he had come swaggering past her house, as though it were something wonderful.

It's kind of sad in a way, she thought, struck by a strange sympathy for his ridiculous pride in something which, after all, was not an adult achievement.

SHE didn't answer the doorbell, and when he knocked and called to her, she stretched out on the couch, hidden from view. He was a long time leaving.

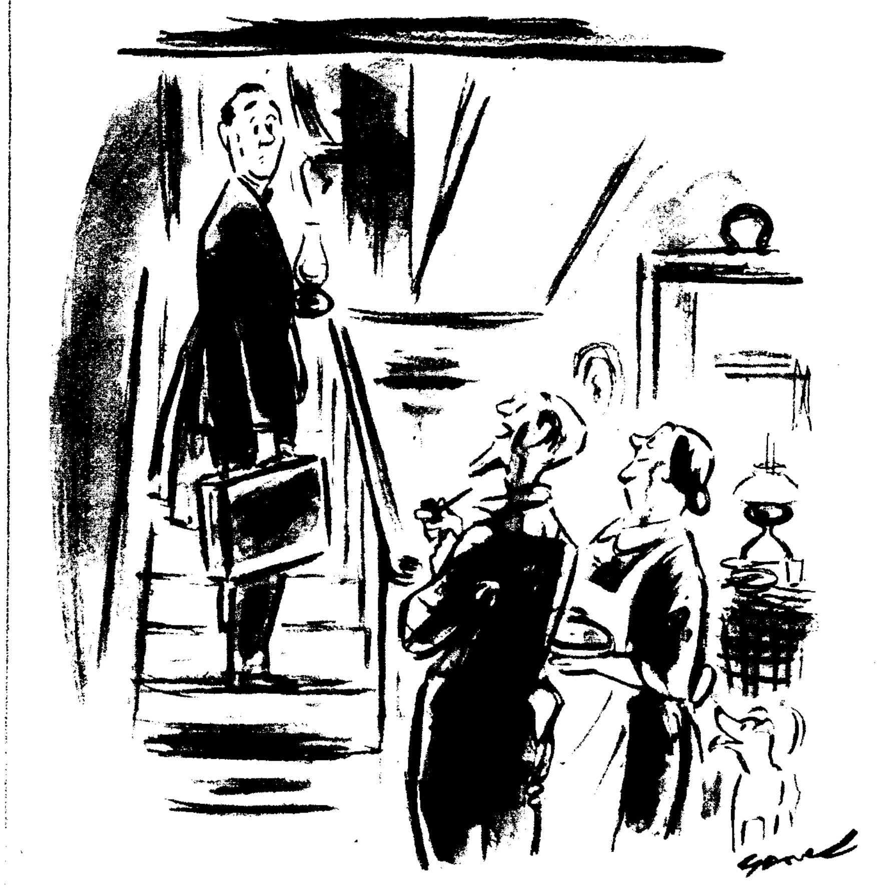
The things that mattered to him never mattered as much to me, she thought, understanding for the first time the impulse which had let her yield to Harriett the privilege of sewing on the letter. Dick—and now that she thought about it, Harriett too—had been happy with adolescent things—varsity letters, fraternity pins, campus honors—but she had always been pushing ahead, impatient to take her place in the world of grownups.

I guess that was always the trouble, she thought; and she wandered out to the kitchen, lost in an emotional no man's land.

"Hello, honey." Dick had gone around back and come in the kitchen door. She started to turn away, but he caught her arm. "Please—I've got to talk to you."

"There's just nothing to talk about, Dick."

"But what's happened?"



COLLIER'S "No hurry about breakfast. We eat any time between five and six" LEONARD DOVE

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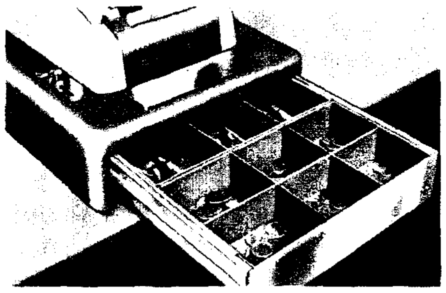

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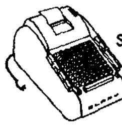

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"I told you. I don't want to talk about it."

"I missed you, honey. I wrote every day."

"I know you did. It was sweet of you."

"Then why? Is it another fellow?"

It was so like Dick, Carol felt, to think it was just "another fellow," probably someone with more varsity letters and his own convertible. Nothing in Dick's experience enabled him to imagine a man like Bill Ainslee or the life Bill led, which was a million light-years removed from caring whether State or Dexter won the big game or how much money the Delts had raised for their new house.

"Dad's going to let me have the car for the Home-coming week end," Dick said.

"That's nice."

"I was going to ask Harriett, but I didn't. I kept hoping you'd get back."

"I think you'd have a better time if you took Harriett."

"But, honey, I've got the best seats in the stadium and the car and everything."

"I'm sorry, Dick, but I—I don't feel very well."

"You're not going with somebody else?"

"No, of course not. It's just that— Look, Dick, I don't want to hurt your feelings, but I'm afraid I wouldn't be very good company and I'd hate to spoil your week end. It means so much to you."

"Maybe you'd like to think it over. I could come back tonight."

She shook her head, wanting to say more and say it better, because she knew how Dick felt. She watched him shuffle out of the kitchen, a helpless figure who was taking with him a large chunk of her life.

"Oh, Bill, Bill." She began to cry, hurt by a great emptiness and even more by the humiliating knowledge that Bill must have felt about her much as she felt about Dick.

THORNTON slept fitfully on the plane, a copy of the revised version of The Young in Heart lying in his lap. From time to time it would slip to the floor and Judy would pick it up, opening it to the scene he had been reading when he dozed off.

"How do you feel, dear?" she asked when Thornton roused up early in the morning and blinked sleepily down at the state highway leading into Rockport.

"Fine. I really slept that time."

"It's such a little town," Judy said, leaning across him to peer down at the pattern of streets which looked like wagon-wheel tracks cut between the scattered buildings.

"We're practically the beet-sugar capital of the country."

"Really? That's very interesting. What did you think of the new script?"

"It's better, but it still needs work."

"The ending's better."

"I haven't gotten that far yet."

"I can't imagine you ever living way out here, so far from everything."

"It's a nice little town," Thornton said. "We have the highest percentage of family-owned homes in the state."

"You sound like a real-estate ad."

"Well, after all, that was my business."

"I keep forgetting. You know, darling, you sleep beautifully."

"I don't snore?"

"Of course not. You don't think I could love a man who snores." She fastened her safety belt for the landing. "Don't forget to wire Sam."

"Sam? Oh, about the script."

"You're awfully casual about thirty-five hundred a week."

"I was thinking about Carol."

It seemed strange to Thornton to land at Rockport without anyone to meet him, but of course no one knew he was coming back. Suddenly, as he glanced around the waiting platform, someone clapped him on the shoulder. He swayed for a moment, annoyed, then recovered and with a forced grin shook hands with Tod Wilson, who ran the Rockport Sentinel and for ten years had sat with Thornton on the board of the Civic Improvement League.

Tod was a plump, untidy man of well-indulged appetites. "Well, well," he said, "we thought we'd lost you to the big city. I was going to run an ad. 'Lost: One beat-up real-estate agent. Return to Rotary. No questions asked. Reward.'"

"I had to come back to attend to a few things," Thornton said, and he saw that Tod's eyes were on Judy. Thornton cleared his throat. "Oh, excuse me." He introduced Judy, and told her, "Tod will put your name in the paper."

"And picture," Tod said with a fleshly smile. "Yes, sir, by all means, picture."

Judy smiled, and it may have been only the brightness of the morning sun, but it seemed to Thornton she was wearing more make-up than she had in New York.

"How'd you know I was coming in this morning?" Thornton said.

"Oh, the Sentinel's always on the ball, boy. No, as a matter of fact, I didn't know. I had to come out to see Ed Eagers about a story, but I sure am glad to have you back here, Thorn, and I want to do right by you in the paper. If you and Miss Coles are going to be free later this—"

"Let me call you," Thornton said.

"Fine. I don't go to press till Wednesday night." He turned to Judy with his stag-party grin. "And I wasn't kidding about that picture."

"That's very nice of you," Judy said, and later, in the cab with Thornton, she began to mimic Tod, reproducing the hearty, nasal voice and the girlie-show leer.

Thornton saw that the driver, old Jess Hackett's son, was watching Judy in the rear-vision mirror. "Tod means well," Thornton said, shifting uneasily.

"At least you have movies here," Judy said when they came to Main Street.

"We have two movies," Thornton said. "One's mostly Westerns, though."

"Oh, what a hideous statue."

Thornton glanced at the Pioneer Mother shading half a dozen of the town's chronically unemployed. "That's what Carol used to say all the time. I suppose you're right, but it means a lot to people here."

When they turned onto Sycamore Drive, Thornton leaned forward and told the Hackett boy, "It's the fourth house down."

The Hackett boy grinned back over his shoulder. "I could find it blindfolded, Mr. Sayre. I must have brought a couple hundred women here the last few weeks."

"Oh," Thornton sank back. He hadn't thought about that.

"They come from all over, Kansas City mostly, because that's closest, but I got two from Canada even, and I don't guess you've got much hedge left. They all take a piece of it when they leave."

Thornton didn't look across the street to where Stella lived.

"They take pictures, too," the Hackett boy said, carrying the luggage up to the front porch. "The funniest one I got was a fat old dame from down South who kept saying—"

"Thanks very much," Thornton said, overpaying the boy and hurriedly unlocking the front door.

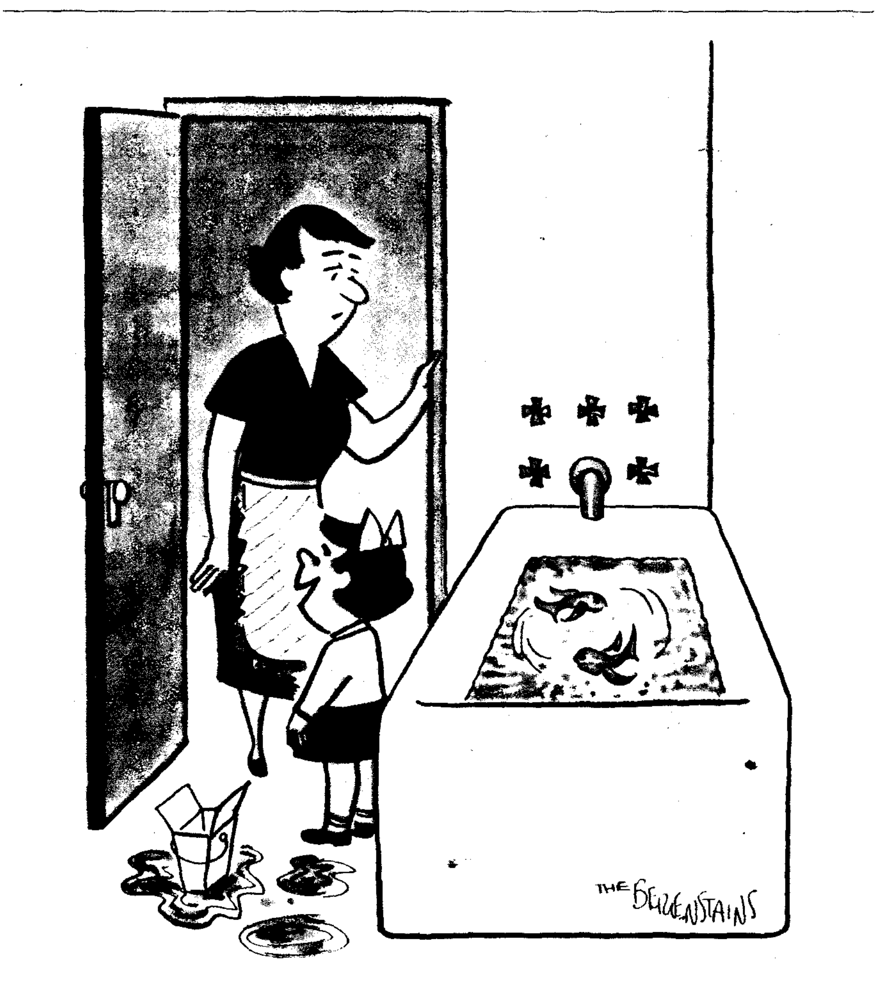
LAVINIA was in the kitchen where she had spent nearly twenty years of her life. She had taken off her shoes to let her feet take their natural rest. She had only a vague idea why so many people had been coming to the house ever since Mr. Sayre went to New York, but she gathered that he'd become very famous and people wanted to see where he lived, like Lincoln and Mr. Roosevelt, although it seemed indecent the way all the women insisted on seeing his bedroom. They would stand by the bed, staring at it, and one woman had stolen an old pair of pajamas that wasn't hardly fit for window rags.

"Oh, my, now they're busting in," she said as she heard voices in the living room. She forced her feet back into her shoes and went padding through the dining room.

"Hello, Vinny, how are you?"

"Mr. Sayre!" She stopped abruptly in the hall, her first thought one of enormous gratitude that she'd run the vacuum cleaner the day before. "Oh, I'm fine, just fine, thank you." A very young and pretty girl with yellow hair came out of the living room, and Mr. Sayre introduced her as

SISTER



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Miss Coles. "We'll only be here a few days," he said, and Lavinia wondered if this was the woman people said Mr. Sayre was going to marry. She had expected someone older, more like Mrs. Baker.

"I've been telling Miss Coles about your popovers," Thornton said, and Lavinia said she'd hustle some up right away.

Thornton took Judy's arm and led her back into the living room, which, like everything else in Rockport, seemed different to him because of the way it must appear to Judy.

"It's a lovely old house," Judy said.

"I guess you think it's kind of old-fashioned."

Judy had stopped before a large silver-framed photograph of Stella on the piano. "Where does she live?"

"Across the street," Thornton said.

"Are you going to call her?"

"Well, I don't know. Of course, Carol's over there."

"Why don't you give her a ring while I'm changing?"

Thornton sat down on the Victorian love seat. "Maybe I'll send Vinny over."

"No." Judy stopped in the hall doorway and turned back toward him. "You ought to thank her for being so nice to Carol."

"I thought I'd send some flowers."

"Wouldn't it be nicer if you called first? You might ask her over for breakfast."

"Oh, she wouldn't come."

"You could ask her anyway."

When Judy had disappeared upstairs, Thornton forced himself up from the love seat and started toward the hall telephone, but first he tiptoed into the dining room and whisked the bottle of pink pills from the old cherry table.

CAROL and Stella, from the bedroom window, had seen Thornton and Judy drive up in the cab, and when the telephone rang, they knew of course who it was, but neither of them wanted to answer.

"Show him you don't care," Carol said.

"But I *do* care."

"I know, but show him anyway."

Stella walked over to the telephone. She managed a reasonably resolute hello.

"Stell, this is Thornton."

"Oh, you're back?"

"Just got in. I wanted to thank you for—about Carol—"

"I was very glad to do it, Thornton. I'll tell her you're back."

"And Judy. Judy's with me."

"Of course."

"Stell, I wish you hadn't left New York so—"

"I'll go tell Carol."

"Thanks."

He didn't say anything about coming to breakfast. It would have been awkward. He couldn't imagine why Judy had ever suggested such a thing.

"I scrambled some eggs," Lavinia said when they came in to breakfast. "I'd of fried some bacon only I didn't have any, not knowing you'd be coming back, and that's something I don't buy for myself."

"The popovers look beautiful, Lavinia," Judy said.

"Yes'm. Mrs. Baker learned me how." Lavinia frowned down at the table. "I'd of swore I put your pills there, Mr. Sayre."

"It doesn't matter," Thornton said.

"I 'stinctly remember taking 'em outta the sideboard."

"Never mind." Thornton began to eat quickly. "Try the peach preserves, Judy."

LAVINIA lumbered back into the kitchen, and found Carol standing just inside the back door. Lavinia went bobbing across the kitchen to swoop the child into her arms. "Law, I missed you, honey. I didn't think I was ever gonna see my baby again."

"It does seem a long time, Vinny. How're your feet?"

"Same as always. Contrary. I got the meanest feet I ever seen. Honey, you look growed somehow."

"Do I really?"

"I reckon it's 'cause you're dressed lady-like for once."

Carol pushed open the swinging door into the dining room, remembering how Vinny used to fuss with her for getting fingerprints on it.

"Carol, honey." Thornton rose hastily, not quite sure how to put the child at ease, except by acting as though nothing had happened. "You're just in time."

"I've eaten," Carol said. She kissed him and sat down at her regular place, smiling at Judy, who was sitting in Stella's chair. "Hello, Judy. Did you have a nice trip?"

"Oh, fine, thank you," Judy said, a little disturbed at something in Carol's manner, a certain self-assurance which had been lacking in New York.

"Try one of the popovers," Thornton said.

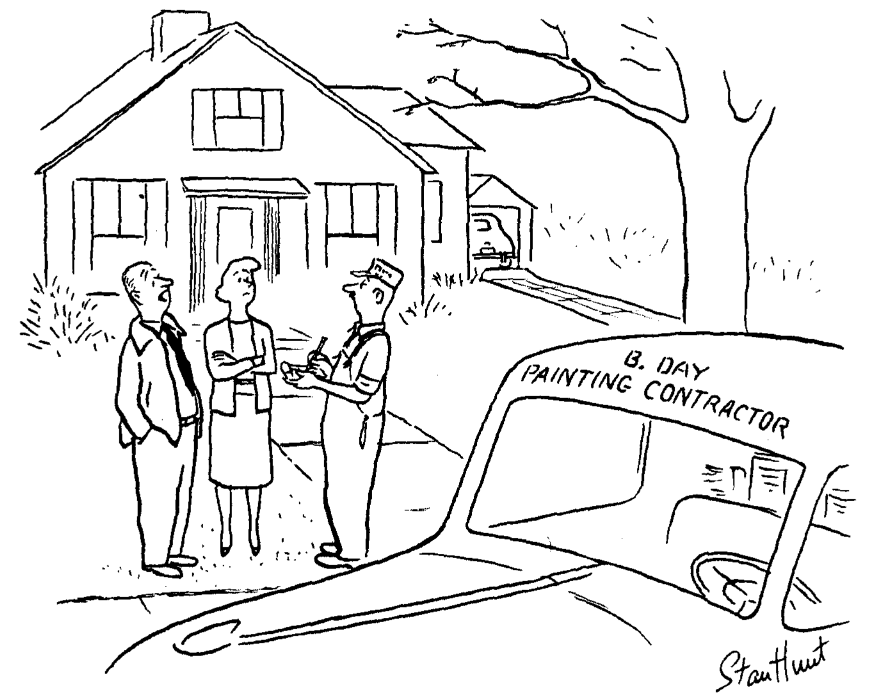
"I ate with Stella."

"How is she?" Judy asked, with the uneasy feeling Carol might prove more of a problem than she'd anticipated.

"Oh, Stella's fine. She's been—"

The doorbell interrupted her, and her Aunt Sue Sheldon came sweeping into the house, the first of what quickly developed into quite a formidable procession. . . .

Across the street, Stella drew her big overstuffed chair up closer to the front window, settled back comfortably, and felt a kind of sympathy for Judy as she saw Nellie



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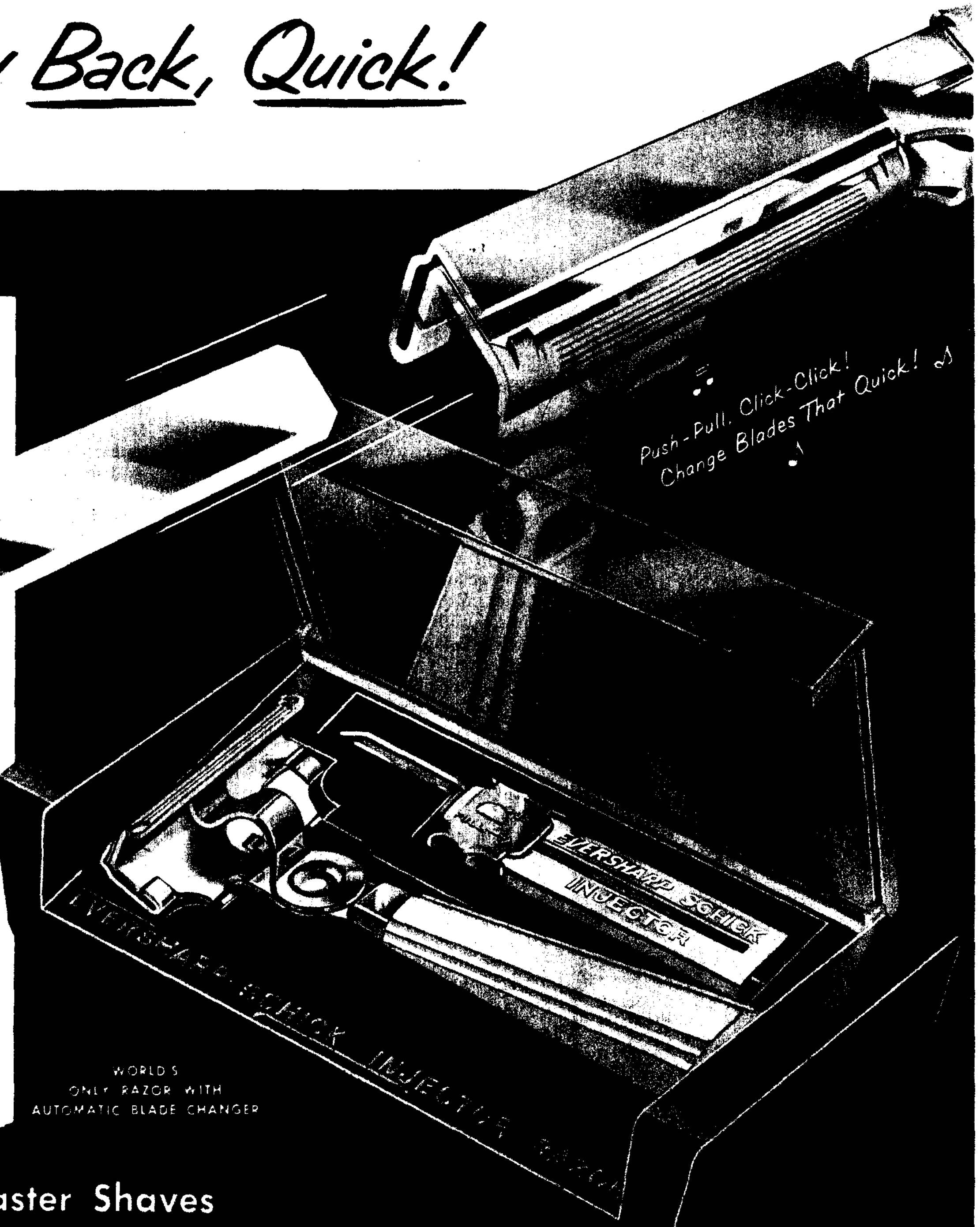
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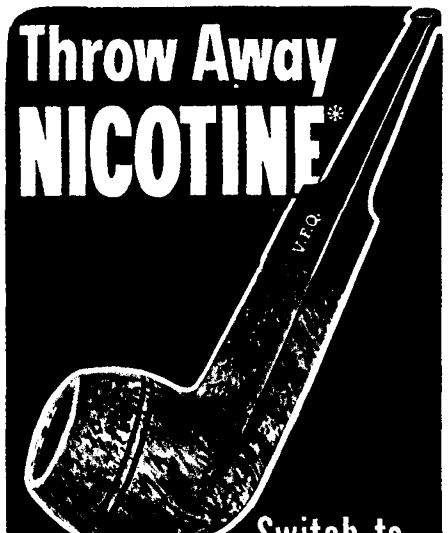
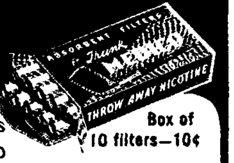
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Myers go mincing up to Thornton's front door. Nellie was followed by Miss McIntosh, Thornton's secretary, who arrived with a fat Manila envelope, and after Miss McIntosh came Cora Beaseley, Helen Lake, Lois Braden, and even old Mrs. Conover, who hadn't called on anyone in Rockport for nearly ten years.

"Having fun?" Carol asked when she came in the back way and caught the Widow Baker peeping over at the big parade.

"I didn't know Thornton was having open house."

"He didn't either. They've all come to take a look at Judy."

"What do they think?"

"I don't know, but I'll bet half the town turns up with a new hairdo in the morning."

"And plunging necklines," Stella said.

"Poor Miss McIntosh, she keeps ogling the Old Boy like she was afraid he'd turn on her any minute and throw her down on the couch."

"Afraid? Not Myra."

"When I left, Nellie Myers and Lois Braden had him cornered. They went to Kansas City last week to see him on television, and I don't think they've ever found anything in Rockport quite like Lover Boy."

"Now, Carol, that's no way to talk about your father."

Carol sat down in a chair beside Stella, feeling secure and untroubled. "I like it when you try to sound matronly, Stella."

"I'm not very good at it, am I?"

"You're not good at anything that isn't really you."

"Darling, I'm glad Bill sent you back."

"You want me to be an old maid like Cousin Phoebe?"

"No, I certainly don't. I've seen you through all the early stages and now I want to see you through the nicest part. It isn't always nice—nothing is—but you're ready for it now and you should have somebody who'll love you and not be afraid of anything, and, most of all, somebody who'll be just as sure as you are that you aren't going to be like other people, that you're going to be the lucky ones. That's what Bill could never give you, the feeling that there's a giant jack pot waiting for you."

"But, Stella, if there isn't really any jack pot . . . ?"

"You start out hoping, and whatever comes, it comes to both of you, and you go through it together, and you find a kind of jack pot."

Carol sat very still for a while, like a much younger child after a bedtime story, which of course you aren't supposed to believe, because there are no such things as witches and fairy godmothers and magic wands, but for a time you do believe in them and even when you outgrow them you remember and you find real things that are a little like magic.

WHEN the living room had finally cleared, Thornton and Judy sank back on the love seat with a great sigh. "It was like one of those childhood nightmares where you suddenly find yourself in study hall with no clothes on," Judy said.

"Well, I guess they were kind of curious about you, but it was more than that. They wanted to make you feel— No, to be perfectly honest, they were just plain curious. They came to see what I'd brought back from the big city."

"The blonde Jezebel who stole you from Stella."

"What about a drink? I expect you need one."

"Oh, Mr. *Sayre,*" Judy said, imitating Thornton's secretary, "I was never so surprised in my life, I mean reading about you in the papers and everything, and when people came to the office, the things they asked me about you, you have no idea. I couldn't repeat them. I'd *die.*"

"Myra's been with me a long time, and I'm afraid all this has been a shock to her."

"Oh, darling, how'd you ever stand it? Twenty years." She leaned over to kiss him, but he drew back. "I'm sorry. Did I hurt your feelings?"

"Of course not, but it isn't really such a bad town, once you get to know the people."

"You sounded very loyal and sweet, but for just a minute I was afraid you were slipping back into your old double-breasted suit. Now how about that drink?"

Later that night, Thornton and Judy went for a drive around town. Thornton pointed out his office on Main Street, showed off the country club and the new high school, and gradually they forced back the wedge the town had driven between them.

Judy had hoped that Carol would be delighted at the prospect of spending the winter with them in Beverly Hills, meeting all the movie stars and seeing the studios, but now she wasn't sure just what Carol had in mind. All Judy was sure of was that she had considerably more than an unruly child to cope with.

"Did you wire Sam about the script?" Judy asked as Thornton headed the car back toward the house.

"Not yet. Haven't had a chance."

"But he's got to close the deal tomorrow."

"I'll do it first thing in the morning."

THEY drove home in silence. Judy hadn't even turned on the car radio. After Thornton had put the car away and they had started across the back yard together, she came to what was troubling her. "Thornton, is it the script you're not sure of, or something else?"

"Well, of course I haven't finished reading it yet."

"You've had plenty of time."

"There've been so many distractions. I'll finish it tonight."

"You know," Judy said, "I've been wondering how it would be if we played it for high comedy. Take the scene in the pet store . . ."

Thornton opened the kitchen door for her, and she walked over to Lavinia's table, improvising props as she began to sketch out a different approach to the scene.

"It might work," Thornton said. "If we could sustain the mood—" He heard the sound of Stella's laughter.

She was in the hall with Carol, a suitcase in her hand. She flushed, then carefully set the suitcase down and walked toward them, smiling. "I was just helping Carol move in," she said, and shook hands with both Thornton and Judy. "I was going to stop by earlier, but I saw you had company."

"The deluge," Judy said.

"I imagine you felt overwhelmed."

"A little. But they were all very nice."

"Well, I suppose you're tired," Stella said, backing toward the door.

Carol, whose arms were filled with clothes, stooped to pick up the suitcase, but Judy reached out in front of her. "I'll take it up while Thornton's seeing Stella home," she said. She nodded good night to Stella and followed Carol upstairs. . . .

"It isn't necessary," Stella said to Thornton.

Thornton walked with her to her door. "Stell, I wanted to talk to you before you left New York. I was hoping I could make you understand that—well, about Judy."

"That's why I ran off, Thornton. I didn't want things to end unpleasantly."

"But if I'd had a chance to explain."

"I could understand the way Carol acted, because it was all so strange to her and Bill happened along at just the right moment, but you . . ."

"I was afraid that was the way you felt."

"How should I feel? Suppose it had been the other way round, and I'd gone barging off with some handsome young thing."

"I was hoping we could talk things over without—"

"I'd hoped so too, because I didn't want you to remember me in anger. You know, we never did fight as much as most couples."

"All last year you were the one who kept putting things off."

"I suppose that makes you feel better, and if it does, let me straighten you out, because the last thing in the world I want right now is for you to feel justified in what you've done. Of course I put things off. What else could I do? I loved you and I wanted you, but I wanted to be your wife."

"I kept asking you, Stell."

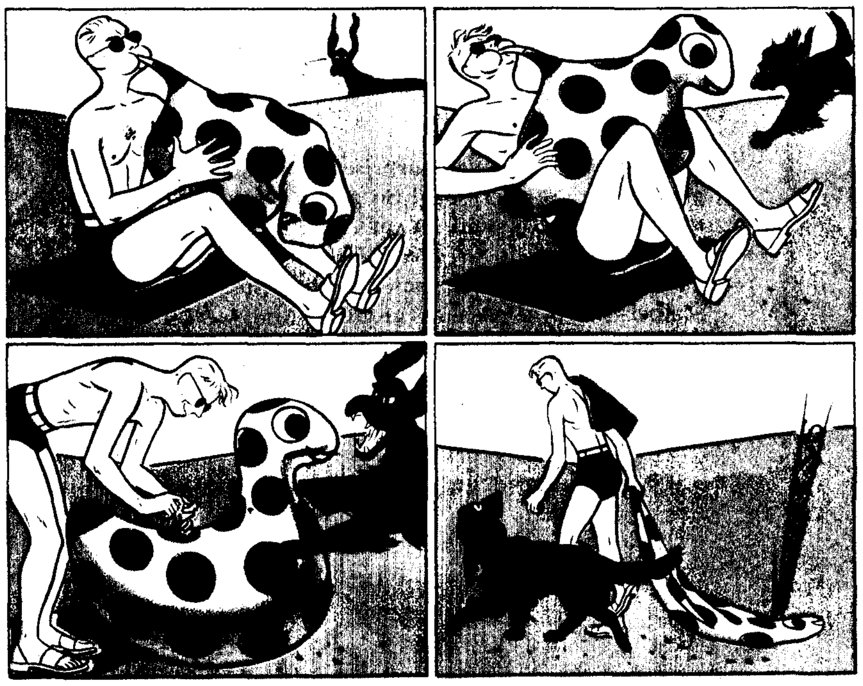
"You asked me to marry you, yes, but that isn't what I mean. You never broke down my front door, swooped me up, and carried me off. You walked in like a man engaging a housekeeper."

"Stell." He put his arm around her, and she broke away, tense and pale. She left him staring at the closed door, marveling that so much spirit could be contained in a body so small and finely made.

IT WAS nearly midnight when Thornton managed to force his way through the last pages of the script that had been revised to fit Judy and him. The story had been expertly tailored, throwing all the dramatic weight to him while displaying Judy's youth and voice in the background.

I could handle the part, he thought, stretching out on the couch and staring up at the ceiling; but what, he wondered, would happen afterward? Inevitably, they would have to wait for another story that was out of the ordinary boy-girl pattern, and during the lull Judy would grow restless, probably take roles in other films, leaving him sitting

CLANCY



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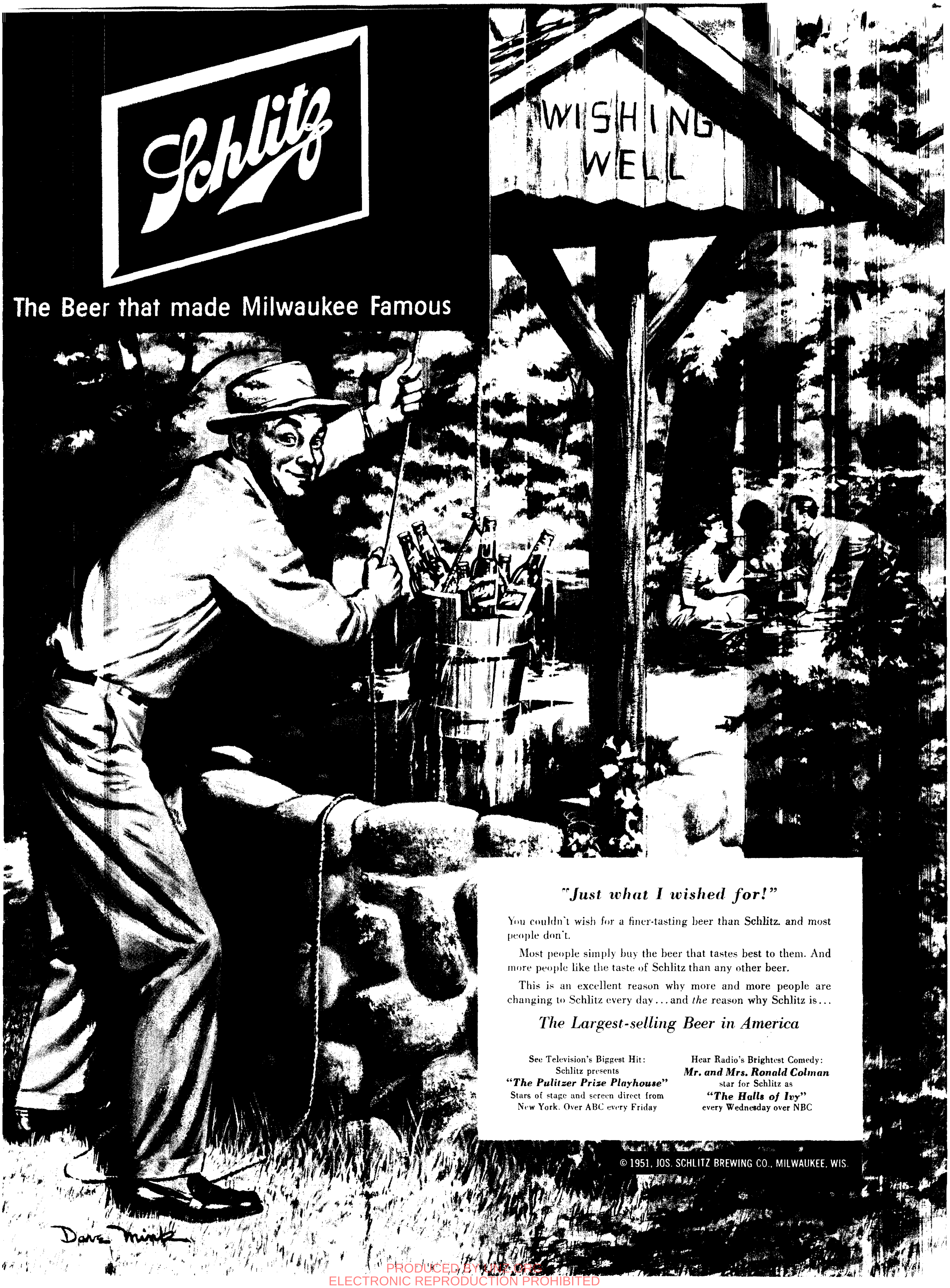

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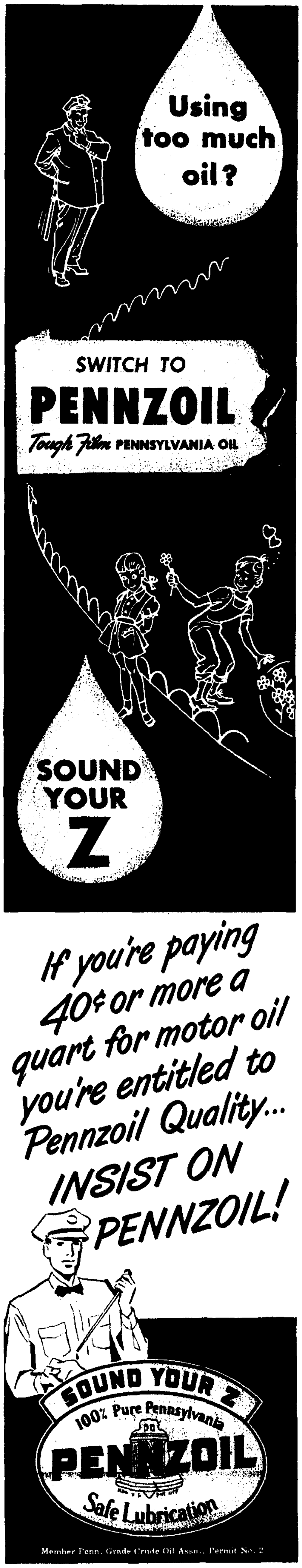

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by the pool—Judy would want the pool, he was sure of that.

It might be a long wait, he thought, knowing that at his age a man couldn't afford to wait for things.

He heard footsteps on the stairs and saw Carol move softly in from the hall. She was wearing a frilly new negligee, pink slippers, and satin ribbons in her hair. Her face was shiny with cold cream, freckles sprinkling the bridge of her nose.

"I couldn't sleep," she said.

"I had a script to finish reading."

"Any good?"

"Except for a few little things."

She settled on the floor in front of him, her head against the couch, within reach of his hand. She smelled of creams and lotions, and her dark hair carried the high lights of long, thoughtful brushing.

"I'm glad the plane didn't crash," she said.

"What, dear?" Thornton, off with his own thoughts, hadn't heard her.

"I hoped it would crash, but it didn't. The plane coming back."

"It's a feeling most people have sometime or other."

She felt his fingers playing in her hair, and they were close in a way they had rarely been before. "Honey," he said, "you've always wanted to get away, haven't you? New York, Hollywood?"

"Every time I'd play that record of Mother's, where she was Juliet or Portia, I could see myself on a stage, in costume, with thousands of people watching me. I used to act out curtain speeches and . . ." She began to smile at her childish fantasies. "You have no idea how many rich suitors I turned down because of my career."

"Most girls go through that, especially pretty ones."

"It was more than that. I think I wanted to be Mother, because that would make you love me more."

Thornton twisted a dark ring of her hair around his finger, marveling at this generation robbed of its youth and plunged into a dreadful adulthood without ever knowing a day of peace. They were like fruit picked before it had fully ripened, carrying beneath the bright surface the bitter taste that comes from a lack of sun and rain. The astonishing thing was not the bitterness, but the achievement of any sort of maturity under conditions of growth so unnatural.

"At first," he said, relieved that he no longer had to speak to her as a child, "when you were just a damp red lump bawling in the nursery upstairs, I stayed away from you and I suppose I resented you in a cruel, unreasonable way. I left you to Stella, and when anything goes wrong you still go to her, you don't come to me."

"Were you the one who wanted me, or Mother?"

"We both wanted children."

"But you especially?"

"Yes."

"Do you suppose Mother knew? Knew she might die, I mean?"

"Yes, I think she did. That's why she came back here."

"You shouldn't blame yourself. I'm sure Mother didn't feel that way."

"I can't help blaming myself. I didn't know what a risk it was, but even so . . ."

"Poor darling, you've tried so hard to get her back," Carol said, glancing up toward the room where Judy was, "and you never have."

NEXT day, for the first time since she'd come home, Carol walked down Main Street, past the Pioneer Mother statue and the familiar store fronts, which seemed a vague part of a rather unpleasant experience she'd lived through years ago. Two Academy boys, in new uniforms, came toward her with the transparent swagger of adolescents away from home for the first time. The faces beneath the visored caps were beardless, the eyes large with pride and loneliness and uncertainty.

They'll whistle, Carol thought.

The pair glanced at her with a brief, casual curiosity, then marched by without looking back, their way of showing she was too old to arouse more than the cursory interest they gave to all females.

Last year they would have whistled, she thought; and it was another milestone to mark how far she'd traveled.

Harriett Foster was waiting for her when she got home. Harriett looked as though she might burst at any moment and spill her childish happiness all over the rug.

"We've always been friends," Harriett said, "and that's why I had to ask you something first, I mean I want to be perfectly honest, because I don't go behind people's backs and do things, not friends anyway."

Carol smiled with a sort of sad wonderment that anyone could be so young and ridiculously happy. "I gather Dick's asked you to go to the Home-coming Dance."

"Yes, he did, and I thought that—I mean, after all, you're still wearing his pin."

"Not any more," Carol said, and Harriett's concern over the pin seemed as remote as the secret man-hating clubs the two of them used to form years ago.

"Did you give it back?"

"No, I haven't had a chance yet. Look, Harriett, why don't I run up and get it for you?"

"I'm not sure Dick wants me to have it."

"Oh, I know he does."

Carol brought the pin down from upstairs and gave it to Harriett. They walked out of the house together, Harriett holding the pin with a kind of reverence. They said good-by and Carol crossed the street, heading for Stella's house with a feeling of pity for all the hurts Harriett would have to suffer before she put the pin away in a dresser drawer with her old dance cards.

LATE that afternoon, Thornton moved restlessly around the big house, alone except for Lavinia, who was in the kitchen humming a hymn of hope. He passed through the dining room, started toward the hall, then suddenly glanced back, frowning. The table was set for four people.

He pushed through the swinging door into the kitchen. "Are we having company?"

Lavinia shrugged. "No, sir, just family."

"There are four places."

"Miss Coles said four, said Mrs. Baker was coming."

"Oh. I forgot."

He went back to the living room and tried to read, but his thoughts kept wandering. He read the same sentence over and over. He had gone back to pacing by the time Judy came in, her cheeks stung red by the sudden chill which had blown down across the prairie.

"I went for a walk," she said. "I saw the hotel where President McKinley slept."

"Did you ask Stella to dinner?"

"Why, yes."

"And she said she'd come?"

"She said she'd love to." Judy took off her coat, tossed it across a chair, and glanced in the hall mirror to tidy her hair.

THORNTON picked up the coat and hung it in the hall closet. Judy's casualness about leaving things lying around was one of the small things he hadn't adjusted to yet. "I suppose you're trying to prove something or other," he said.

"I want you to get a divorce," Judy said, speaking into the mirror. "Oh, it would be very simple if you were really married. You could get a lawyer, spend a little time in Las Vegas, and that would be the end of it."

"But it's already ended."

She turned and came toward him, bringing the glow of youth as though it were a treasure. "I wish it were, darling."

"If only we hadn't come back here," Thornton said.

"We had to come back. You had to see this place, see Stella, the office, everything, and now you have to walk away from it with the feeling it's all over."

"Let's leave in the morning."

"Did you wire Sam we'd do the story?"

"Well, no. I forgot."

"Then we'd better not leave in the morning." . . .

Across the street, Cousin Phoebe was dogging along behind Stella as she finished dressing and started downstairs. Uncle Randall's arthritis having proved disappointing, Phoebe had moved back in with Stella. "If it was me," Phoebe said, "I'd have more pride. I'd tell him off once and for all, and that would be the end of it."

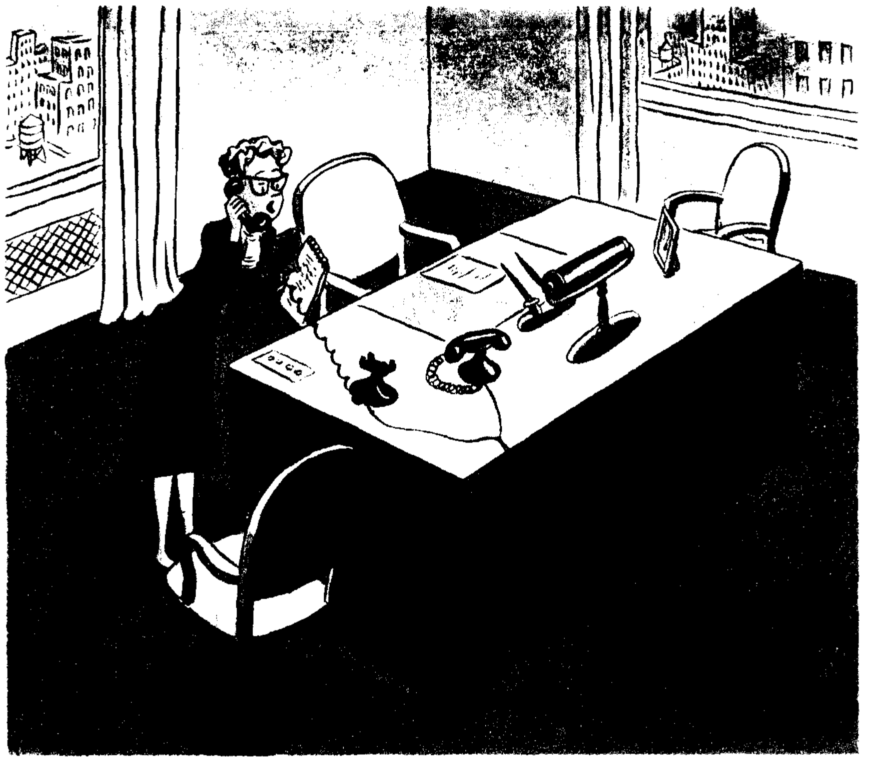
"It might, for you," Stella said, shrugging into her new red coat, "because there's never been a man you really wanted." . . .

At dinner Thornton and Carol sat in their regular places, and Judy took Stella's chair at the foot of the table, facing Thornton. Stella had the company seat, across from Carol, who seemed to be eating against a deadline.

"I wouldn't swallow without chewing, dear," Thornton said, out of habit.

"I'm in a hurry."

"Dick?"



"We'll just have to keep calling each other back, Lillian. Now *mine* has run down for coffee"

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Carol laughed. "Goodness, no."

"Oh, one of the Academy boys?"

"No. One of the teachers."

Later, when Carol had gone darting out of the house, Thornton turned to Stella. "A teacher. Isn't that rather old for her?"

"Why, no. Not now."

Judy ate very quietly, watching the two of them, and afterward, when they moved back into the living room, she took charge of the coffee and liqueurs. She seemed outwardly pleasant and unconcerned, covering the awkward lulls with small, bright talk which fell into the pool of silence like new pennies in a wishing well, but when Lavinia couldn't find the crème de menthe and it was Stella who located it, the room grew embarrassingly quiet.

"Judy might like to hear some of your records," Stella said.

"Fine." Thornton got up eagerly and started toward the record cabinet. "What would you like to hear?"

"This morning Carol was playing one of her mother's records," Judy said. "Portia's speech."

Thornton hesitated. "It's kind of scratchy. Carol's just about worn it out."

"I'd like to hear it anyway."

THORNTON put the record on the phonograph and sat with his eyes closed, remembering the day he had gone with Kay to the recording studio. Someone had gone with them; he couldn't remember who it was—one of their old friends, he supposed. Kay had worn a simple print dress, no hat, and she'd read from her high-school Shakespeare book which had her name printed on the flyleaf in large, confident letters.

He could remember every detail of the recording, but, oddly enough, the face of the friend who had sat with him while Kay read remained a blank. He remembered the heavy drapes in the studio, the sound engineer who stuttered, and Sam Levitt coming over from the agency with some papers for Kay to sign. Thornton opened his eyes. It was Sara Lester who had gone with them that day, and afterward she had been mobbed by young admirers who would all be middle-aged now and, if they ever thought of Sara, probably thought she was dead.

"I'll change it," Stella said, and Thornton realized the record had ended without his having heard a word of it. He was remembering the last time he'd seen Sara, when he and Carol had helped her into a cab in New York, her face cruelly aged and empty, and Carol had remarked that you always thought of Kay as being young.

"Juliet's on this side," Stella said, and Thornton wondered how Kay would have aged. Softly and beautifully, he imagined—not like Sara, who had tried to clutch at youth through lovers who used her abominably.

"Is that your Romeo?" Judy asked for the second time, and Thornton roused up, nodding, listening for a moment to the magic language ("O, speak again, bright angel!"), and the image of the girl whose name was printed on the flyleaf came clearly before him, then faded, and reappeared, as he had seen her for the last time ("And follow thee my lord throughout the world"), forever young and lovely, but gone . . . ("Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!")

"She's dead," he heard himself say aloud, and it was Stella who gently removed the record from the phonograph. It was Stella who understood what he meant—that he had finally passed the crisis of a great sickness which had sent him groping after shadows. He had sought the lost image in his daughter, who for a while had tried to play her mother's part but had eventually given it up because she was Carol, not Kay. He had looked for Kay in Stella and, not finding her, had turned toward Judy, who belonged to Kay's world and possessed the glittering youth with which Kay lived in his memory. And now at last the shadow had withdrawn.

After a moment of uneasy silence, Stella got up and said she thought she'd better be running along. "I'm tired," she said. "I've been painting all day."

"I used to do water colors," Judy said.

"I meant painting the kitchen."

Judy laughed, and it was another small awkwardness between them.

Thornton helped Stella on with her coat and insisted on seeing her home. Judy walked with them to the front door and shook hands with Stella, and they exchanged polite murmurs about the dinner and the evening. Judy closed the door after them, and they walked very slowly.

"It's turning colder," Stella said, because somebody had to say something.

Thornton nodded absently. "It isn't easy, Stell, walking out on twenty years of your life."

"It all depends on how you feel. If you've been going in the wrong direction and you've finally found the right road—"

"I guess it's a little like that. Sometimes I wonder, though . . ."

"Yes, dear?"

"If we'd never gone to New York—"

"We had to go somewhere, Thornton. We were just standing still."

"We used to have some good times together."

"Of course, but we weren't going anywhere," Stella said, thinking of all the Saturday nights he'd walked home with her discussing the little problems of their narrowed lives—meat prices and whether to repaint in the spring—but never had he stormed her door with a splintering crash. "We needed a little jolt."

"And we got an earthquake," Thornton said. He took her arm as they came to the curb on her side of Sycamore Drive.

"I'm glad we had this evening," Stella said.

He was still holding her arm and standing very close to her in the crooked shadows of the naked tree. "Stell, I . . ."

WHEN Carol came home, Judy was upstairs. Carol slipped in hurriedly so she wouldn't distract the couple dawdling across the street. She glanced in the guest room, saw Judy's suitcase on the bed with a scattering of stockings, underwear and toilet articles. She came slowly into the room, moving past Judy to the window. "It's all settled, Judy?"

Judy nodded, watching her very closely. "I know you hate to leave Stella, darling, but you can always come back here to visit her whenever you want to."

Carol, from the window, could see the two silhouettes beneath the sycamores across the street. "You took quite a chance when you let him come back here."

"I know, but what else could I do? He hadn't really left her."

Carol saw the taller figure turn and start back across the street. She shook her head. "I didn't think he'd really do it."

"For a while I didn't either," Judy said. "I was afraid it was like one of those rare marriages that nothing can ever break up."

Carol turned to her in surprise. "But, Judy, it is."

In the living room across the street, Stella stretched out on the couch, her back to Cousin Phoebe, who kept knitting patiently, waiting for Stella to break down so she could do something to help her, poor thing, although she'd brought it all on herself. She wouldn't listen to people.

"Now if it was me—" Phoebe said, and there was suddenly a fearsome noise at the front door and Thornton Sayre came marching into the hall and across the living room like a man who had been lost and had finally found his way. He scooped Stella into his arms and kissed her with a passion which sent Phoebe gasping from the room.

"The damned door wasn't locked," Thornton said.

"It never has been, Thornton."

"But I wanted to break it down." For a moment he looked almost disappointed, as though such a violent onslaught were the least they both deserved after these long weeks of confusion.

"Oh, darling," Stella said, "you have."

THE END

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

you're a soldier. You're an old enough soldier to know that things don't always make sense when you look at them from down at this level."

"My God," Doug said, groaning, "now you even sound like a bureaucrat. You look and walk and talk and sound like one. You were a nice guy, Bob, before you became a bureaucrat."

Bob looked at him for a long time. Finally he said, very quietly, "Captain, you'd better go back to your squadron headquarters and make out that report again, and this time do it right."

"Monday, Bob. Monday, huh? Joanna and I have a week end." He didn't say what else was on his mind—Major Leeds out there riding with Joanna and telling her to call him Norman.

"I want that report before six, Captain."

Doug cocked his head and stared back. "Is that an order, Colonel?"

"That's an order."

IT WAS already dark when Doug took the bus from the air base and got off near the apartment. The first thing he saw was a new convertible parked in front of the house. That was Major Leeds's junk pile. The apartment was on the first floor and Doug saw Leeds through the window. Leeds had a Martini in his hand.

Doug knocked angrily.

"Why, darling!" Joanna said, when she opened the door. "It was open."

He had meant to say something nasty, but he couldn't think of anything nasty. He nodded and pushed in past Joanna.

Leeds got up, drink in hand. "Hello! Everything squared away with the old man? Look here, Doug, you were wrong about those Martinis—"

Doug stood there and stared at Leeds, and his hands tightened at his sides. He had all he could do to keep from trembling.

"Why, darling, what's wrong?" Joanna slipped around in front of him. "Doug!"

Leeds raised his eyebrows. "Private quarrel? Should I step out and mix another Martini, or something?"

"Major," Doug said, "you can step out and get into your three-thousand-dollar junk pile and drive home."

"Doug!" Joanna said.

"Now, look here," Leeds said.

"Good night, Major," Doug said.

Leeds stared for another second, shrugged abruptly, then took his hat and went to the door. He said good night to Joanna and she smiled and said good night to him and added, "Sorry, Norman. It'll straighten out."

"Of course. I understand," Leeds said.

Doug could have popped him one for that, too. The tone, or something—*I* understand, even if your husband is bullheaded. Doug glared at the door as it closed behind Leeds and he stood there glaring until he heard the starter on the convertible and the growling of gears as it drove away.

Joanna touched his arm. He turned, like a man coming out of a daze, and looked down at her.

"Doug."

"Yeah?"

"That wasn't nice of you. That wasn't even like you."

"What do you want me to do—share you, like the Eskimos?"

"Doug, listen. It wasn't that way at all. I don't see how you could think that. We just sat and talked all afternoon. Norman has a problem—"

"Yeah. I know his problem. Guys overseas have it every day. Only there's nothing they can do about it, usually."

She turned away from him suddenly and faced the wall and he didn't know whether she was crying or not. Her voice was steady enough. It was low. "I won't explain, or defend, or anything, Doug. Either you believe me or—"

"Or what?"

"We'll talk about it in the morning, Doug, when we're both a little cooler."

She went into the bedroom and closed the door behind her.

Doug swore and kicked over a wastebasket.

That night he wrote a letter. It was addressed to the commanding general and the subject was: Transfer to Overseas Duty. He made the required original and two copies. He typed a very correct "Thru Channels" under the address. It would go through Bob and Bob wouldn't like it because it reflected badly on a commanding officer to have his men asking for transfers, but by the very damned rules Bob loved so well he'd have to buck it on up. On up, right over his fat head. . . .

Doug and Joanna didn't talk about the night before when they were cooler the next morning. They sat and ate breakfast in silence. At ten in the morning Base Operations called him on the telephone and told him to report immediately to the base.

The guard at the gate told him that he was to report to headquarters immediately.

Brass glittered in Bob's anteroom. Doug stared. There were lieutenant colonels, bird colonels and at least one brigadier general. All branches—infantry, artillery, tank and not just Air Force.

Major Leeds was leaning over the desk of the WAF sergeant who was Bob's secretary. Her name, Doug remembered, was Mary something or other, and she was blonde and attractive. Doug knew Leeds's problem, all right.

And then Leeds looked up and saw him. "Oh—Captain Parker. Colonel Yancy said to bring you right in when you got here. Big doings." Not a word, not an eyebrow-sign about last night.

There was brass in Bob's office, too. Bob, formal but friendly, introduced Doug all around, then shuffled over to a big map on the wall. It was a large area of mountain, forest and desert touching three states. The air base was in the lower left-hand corner.

Bob couldn't quite keep the excitement out of his voice. "Big maneuvers. The airborne Invader troops—they wear crests on their helmets—will drop somewhere in here, and the Defenders, dressed in regular uniforms, will keep 'em from reaching the atomic-energy center down here. Or try to. But it's more than just a game, Captain. Everything'll be tested—everything. Absolute combat conditions. Security, supply, all the rest."

Doug looked disgusted.

Bob said, "Your squadron's taking a key part, Captain. You'll be doing ground-support missions from a forward strip that we'll set up as economically as possible. Hurley's outfit will fly from the main base, and we'll compare. In other words, just how efficiently, and with just what minimum supply, can we maintain an effective fighter squadron as close as possible to the enemy?"

Doug said, "Bang, bang, you're dead."

Bob said, "What?" and all the lieutenant colonels and bird colonels and generals raised their eyebrows.

WAR games, Doug was thinking. Games, at a time like this. Aloud he said, "Excuse me, sir. Just thinking of something." He cleared his throat. He reached into his side pocket and took out his military letter, the original and two copies. "Wanted to be sure you got this, sir." He handed it to Bob.

Bob read it quickly, with a blank expression. He didn't show it to any of the colonels or generals. He looked at Doug for a long moment with those newly tired eyes of his and then said, "Sure you want this to go through?"

"Yes, sir," Doug said, emotionlessly.

Bob suddenly straightened his shoulders

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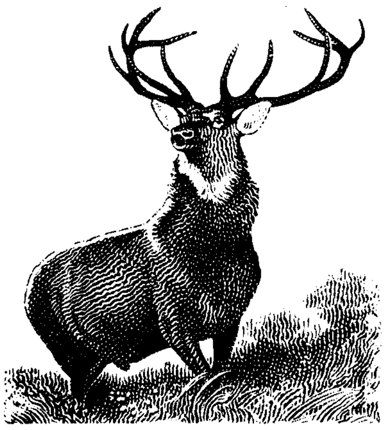

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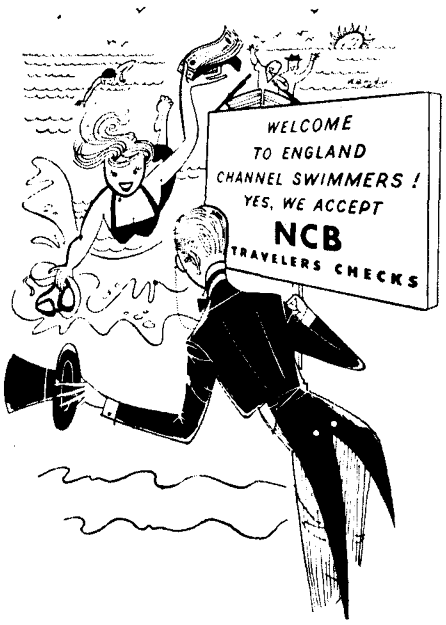

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so that they looked almost cocky again, as they had in the old days. "Captain," he said, "you'll alert your squadron for movement, and wait for detailed orders. No one is to leave the base or make any communications with the outside. Is that understood?"

Doug said, "How long will we be gone on these—*games*, sir?"

"Weeks, at least."

"I'd better call my wife, then."

"She'll be notified. No personal communication is to be made."

"But if I'm not going to see her—"

"This is a matter of security, Captain, the same as in a combat zone."

Doug stared at him. There he was. Bob Yancy. Used to be a good pilot and a good guy. Used to fly for the fun of it and not squeeze out just four hours a month for his flying pay in a rattletrap converted two-seater Mustang. And now—Doug wanted to hang a fast one on his stuffed jaw.

He didn't. He said stiffly, "Yes, sir," and went out.

ONE week later Captain Doug Parker was living on the edge of a cow pasture somewhere in the Rocky Mountains, and he was not liking it.

He walked from his shelter-half toward his Sabre jet with his seat chute bumping against his thighs. Another ground-support mission this afternoon, another play mission. There'd been two this morning and Lord knew how many yesterday and he'd lost count the day before that. Just to help matters, Sabres were fighters, not ground-support airplanes, but somebody had called for ground support and that was that. They'd take off, find the grasshopper observation plane, get directions, buzz troops and positions they couldn't see, fly back, and, before they had a chance to yawn and stretch, take off again.

He'd like to have Bob here, he was thinking. Bob flew over once in a while in that two-seater Mustang, but he hadn't bothered to drop in. He'd like to have Major Call-Me-Norman Leeds here, too. The major wasn't part of a tac outfit, just a technical adviser, so he stayed where it was comfortable, and he didn't have to play cloak-and-dagger, either; he could communicate, as the saying went, outside the base. He could even get off the base.

Doug looked up. Thin cloud cover. Thunderstorms formed here near the mountains this time of the afternoon, sometimes. He wondered if it was sunny back at the base. He wondered if Call-Me-Norman was riding around in the junk pile with the top down, and Joanna laughing beside him.

Yeah, it was great, just great out here. They'd already made a contribution to the science of war—shelter-halfs were lousy in storm country. They leaked and they blew down. Hardly a man without a sniffle; hardly a man with a dry pair of coveralls. Maybe some palatable chow would have helped, but the C-47 that came over to drop rations and supplies always missed and dropped them somewhere up the mountain, in the woods. The worst of it was their feeling of isolation. There was no mail. In these mountains the portable radios could not even pick up a decent news broadcast.

He climbed into the jet. The ground crew rolled up the starter unit, and he began his cockpit check. He was getting used to a jet now. But he still didn't care for treetop flying at six hundred miles an hour, and it was incredible how quickly a few minutes of that tired a man out. He hadn't slept well for days, anyway. Funny, that was like old combat times, too—he remembered now that he'd always been tired, then; twenty-four hours a day he'd been tired.

He looked at the crew chief for a go-ahead and saw that the crew chief was staring upward. He looked that way. An F-51 was up there, circling their field. It was Bob's piggyback model.

"The colonel's, ain't it, sir?" the crew chief said.

Doug nodded. "Must have found us here by accident."

He was gratified to see the 51 make a fairly wobbly landing. He climbed out of the cockpit of his F-86, and went to meet it and got there just as Bob was jumping from the wing step. Bob didn't look happy. Major Norman Leeds got out of the rear office and he didn't look happy, either.

"Doug!" Bob said. "Glad I caught you! You're just the man to do it!"

"Do what, sir?"

Bob jerked a stubby thumb toward the mountains. "Jet down in there—Number 28—that's Novak, from Hurley's squadron. Leeds and I saw it. He tried to land it on a long sand strip in a canyon, I guess—went butt over tincup."

"Burnout, obviously," said Leeds. "I've cautioned them to watch those solenoids in the air starter, but—"

"Shut up, Major," Bob said, and Doug almost liked him again for that. Bob kept talking to Doug. "We spotted it on our way back from K Area. Radioed, of course, but the ARS plane is hundreds of miles from here on a troop drop, and the helicopters won't get here for two hours. We buzzed a couple of times and saw Novak crawling, near his plane. Hurt bad, I think. So we came here; this was the nearest."

"You came here? What for?"

"To get somebody to fly in and take Novak out. I think a 51 could be landed there. Be rough, but I think it could be done."

Doug raised his eyebrows. "May I ask the colonel, then, why the colonel didn't try it?"

Bob looked suddenly sad and old. "Let's face it, Doug—I'm not the pilot I used to be. Besides, Leeds was with me. There'll have to be an empty cockpit for Novak."

"How about Major Leeds making the landing?" Doug asked coldly. "I've heard it bruited about that the major is a very hot pilot. I think I've even heard the major himself imply that on occasion—"

Leeds clenched his fists.

Doug said, "Any time, Norman, I would love it."

"None of that now!" Bob could still get some of the old roar and snap into his voice when he wanted to. "By God, I'll send you both to the rock pile if you start that!" He took a moment to simmer down again. "Leeds isn't checked out in a 51, Doug. And if Novak's hurt as bad as we think he is, time may be important. Somebody's got to get this 51 in there, pick him up and fly him back to the base. I'll radio them again from here."

"You mean you want *me* to do it?"

"You or one of your men who's checked out." He handed Doug a sectional map. "Here. I've marked the spot—right at the mouth of that canyon there."

Doug smiled a hard smile. "Wouldn't I look great sending a man out? They'd think I was afraid to do it myself."

Bob looked at him levelly. "Are you?"

"You know better than that. But can you take the truth? Like to hear it, Colonel, sir? The only thing that holds me back is that this'll reflect credit on you. You were a good guy once, Bob. You were an overseas guy, a combat veteran, but you've changed, Bob, and frankly I'd almost take

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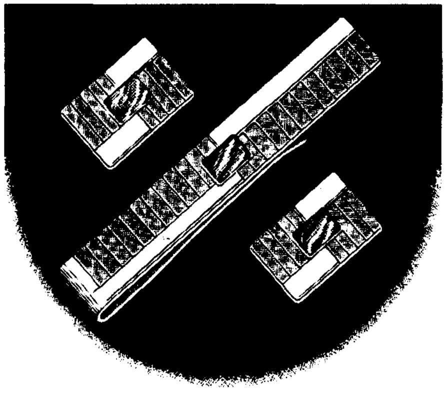

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Bob said quietly, "That man's hurt out there."

"I know," Doug said. "And that's the only reason I'm going." He started toward the plane.

Leeds grinned suddenly. "Knew you would, Doug. Just as Joanna says—you're not the hard character you pretend to be."

Doug whirled on him. "Then you *have* been seeing her." He felt numb again, as he had at the apartment door.

"Why, of course," Leeds said. "You see, we—"

"Colonel," said Doug, turning to Bob, "get the rock pile ready. You're going to need it when I get back."

He pushed past them toward the 51.

IT WAS an odd feeling: it was a feeling of being swept back in time. There in the cockpit of the F-51 Mustang—his old airplane—he did all the things he used to do. He didn't have to think to remember them.

He could have sworn he was back again on that fighter strip near London that looked like a cow pasture and not a fighter strip.

He took off at one hundred and five miles per hour. Dipping his wings and looking for the canyon was like old times, too. It was like those patrol missions when they'd searched for ground targets—trucks and locomotives and gun positions. He didn't have any trouble finding the canyon: it was only five minutes away from the cow pasture.

He buzzed across it once and saw the sun glint on the swept-back wings of the F-86 down there.

He circled wide, away from the mountains, then came back again, losing altitude. He saw the mountains come toward him again: a bulwark of dry earth dotted with cactus and juniper. The mouth of the canyon looked unbelievably small. He was sure he'd make the landing all right, but the take-off would be something else again. He'd have to pick up enough speed to climb fast and miss those mountains. He wouldn't be able to take off down the canyon, toward the mouth, because of the foehn winds that always came down these canyons; with one of those winds on his tail he'd never clear the sand strip. He was low enough now so that the terrain, going by under his wings, looked blurred.

Ahead he could see the nosed-over 86 and the dark speck near it that would be Novak, lying on the ground. He thought he saw Novak wave.

It all kept coming toward him, the whole picture. It swayed a little in the gusty motion of his ship. His engine hacked and coughed and snarled as he held it at low power. The warning horn sounded and he let his wheels and flaps down. He power-glided, throttle back, exerting a slight back-pressure on the stick. Air speed, one twenty. The sand strip, coming closer, began to show rough parts he hadn't noticed before. His stomach was suddenly cold and tight, and then he remembered that back in combat days his stomach had always been cold and tight with every landing. It hadn't been easy then.

It wasn't easy now. He was leveling off. His nose was coming up and his air speed was dropping. He ought to be touching about now. He ought to be feeling that comfortable bump and hearing that comfortable *vmp! vmp!* of the tires.

The plane touched, bounced, touched again, and snatched itself toward the right. He kicked it back, using both brake and rudder. It bounded along the sand, and every bump jarred him in the seat.

But he knew by now he'd made it. All he had to do was get the hell out of here again. If his luck held. He crossed his fingers and spat on them.

He used to do that, too, overseas: he used to do it for luck when things got tight.

He turned the 51 and gave it some more throttle and it vibrated and strained and beetled, unnatural on the ground, over toward the wrecked jet. He locked the brakes and left the plane idling and jumped from the cockpit and ran toward Novak.

The kid was white around the mouth. He was a square-faced kid who, Doug recalled, grinned a lot. His leg was gashed and a piece of bone spiked out through the flesh. The kid held a tourniquet made out of his coverall belt just above the wound, but it didn't seem to stop the bleeding much.

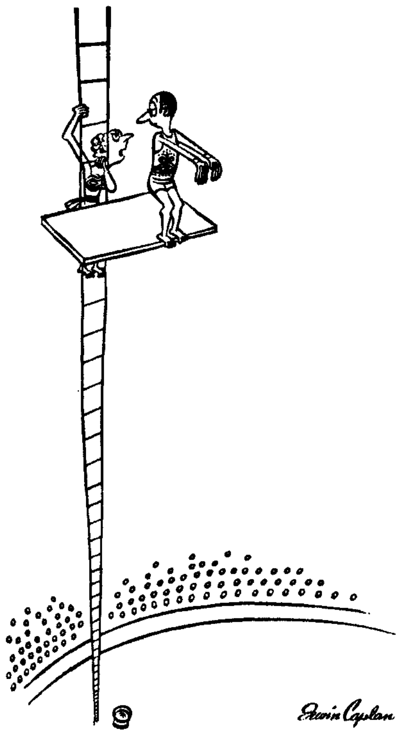
And Novak was trying to grin now. "You should have brought a couple of sky hooks, Captain. Need 'em to climb out of here."

"Don't talk," Doug said.

He secured the tourniquet quickly with his own belt. He started to lift Novak and that moved Novak's leg and Novak screamed. "Easy, guy, easy," Doug said, hoping he didn't sound fatuous. He glanced at Novak. Novak had passed out cold.

Somehow he got him into the rear seat of the cockpit. He backed away from the cockpit and he was red and sticky in front from carrying Novak. He touched the stain with his fingers and then looked stupidly at his finger tips.

It had been like this the time, seven years ago, they pulled another kid, plenty shot up, from a cockpit. Just like this. Same screaming and passing out cold, same red look of blood, same iciness in his stomach. Doug shook his head. Clear it all away. He used to do that, too. He climbed back into the front seat of the cockpit.



"Careful you don't slip again getting out of the tub, dear"

COLLIER'S IRWIN CAPLAN

When he reached the other end of the sand strip he turned and looked, calculating, at the canyon dwindling into a mountain wall ahead. He went through his cockpit procedure for take-off. He held the stick back to hold the tail down, kept his toes on the brakes, and then rammed the throttle forward. The plane quivered and roared with power. He let the stick come forward and released the brakes. The plane leaped ahead, as though it had been shot from a sling.

Doug watched his air speed. It pushed to sixty, seventy, seventy-five, but it pushed sluggishly. The sand was holding his wheels. He glanced to the side, saw the canyon wall blurring past, and in that glance judged that he was already halfway down the strip. Nothing but boulders and sage and scrub juniper beyond the sand; he'd crack up before he rolled ten feet in that stuff. He needed more speed—more speed. He shoved with his body, knowing that wouldn't help, but doing it just the same. He said, "Come on, baby—come on—"

The plane came along. Not much, but some—ninety, ninety-two, ninety-four, ninety-eight. End of the strip. Wheels still bumping.

His left hand flashed down and yanked the landing-gear handle up and back. He pulled his wheels out from under him. The ship slammed forward, wobbled for one awful second, then suddenly bit air.

He jerked at his flap control, scratching his hand on the signal pistol mount. One way to miss that mountainside ahead—gather all the speed he could and then *chandelle* away from it. It loomed, filling his windshield. Not yet—not yet. He had to grind his teeth together to keep from pulling the stick back.

Lord, it looked close. It was close. It didn't look now as though he'd make it. That mountainside was slamming toward him at two hundred miles an hour, and it was going to engulf him. There'd be one flash—he wondered if he'd see the flash—and then blackness, oblivion.

In a space of time much shorter than a heartbeat, and without actually forming his thought into words, he prayed. Well, it was a sort of prayer. It was a kind of quick, desperate promise. Get me out of this, it said, and things'll be different. With Joanna, with the job, with me—everything. I'll straighten up and fly right.

He'd made that same cheap promise—knowing he wouldn't keep it—one time over the Channel when his stomach was ice and a Focke-Wulf was on his tail and the slugs were going *clonk-clonk-clonk* in his wings and making holes from which the wind peeled little triangular strips of metal.

He pulled the stick back and closed his eyes.

When he opened them again he was climbing in the open sky, above and beyond the mountain.

THE party was great. Bob threw it in the officers' club. Doug sat at the bar with Joanna and was bored with it.

"What is it, darling?" Joanna asked. She put her hand on his.

"I don't know." He shrugged. He looked across the room to where seven or eight men were singing around a piano. He looked to a far corner of the room, where Major Norman Leeds was sighing over the WAF sergeant who was Bob's secretary. He laughed a little. "Your advice on the major's problem must have worked pretty well. He's getting there." He didn't have to tell her he was sorry he'd had other ideas about her little talks with Leeds. That was the nice thing about Joanna—you didn't have to tell her these things because she understood. At least he wasn't bored with her. Fact was, he could hardly wait to get away from this fool party and be alone with her.

Bob came up. "Say Doug, there's one little matter we haven't cleared up yet."

"What, Bob?"

"That transfer of yours."

Doug frowned. "I kind of wish I hadn't sent the request through, now, Bob. There were some things I'd forgotten about combat—about war. I only remembered the good times. Being out there on the cow pasture, flying missions, seeing Novak scream and faint, getting good and scared on that take-off—it brought some other things back. Trouble was, I'd figured war for a personal convenience, a chance to get away and play hero when the going got rough. Hell, I don't know how to say this, Bob."

Bob smiled. He took a military letter, original and two copies, neatly folded, out of his pocket, and handed it to Doug. "Let's hope you never get a chance to be a hero again. But if you do, you'll see it for what it is—a stinking job to be done, not fun. And I'm sorry I forgot to put this through. I'm no better as a desk man than I am as a pilot, I guess." He laughed and walked off.

Doug turned and stared at Joanna. She was smiling her easy, friendly smile, and that not-miss-a-trick look was in her eyes. No, he was not bored with her at all.

"Think we can duck this party and go home now?" he said. THE END

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He Leads the Life He Loves

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

hunter and trapper and has been a licensed guide. Last winter he killed a six-point buck with a beautiful muzzle-loading rifle made by Frederick Brinkman of New Haven in 1875, one of his several muzzle-loaders.

One of five children, Philip Albert Plaistridge was born in Winchester on April 10, 1886, to Fred and Ellen Delvy Plaistridge. Philip's painting, hunting and gunsmithing began when he was still in grammar school in Winchester. At five or six he was already sketching and at twelve he was taking lessons from a gifted local lady, Mrs. John Burbank. At ten, his father gave him an old .56-caliber Springfield Civil War muzzle-loading musket, with which he hunted rabbits, squirrels, ruffed grouse and other small game, using shot instead of ball.

At about the time he started his painting lessons his father gave him another gun, a .22-caliber Flobert rifle with no sights. Little Phil made and mounted sights, the first of a lifetime series of gun-tinkering jobs.

Fred Plaistridge staked his son to a good violin and lessons when he was sixteen, and to a correspondence school in art when he was seventeen. Mrs. Burbank's art lessons already had excited his creative urge, if it needed any exciting, and he tore through his correspondence lessons every night with a pleasure he never found in his schoolwork.

When he graduated from high school in 1904, Plaistridge went to Boston and applied for a job with the American Sign Company on Corn Hill. When he was asked if he was a sign painter he simply pointed to one of the company's products and said, "No, but I can paint a damn' sight better sign than that." He got the job but soon he realized it was not up to his abilities, and quit. He next worked with a contractor in Greenfield, Massachusetts, as a carpenter six half days a week, which gave him six half days and Sunday for painting.

Taught to Respect Good Wood

It was here that Plaistridge learned woodworking. The boss was a tyrannical man to whom a mistake was immoral. He provided his new man with just enough hardwood to finish a room and charged him with any piece he spoiled. In this tough school Plaistridge learned to respect good wood and to think hard before he put a cutting edge to it. "Not one woodworker in a hundred gets that kind of training nowadays," he says.

In 1908, Plaistridge was back in Boston, this time as a billing clerk for the Ford Motor Company. A few months later he was assistant bookkeeper under a certified public accountant named Earl Willis, who taught him accounting in about the same way he was taught woodworking by the Greenfield contractor. Here he picked up his formal art instruction again, in a municipal art school. He was drilled on the human figure for two years and required to represent it in crayons, charcoal and oil.

"I wanted to paint landscapes and didn't give a damn about the human figure," he says now, "but that is what they made me do and I did it because I wanted to learn everything I could about using artist's tools."

In 1911 he was transferred to the Ford offices in New York for the first of a long series of good jobs in the automobile industry. He started his lessons again in New York municipal art schools.

"And consign me to hell if they didn't make me drudge over the human figure again," he says. "Art schools are body-simple. But they taught me a lot of tricks with oils, crayons, charcoal and water colors. Well, an elbow to me is still just a thing you bend to take a drink."

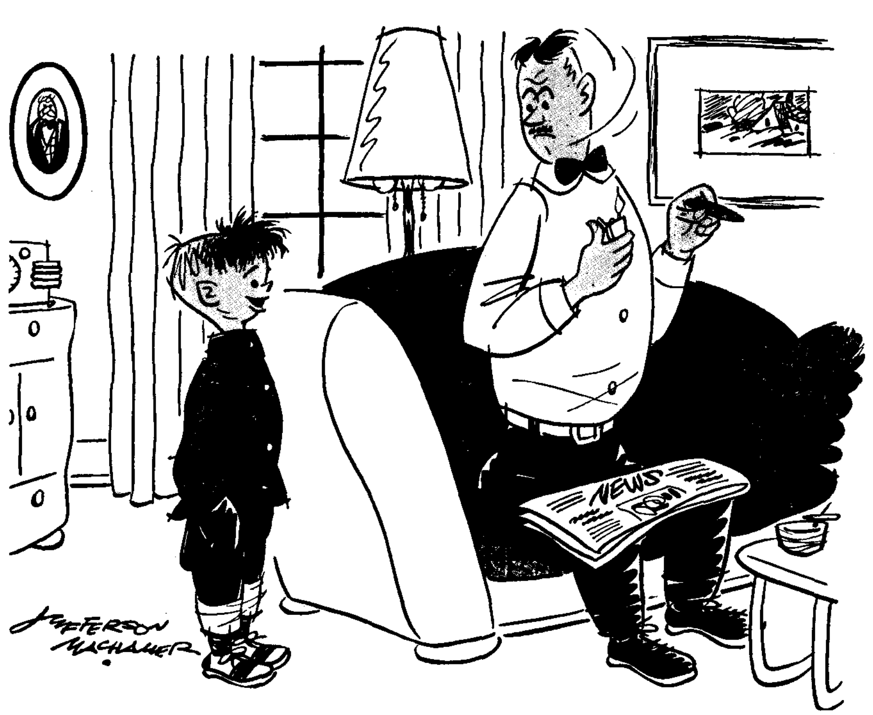
But within two years he had lost his art lessons again. He had switched from bookkeeping to salesmanship and was making up to $7,500 a year. He became sales manager, then general manager of branches in New Jersey, New York and Massachusetts.

He continued to paint and play his violin, but art instructions were about over. His violin playing ended in 1920 when a doctor ordered it stopped because of a back injury. In 1925 he studied painting briefly with Charles Gruppe and etching under Peter Platt, printer for Whistler and Pennell and himself a fine etcher.

In 1919, Plaistridge made his first break from commerce and routine. He went to the Florida Everglades for a happy introduction to big game. Already a gun expert who had shot triumphantly in matches all over New York and New England, he took eagerly to pursuing deer, bear and panther.

He made another break in 1920, when he returned to Winchester to work 10 hours a day for his father and to take long trips into the northern New Hampshire woods. He soon learned that he could exist with reasonable comfort in the forest in any kind of weather with almost no equipment, and find his way anywhere.

Plaistridge became a greenwood purist. A man who shot a deer without absolute certainty of the kill, or left one wounded in the woods, was not only cruel, he was sloppy and immoral. Shots of chance opportunity were hardly worth the taking: a man should be where he *figured* the game would be, not just where they both *happened* to be. To find a lynx in a fox trap was a demerit. To come to a river half an hour before the estimated time of arrival was shocking; either the river or the woodsman was out of place.



COLLIER'S "If I had a million dollars, I'd give it *all* to you, Daddy—all except $38.70 for a bike I'd like to have right now" JEFFERSON MACHAMER

But civilization began to creep in. Plaistridge found he had too many friends. Trippers from the cities wanted to hunt with him and after a while began to send friends with letters of introduction.

Plaistridge found a cure for this. He took out a guide's license and began charging $5 a day, plus food. His popularity dwindled overnight, though he got as much work as a guide as he wanted between spells of solitary hunting, mapping and sketching.

He might have gone on this way indefinitely and contentedly, but at thirty-seven the pleasures of the city had enough pulling power to get him back once more. Besides, he now powerfully wanted a place of his own in the woods and he needed more money for it. In 1923 he returned to commerce for the last time.

Plaistridge went back to work as general manager of Brown Motors Corporation, distributors of Gray cars in Boston. The Gray went out of production in a year and he joined J. Cunningham & Sons, makers of the Cunningham car. This had a short life, too, and in 1926 he was in charge of wholesalers in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut for the Lincoln division of the Ford Motor Company at Somerville, Massachusetts.

During this last fling at urban life Plaistridge earned about $10,000 a year, big money then for a country boy who knew how to keep a good share of it. But he had less and less time for painting. And commercial life was becoming intolerable.

At forty-two he arrived at the same conclusion that Thoreau had reached at twenty-eight: that solitude and freedom were essential for creative work and there were no halfway stations.

Plaistridge was better equipped than Thoreau in some respects. He was already accustomed to solitude; he was no amateur mechanic, but a finished operator with all kinds of tools; he had the same scorn for any opinion that ran counter to his own, without Thoreau's itch to expound his scorn. And he had some money.

Nobody is going to find out how much money Plaistridge had then, or how much he has now, though he admits with satisfaction that his bank account is by no means empty even after some bad years in which he had to draw upon it.

In any case, he had enough in 1929 to buy the 21 acres of his choice and to be assured of an income from savings and securities.

Whatever it was, he did not have it long. The depression wiped his income clean before the end of 1930, though it did not destroy the principal of a man who would almost rather work than buy on margin.

By that time he had built a small cabin, a garage for his car, a small shed for wood and gear, all square and strong, and all from wood cut on the place. He had chosen his site solely for its beauty and its big pines, and those pines confounded his plans for years. He could not bear to cut enough of them to build a house. It took him nearly ten years to bring himself to that. In those years he lived in his cabin on sales of his paintings, on his handiwork and sometimes on his savings.

In 1931 a Winchester farmer wanted a .22 pistol among Plaistridge's collection and offered him an old violin for it. It was not a distinguished gun and Plaistridge had long wanted to try violin construction. He traded.

He spent the next couple of months studying violinmaking in books. Then he rebuilt the fiddle, using only its original back. Next, he built one from scratch. He had no trouble selling both. It has been a minor source of income ever since.

One of his best deals was a Guarnerius model that he got from a horse dealer, rebuilt completely and still plays. He got it in trade for a donkey.

Until the end of 1930 he sold etchings through New York and Boston art clubs, but that source dried up and he was dependent for art sales on his own stand.

Pictures Sold—but Slowly

In 1932 he built his first store, a small showcase in which he could display etchings and little water colors at $5 to $30. It was two months before he sold a picture, but once having broken the ice he began to sell five or six a month.

But this was not enough, and Plaistridge wanted to sell his oils. In 1934 he built his present store and began immediately to sell larger works—water colors at from $15 to $40 and oils up to $200. Sales were hardly brisk, at that, and Plaistridge estimates now that only 75 per cent of his expenses were covered by sales. In 1935 and 1936 he began to do pen-and-ink sketches of hunting and camping scenes for the American Rifleman and other magazines, and to illustrate books on rifles and telescopic sights. There was little money in this and he stopped it.

In 1938 a hurricane in one night altered his routine for a long time. It blew down a great many of the pines he had not been able to bring himself to cut. Plaistridge, who cannot bear to waste good wood, set to work to saw them up and stack his boards. He hauled logs with his own team and sawed them on his own sawmill.

Plaistridge is impatient only in small things. He is not a man to build with green timber or to worry about a new house this year or next. In the next 10 years he did nothing toward his house except to dig foundations and build fieldstone cellar walls to last a few thousand years.

He got around in the spring of 1948 to fitting his seasoned timbers and raising them into place alone, with special tackle. Within a year his house was complete except for the stone chimney and fireplace, which he had saved until last for the reason that it was the most important.

It took him six weeks of hard, satisfying labor (not work) to finish the chimney, which is seated on massive concrete six feet underground, is six feet square up to the top of the fireplace, and tapers gracefully from there to the top, 22 feet above the ground. He considers it a truly great, though not ponderous, chimney.

Having built a large living room with a fine fireplace, old-fashioned pine floors and gleaming cabinets and gun cases, and a couple of upstairs bedrooms, Plaistridge lives contentedly in the kitchen and uses the rest as a setting for his paintings and guns. He rarely goes upstairs except to use his typewriter or sewing machine. This device is a source of blind pride to Plaistridge, for he regards himself as an expert tailor. "Nothing astounds my friends," he says, "so much as my ability to make my own clothes."

He has now sold his car, and has no telephone or radio.

Plaistridge is rarely awake after 9:00 P.M., unless there is something afoot among a few close friends. With them he will stay up until any hour, drinking or not as they choose. Plaistridge is rarely asleep after dawn and, though he will do nothing he does not want to do, he has never been found idle, indoors or out. There is always something pleasant to undertake, on the easel, the bench, the little forge or the land, and unlimited time for it. THE END

One Touched with Genius

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

slatternly Lola in Come Back, Little Sheba. It was a role that an actress with any respect for her press notices might have shunned. As Shirley says, "All I had to do for three hours was prove to the audience that Lola was a colossal bore—without boring the audience." Shirley took the part—and with it captured every award Broadway had to offer.

She won the coveted Antoinette Perry, Newspaper Guild and Drama Critics' Awards as the best actress of the year. She received the highly prized cured ham which Virginia's Barter Theater sends annually to the actress who most distinguishes herself during the season. And over 2,700 professional workers in the theater, ranging from producers to wardrobe mistresses, in a runaway ballot, voted her the Donaldson Award for the season's best performance.

Rave Notices for Cissy Role

After a successful nation-wide tour in Sheba, Shirley casually shed Lola's tragic mantle, took a week's vacation and then strolled across the road to the greener grass of the musical-comedy field. When she opened in April in A Tree Grows in Brooklyn she was cheered by the audiences in the theater and by the New York critics in print. John Chapman of the Daily News, wrote, "Shirley Booth is giving the performance of her or almost any other comedienne's life. I suspect she can do anything in the theater and do it better than anyone else." In the Post, Richard Watts, Jr., added, "It is not exactly a secret these days that Miss Booth is one of the wonders of the American stage, a superb actress, a magnificent comedienne and an all-around performer of seemingly endless versatility."

Now that she is being called a great artist, Shirley perversely refuses to play the part. Wholly unable to look upon herself as anything so fragile as an artist, she has always preferred to feel that she is a craftsman, handy with the tools of her profession.

When one director ordered her to put on weight in order to portray more effectively a plump and blowzy frump, she stubbornly went on a diet. "I'm supposed to be a professional actress," she says, "and if I can't create the illusion of being overweight without fattening myself up like a hog for slaughter, I ought to turn in my union card. I'd lost four pounds by the time the director came around and congratulated me for having 'filled out' the part."

Shirley at forty is a compact five feet 3½ inches tall, with lovely, fair skin, deep-set and expressive brown eyes and hair that is, at the moment, red. (She is a natural brunette who delights in matching her hair to her mood. She claims she can rid herself of "a state of tizzy" by dyeing it or, in extremity, hacking at it with a pair of scissors.) Her face is round, unlined and amazingly mobile; with it she can caricature anything else that has a face, including people, watches and flowers.

A long apprenticeship in stock played an important part in molding Shirley into the versatile actress she is today. With the death of Laurette Taylor, she is the last active star in that long line of actresses who received their basic training in the now largely defunct resident-stock companies that used to cover the land. It was a tough, thorough school, with the workmanlike motto, "You get your cue and you come out acting." In this environment, an actress learned to take any and every role in stride or she didn't survive.

Today, after 28 years in the theater (she started when she was twelve), Shirley is so much a creature of the stage that she has difficulty recalling a time when she was not in the theater. In fact, she can list quickly the only extracurricular activities she has ever engaged in: selling War Bonds, shaking collection cans for charities and, one dim remote afternoon some years ago, picketing a shoe store. "A friend asked me to," she says. "Someone was doing something unfair to somebody."

Shirley was born in 1911 on New York's Morningside Drive. Her father was a district sales manager for the International Business Machines Corporation, and the family moved frequently. Her first encounter with the theater, at the age of seven, was by courtesy of the American plan. She was then living in a family hotel in Philadelphia and for several months ate her meals at the same table with one J. Hammond Daly, the handsome young juvenile of a local stock company.

When her family moved to Hartford, Connecticut, via Brooklyn, in 1923, Daly was in residence as the leading man of that city's stock company. Shirley, then some months shy of her thirteenth birthday, plagued him until he agreed to let her play children's parts. Her father reluctantly went along with the experiment, in the hope that the hard work of the theater would drive this youthful nonsense out of her head. She played with the company through a summer season and made her debut in a staging of Mother Carey's Chickens. "That," says Shirley, "was when I became mad with my own perfume."

She returned to school under protest and, when the term ended, prepared herself for a grim battle, determined to abandon education in favor of the stage. She was dumfounded when she was allowed to live in New York with an aunt while she looked for theatrical employment. At fourteen, having presented herself as "a seasoned actress," Shirley landed the ingénue's job with a stock company in New Haven: 12 performances a week, $35, and buy your own wardrobe.

Shirley played New Haven for 54 weeks and learned that stock was sweatshop work. A normal week involved six 15-hour days in the theater. In her spare time she sewed, washed and pressed costumes, with her frayed, typewritten part for the next week propped before her.

Shirley was in stock for the next 10 years, playing places like Flatbush, Yonkers, Kansas City, Louisville, Detroit and Union City, New Jersey. Between engagements she managed to obtain roles in nine Broadway shows that opened and closed with dizzying rapidity.

In 1929, Shirley married Ed Gardner, who later became famous as Archie on Duffy's Tavern, the radio program he conceived and produced. The summer after their marriage was spent in Springfield, Massachusetts, where Shirley had a stock engagement. The couple had to go through an elaborate pretense, since the local company manager refused to have it known that his leading lady was married.

Two Broadway Successes

Shirley's first break on the New York stage came in 1935, when she scored impressively as Mabel, ex-Follies girl turned gambler's moll, in that gaudy fable, Three Men on a Horse. After this success she left stock behind for good. She had her share of Broadway flops, but in 1939 she began a one-year run in The Philadelphia Story. The following year Shirley invaded radio, joining her husband's program as Miss Duffy.

Shirley's marriage to Gardner was never destined for success. He was gregarious; she had never given a party in her life. Unable to compromise their differences, they were divorced in 1940. Despite that fact, Miss Booth continued on Duffy's Tavern until April, 1942. After she left the program, she was in demand as a radio comedienne, and appeared frequently as Dottie Mahoney, a thinly disguised Miss Duffy, on a number of top variety shows. She was also on the Theatre Guild of the Air in a dozen dramatic roles. And meanwhile, her career

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in the theater was picking up momentum with parts in such plays as My Sister Eileen and Tomorrow, the World.

In 1943, she married Bill Baker, an investment counselor. She likes to recall the day she lunched alone at Sardi's, a restaurant patronized by theater people, shortly after her engagement to Bill was announced. During the meal she got the following note from actress Florence Reed: "You'll have to move, darling. You're so happy it gets in my eyes."

Forced to Give Up Farming

Baker had a passion for farming. At the end of his wartime stint in the Army, he and Shirley bought a farm in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, and raised livestock. In 1948, Shirley got a part in Goodbye, My Fancy; she commuted from the farm to the theater, five hours daily, until her husband developed a serious heart condition and was forced to give up his agricultural pursuits. They sold the farm and moved back to New York last year.

While A Tree Grows in Brooklyn was in rehearsal, Bill died suddenly, at forty-three, of a heart attack. Shirley missed two rehearsals, then returned to work.

Among her colleagues, Miss Booth is considered as unpredictable as the hue of her hair. Off stage, she is shy, although she seemed startled to learn that this was common knowledge. "Why, I thought I fooled people," was her surprised comment. But once she enters the theater, a sort of unleashed gaiety seizes her.

She delights in subtle attempts to "break up" brother actors during a performance. During the run of My Sister Eileen, she would occasionally stand with her back to the audience and cross her eyes and stick out her tongue at character actor Joseph Buloff; he would control himself only after visible effort. If there is pit music while the curtain is down she may seize a partner and fill in the wait by dancing; and she has been found in her dressing room, radio going full blast, tissue folded over a comb, holding a private jam session.

Periodically, Shirley makes a tremendous effort to be a pillar of propriety and convention. While straining in this direction, she once appeared at a tea party wearing a black wig. Her hair was on the orange side at the moment and she had solemnly decided that it would be unseemly of her to appear at so genteel an affair sporting such a gaudy tonsorial display.

Perhaps fortunately, Shirley cannot stand the strain of being prim and proper for too long a stretch. Her classic jitterbugging with a sailor known as Killer Joe is still spoken of with awe by people who visited the Stage Door Canteen in 1942 and 1943. During these two years, she was in daily attendance and Joe was there as often as he could make it.

At the end of one prim period, Shirley reacted strongly in the other direction and decided she was a hussy at heart. "I got me the most lascivious pink bedroom imaginable," she says. "With a big, Hollywood-type bed. The room drooled pink organdy from every crevice. But I couldn't sleep in it. After two weeks I had to have it done over, completely. It was like a diet of strawberry sundaes, with strawberry sodas for chasers."

Another time, she decided to remodel herself for glamor—a quality she envies. Her first step was to purchase, with the $400 that was her total nest egg, a second-hand ermine coat, heavily trimmed with white fox. It looked, her friends say, as if it had been put together in the days of the film sirens. The first time she wore the coat, it split down the back and its gray stuffing spilled out on the floor. "My glamorous dreams," she says, "sort of spilled with it." The ermine coat ended up as a mattress for a spaniel named Babs.

Shirley likes to think of herself as a thrifty and practical woman. She has wads of tangled string, a confusion of paper matches and a collection of cardboard boxes as evidence of her frugality.

But her economies, as the records at Sardi's restaurant show, can also take the form of ordering a 50-cent bottle of beer, in place of the traditional champagne, with which to sluice down $28 worth of caviar. And, according to Jeanette Meyers, a personal shopper at Bonwit Teller, it isn't unusual for her to come in to buy a specific gown and leave with seven assorted dresses. At least three of these are likely to be given away quickly. June Smith, Shirley's maid for the past 12 years, says, "I can just wish a dress right off her back."

The Booth approach to the purchase of furniture demonstrates her practicality. She once walked into Bloomingdale's department store, handed a clerk a slipcover, and said, "I want a sofa to fit this."

On another occasion, however, she did demonstrate a practicality of a highly original nature. During the war she was visiting Bill Baker at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. She was determined to give her husband a home-cooked breakfast, served in bed. There were no cooking facilities in their hotel room and no electric hot plates were available in town. So Shirley upended her electric iron, opened her umbrella beneath it to catch the drippings, and ran up an order of bacon and eggs.

Shirley has never considered her behavior the slightest bit unusual, and William Hawkins, drama critic of the New York World-Telegram and Sun, seems to be on safe ground when he says, "I often think she's got a better understanding of the characters she portrays than of herself."

Her ability to get to the heart of a character is regarded by her brother actors as one of the wonders of the stage. They are generally agreed that she doesn't build up a characterization by the usual intellectual process. They suspect that she was born with a rare instinct which allows her to blot out her own personality and actually to "experience" the feelings and reactions of any character she is playing. Danny Mann, who directed Sheba, says, "She doesn't act, she *lives* on the stage."

Several seasons ago, a twelve-year-old Thespian named Skippy Homeier went to his union, Actors Equity, and registered a bitter complaint. Shirley, he said, was slapping him much too realistically in a scene of Tomorrow, the World. The Equity people, aware of her complete immersion in every role she plays, regretfully told the lad there was nothing they could do except advise him to learn to roll with the punch.

Tribute from Fellow Trouper

Stage and screen star Ralph Bellamy, who played with Shirley in the same show, says, "I've been in show business 30 years, I've seen or played with all of them, and I swear Shirley's got the greatest acting instinct in our theater. And it *is* an instinct; it operates even when she isn't functioning on a conscious level.

"When we played together in 1943, there was a great tragedy in Shirley's personal life that left her in a state of shock. On stage she was perfect. Then she'd make an exit—and literally walk into a brick wall. We'd lead her by the hand to her dressing room, put her on a couch, and give her a sedative. When it came time for her next entrance we'd lead her to the stage and push her on. The minute those lights hit her she'd start performing—and exit right into a brick wall again when the scene ended. This went on for three months."

Theron Bamberger, the show's producer, makes one correction. "At first," he says, "we didn't even have a couch for her. We'd just put her on the floor." Shirley admits there were nights during that period when she couldn't remember being on stage.

Possibly because of this instinctive approach to acting, Shirley has a reputation for having set opinions about what *not* to do on stage—and for not doing it, despite the pleas or protestations of authors, producers, directors or stage managers. One friend, speaking of Shirley as a person, says with affection, "She's such a good-natured wench even her dogs push her around." But Bellamy, speaking of her professionally, says, "She's balky. In the theater she's steel. You do it her way or you don't do it." Shirley denies that she's arbitrary. "I always agree," she claims. "Then I go do it my way. It saves time and arguing."

The record doesn't seem to support her concept of her own affability. Arthur Schwartz and Dorothy Fields, composer and lyricist for A Tree Grows in Brooklyn, wrote a song for Shirley called Oysters in July. They thought it was one of the show's best numbers. Shirley, with equal sincerity, thought the lyrics expressed ideas completely foreign to the character of Cissy. She tried it for a few performances, then bluntly—and successfully—she refused to sing it.

In the same show, producer-director-co-author George Abbott decided to have Cissy's current boy friend make an entrance in his long underwear.

To Shirley it was a corny gag, and she let it be known it wouldn't happen while she was on stage. It didn't.

Acquiring Slattern's Slouch

Although she adamantly refuses to play a scene out of character or go along with an irrelevant gag, there is nothing Shirley won't do to lend verisimilitude to character portrayal. She felt that her erect carriage was unsuited to the role of the slatternly Lola, in Sheba. So she forced herself to adopt a pronounced slouch during the run of the play.

When the show reached Minneapolis, on tour, it was discovered that she had developed a mild curvature of the spine. For the rest of the tour she was forced to take corrective exercises.

One of Shirley's best assets as a comedienne is her ability to produce a raucous Flatbush falsetto which, when first heard, particularly in song, has the shock value of a cold shower. One night at a Boston night club, Shirley was persuaded to get up and sing with the band. She was given a dead-pan introduction. "Talented new singer . . . making professional debut . . . great future . . ." When Shirley began her nasal rendition of I Didn't Know What Time It Was, a man at the bar, obviously in his cups, stared at her with horror and disbelief. Gradually his expression turned to one of pity. Then he called for his check and, as he paid it, told the bartender, "I can't stand this. That poor, poor girl. She'll starve if she doesn't change her racket. Someone should tell her."

There seems to be no easy explanation of why it has taken so long for recognition to come to Shirley. A good many people think it's because she is too self-effacing. Producer Theron Bamberger says, "The trouble was, Shirley did it the hard way. She crawled to the top on nothing but ability. And you don't know Broadway if you think that isn't the hard way." Shirley feels, not too deeply, that she may be partially at fault. "I never did what people told me I should," she admits. "You know, hire a press agent, write thank-you notes for good notices, give cocktail parties for those mysterious 'right' people. Too lazy, I guess."

In any event, she's made it, and the chorus of praise is pretty overwhelming. Bobby Griffith, a stage manager with 26 years' experience, just says, bluntly, that she's the best there is. Academy Award winner Judy Holliday says she's unbelievable and can do anything. And Mary Martin grins and says, "Shirley's the envy of every actress in the country; she's the mistress of every darned form of entertainment. And she can cook, too."

Peggy Curtis, a wardrobe mistress for 35 years, and her husband, Jack, a property man for 42 years, have known Shirley Booth for a long time.

"In our combined 77 years in the theater," they say, "she's the first star we've ever known whose whole company called her by her first name.

"If you rolled out the red carpet for Shirley, she'd stand around waiting to see who it was for." THE END

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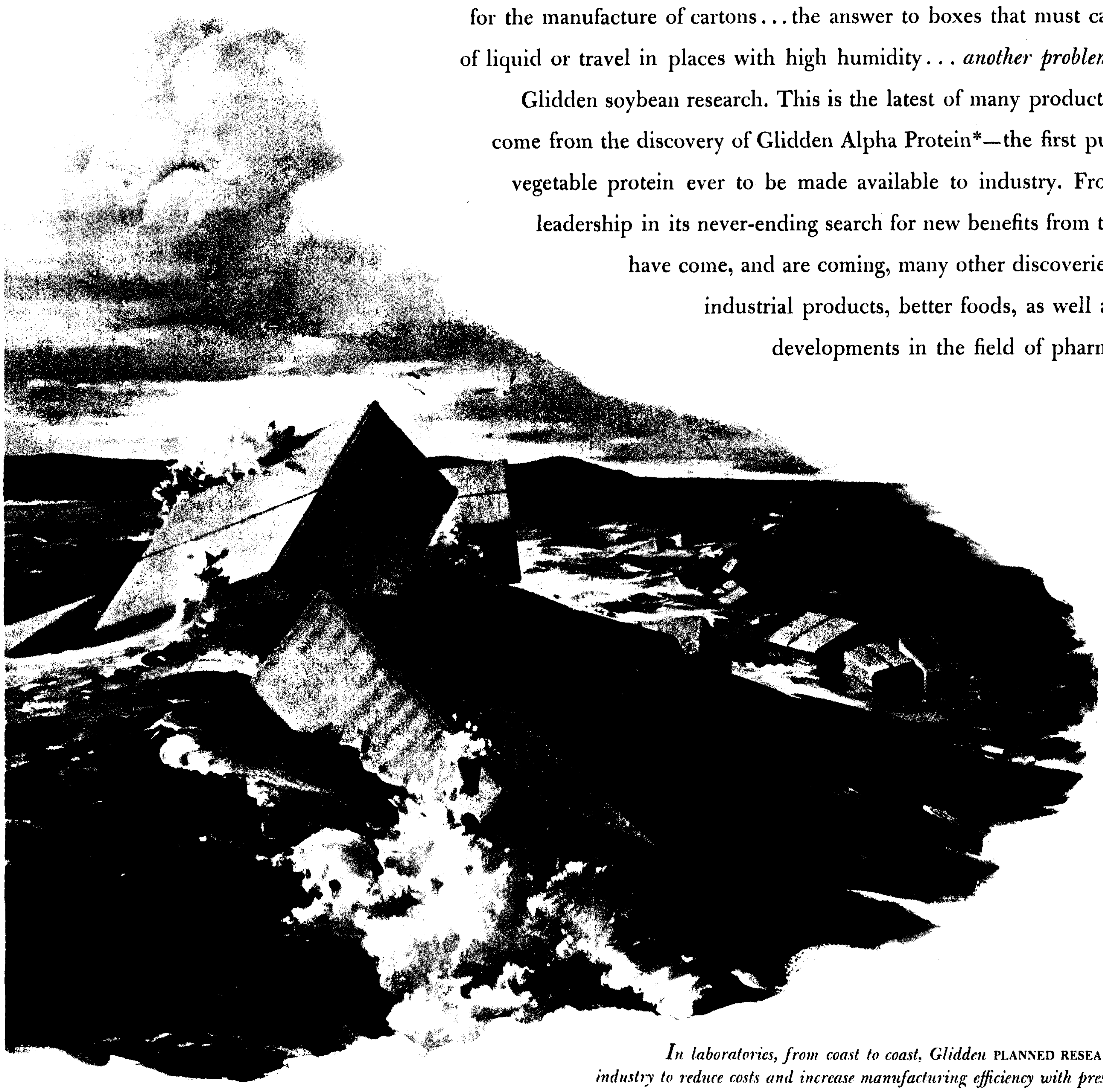

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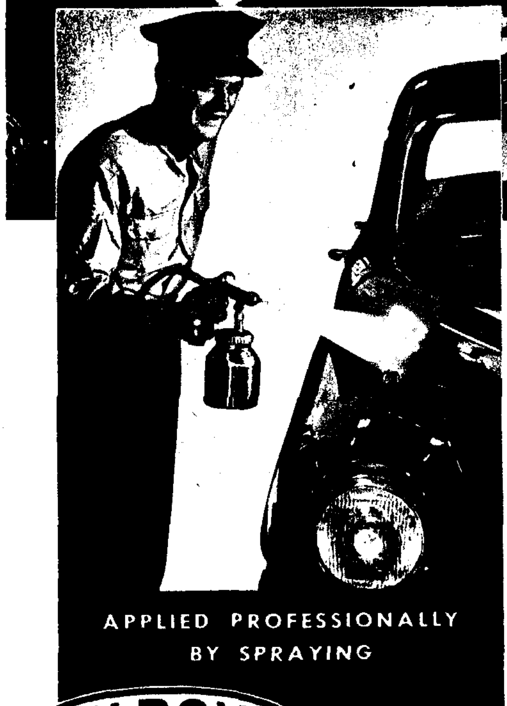

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Mask for Danger

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

Young shook the hand, gave his own name, and answered some questions about himself. He was always a little surprised by the things people seemed to feel they had a right to know about you when they gave you a lift; but he had no real objection to telling. He gave the name of the university to which he had been going. He said that his parents were dead and that he wasn't married or engaged; what with the war and going back to school again there hadn't seemed to be either time or money for it. He said that he had originally joined the Navy because he had done some sailing as a kid and liked boats. Wilson brightened at that.

"Say, if you like boats, maybe you'd like to see a picture of one I designed for a girl I know. Thirty-foot sloop."

Driving one-handed, he dug a wallet from his pocket and tried to find something among the licenses and identification cards shielded in clear plastic and hinged to form a sort of book. The faint glow of the dashboard gave him very little light to work by; finally he glanced up, straightened the car out at the edge of the pavement, and pushed the wallet at Young.

"You find it; it's in there somewhere. There's a map light in the glove compartment, if it feels like working."

Young opened the compartment and leaned forward to hold the wallet under the light that came on automatically. Leafing through the cards, he came on a snapshot of a white sailboat made fast to a dock. A girl was standing in the cockpit, facing the camera self-consciously, sunburned and in swimming clothes. She was quite small and had an intriguing, innocent, tomboyish look about her.

"That's it." Wilson let the car's momentum carry it along with decreasing speed as he looked over Young's shoulder. "That's Bunny in the picture; we've sailed together since we were kids. She told me what she wanted and we kind of worked it out together. We cleaned up, racing on Chesapeake Bay last season. I wish I had a shot that showed you the lines of the boat; but you can see the rig all right. Pretty slick, huh? Even a girl can handle her easy, for cruising." Wilson's voice was prideful and insistent. "We've got good big winches for the jib sheets . . ."

As Young leaned forward to study the details Wilson was pointing out to him something hit him across the head harder than he had ever been struck before. He tried to struggle upright, bewildered and frightened, but the man beside him, still talking rapidly as if to deceive some unseen observer—perhaps his own conscience—struck a second and a third time, driving him down into black unconsciousness.

YOUNG woke up to find a nurse holding him to keep him from throwing himself out of the hospital bed. When he lay still, warm waves of pain washed over him, gradually subsiding. Through the gaps in the bandages that covered his face and head he could see the white hospital ceiling dim with night. It had been night when they had brought him into this room. There had been a day and now it was night again. The passage of time disturbed him vaguely; somewhere, somebody was waiting for him.

The terrible panic of the nightmare from which he had just emerged still lurked, shadowy, at the back of his consciousness. It had been the old familiar nightmare. He felt the need to apologize for the disturbance he had made.

"Sorry," he whispered. "Didn't mean to wake up everybody."

His mouth felt clumsy and shapeless, but he seemed to have all his teeth. His chest hurt and there was pain all through his face, but his eyes functioned properly. He thought: Well, I can see and talk and eat, I guess. I've got arms and legs and a head. Man, have I got a head!

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Mr. Wilson?" the nurse asked severely. "A grown man, screaming like a baby!"

He looked up at her blankly. Then the doctor came into the room, paused at the table by the door, and approached the bed with a hypodermic.

"Just relax, Mr. Wilson, and I'll give you something to help you sleep . . . No, don't try to talk. Just lie still. Nurse . . ."

The sting of the needle was insignificant against the other pain, but the alcohol, swabbed on the punctured skin, left a brief, cold memory behind it. He let the drug carry him away. It did not really matter that they had got his name wrong. It wasn't as if *he* didn't know who he was.

SUDDENLY it was morning and the nurse was in the room again fussing with something at the dresser.

"Nurse?" he whispered.

"What is it, Mr. Wilson?" She laughed. "You're in the Rogerstown Memorial Hospital, if that's what's worrying you."

He hesitated. "What's the matter with me? My face?"

"Oh, you're going to be all right, Mr. Wilson," the nurse said cheerfully. "You just have a slight concussion and a few cuts and bruises, that's all. In a week or two you'll be as good as new."

He suspected that his nose was broken, and he felt as if a mule had kicked him in the chest, but he had been in hospitals before, and he knew that there was never any use arguing with this kind of professional optimism.

"Was there—was anybody else hurt?" he asked cautiously, feeling his way.

"Oh, no!" she said without hesitation, even a little shocked that this should be worrying him. "Why? Did you think you'd hit somebody? There wasn't a soul around when the police got there. They said you must have fallen asleep at the wheel and driven right off the road." After a moment she turned to show him the bowl of flowers she had arranged. "Aren't they lovely, Mr. Wilson? I think glads are the prettiest things! Here's the card."

She put it into his hand and, after a glance at the bright array of pink gladioli, he held it up into his limited field of vision. It was one of the comic cards you send to invalids, a cartoon of a little girl in a boat with violently shaking sails, captioned, *I was all aflutter when I heard you were sick.* The card was signed, *Bunny.* He gave it back to the nurse; it took all his strength to hold it out long enough for her to take it, and his thoughts seemed slow and muddy. He could not seem to concentrate on the fact that he was in a hospital under the name of a man who had, for some unknown reason, tried to kill him, and that the man's girl friend was sending him flowers and might even come to visit.

He found himself thinking, instead, that he was clearly going to be no use to the Navy for a while. The ship to which he had been assigned would sail without him. By the time he was well again, and things had been straightened out here, and his orders had been rewritten, something could have happened: It was a reprieve; and he was conscious of a great sense of relief, of which he was ashamed. Yet it wasn't, he defended himself, as if he had deliberately maimed or doped himself to get to stay ashore; he had done his best to comply with orders. He hadn't asked the guy to hit him over the head.

"Have you—got my things?" he whispered after a while.

The nurse had put the card back on the dresser by the flowers. "Why, yes, they're right here," she said. "Except your clothes; I'm afraid you'd better not plan on wearing that suit again, Mr. Wilson. But here are your keys and your watch and wallet. Your money's in the hospital safe downstairs: a hundred and fifty-six dollars and some change. That's right, isn't *it*? Oh, you want to see the wallet?"

"Please," he whispered.

She put it into his hands: Lawrence Wilson's wallet, that he had been holding in his hands when he lost consciousness. He wondered dully where his own had got to. The thin curved watch on the dresser did not belong to him, either, nor did the keys in their pigskin zipper case. And the nurse had indicated that he had been brought here wearing a suit of some kind instead of his uniform. It was clear that he had not become Lawrence Wilson by accident; the other man had apparently, after knocking him out, changed clothes with him and rolled him off the road in the car, presumably thinking him dead. He tried to work out the possible motives for this in his head, but nothing came except a kind of weak resentment that he had been so easy to take.

"I'd like to see the doctor," he whispered.

"Dr. Pitt's already made his rounds," the nurse said. "Is something missing, Mr. Wilson? We always make a list—"

"No," he whispered hastily, "no, it isn't that. I'd just like to talk to him for a moment. The doctor." The nurse was no good, he thought. She would think he was delirious or crazy.

"Well, he's tied up right now. Mr. Wilson, are you all right?"

"I'm fine," Young breathed sarcastically. "I'm wonderful. *Please* will you—"

The room had started to go around him dizzily. He closed his eyes tightly, and the bed swung away with him; and he opened them again and, by an effort of will, forced all motion to stop.

"Please—"

"I'll get him when he comes out of staff meeting," the nurse said. The promise was quick and insincere. "Now you want to rest, because we've got a nice surprise for you. Your wife's coming in to see you this afternoon, just for a moment this first day, and you want to be all—"

"My wife?"

"Yes, she's been here ever so often, asking about you. She drove over and she's staying in town, she told me. I guess you don't live very far away from here, do you? Honest, I think she's the loveliest person, Mr. Wilson, and that's funny because I don't go for people with Southern accents as a rule. . . . No, that's quite enough talking for now. We've got to save our strength for this afternoon, don't we? Please, Mr. Wilson, if you insist on exciting yourself, I'll have to give you a sedative!"

THE door closed behind her. Young sank back against the pillow and lay staring helplessly at the white ceiling, trying to think, but nothing came and he felt himself slipping off into sleep. When he woke up, somebody was talking about him. He recognized Dr. Pitt's voice. There had been some evidence of concussion, the doctor said, but the X rays had shown no signs of skull fracture. Lacerations of face and scalp were healing normally and would probably leave no serious disfigurement. The patient had a badly bruised chest from being thrown against the steering wheel, but apparently no ribs had been broken. Footsteps moved away from the bed, and the door closed softly.

Young opened his eyes, found himself alone, and lay for a while wondering to whom the doctor had been speaking. Judging from the professional tone and terminology used, it was probably another doctor. Thinking about it got him nowhere, and he rang the bell at the head of the bed.

"Oh, you decided to wake up at last, did you?" the nurse said playfully, coming into the room. She adjusted the bed for him and raised the blinds. Then she went back to the door. "He's awake now, Dr. Henshaw," she said, and a large, middle-aged, balding man came in. He was wearing a brown suit, and even without the nurse's identification, there would have been no doubt that he was a doctor. In a hospital you could always tell them because they were the only people who seemed to feel really at home. Dr. Henshaw approached the bed briskly.

"Well, Larry, what do you think you've been doing to yourself?" He did not wait for a response, but went on: "Well, I've been talking your case over with Dr. Pitt, my boy, and he thinks you're well enough to come home and give this room to somebody who's really sick." He laughed a professional laugh. "Nurse, would you have a stretcher brought up, please? And ask Mrs. Wilson to drive the station wagon around to the ambulance entrance."

Young was given no time to think or protest. There was a certain ruthlessness to which sick people were subjected when a decision had been made about what should be done with them; in transit they were handled like a sort of perishable but inanimate freight: gently, even tenderly, but with efficiency and dispatch. In a moment, it seemed, he was being lifted into a large station wagon from which all seats except the driver's had been removed to make room for a low cot, on which he was placed.

Somebody got in beside him and said in a clear, Southern voice, "All right, Dr. Henshaw."

Then a girl's face moved into Young's field of vision, as the car started up.

"I reckon you feel like you're being kidnaped, Mr. Young," the girl said, smiling.

It took him a while to realize that she had addressed him by his rightful name.

IN THE morning he woke up gradually to the sound of a telephone ringing somewhere in the house to which he had been brought. They had given him something when they put him to bed here and it had not quite worn off yet; he was drowsy and lay with his eyes closed, unready to move, but listening. Somebody came out of a room down the hall and went to answer the telephone. The door to his room was apparently open; he could hear the quick, light footsteps receding down the stairs, and then the girl's voice speaking with the soft Georgia accent he remembered. He could not make out what she was saying.

The window of his room was open, too. He could feel the breeze from it against the portions of his hands and face not covered by bandages; and he could hear the sound of the occasional cars on the highway some distance away, and the faint field and woods noises that came quite clearly into the room although he knew himself to be on the second floor of the house. There was the buzz of an outboard motor on a body of water not too far away. *I live over on the Bay*, Lawrence Wilson had said.

Mrs. Wilson came back upstairs, entered his room, went to the window, and raised the blind. He opened his eyes.

"That isn't too bright, is it?"

He had had the remote feeling of looking at somebody on a stage; it took him a moment to realize that she was speaking to him. "No," he whispered, "no, it's fine."

He watched her warily, from behind the shelter of the bandages, as she came to the foot of the bed to look at him; she was a slender, dark-haired, rather tall girl a few years older than himself but seeming younger this morning than she had the day before in the suit, hat and furs she had worn to the hospital. This morning she was wearing a long satin dressing gown that gave her something of the same regal air; but her dark hair was loose and a little untidy about her shoulders, as if she had not yet got around to doing anything about it this morning.

"I declare, you haven't been lying here awake for hours?" she said quickly. "There's a bell right beside you, if you need anything."

There were at least two people in the house beside himself, he decided; this girl in the room with him, and somebody below, apparently in the kitchen. The dark-haired girl, clearly feeling his attention wandering, tried again.

"How do you feel this morning, honey?"

"Swell," Young said mechanically. "I feel fine."

"Bob—Dr. Henshaw says you can eat

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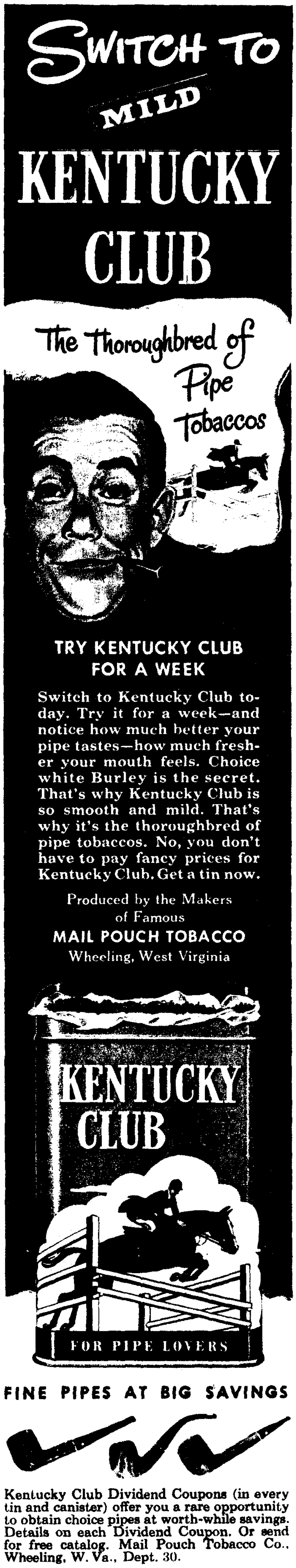

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anything you like. Shall I have Beverly fix you some breakfast?" She laughed. "I forget you don't know us. Beverly's the cook. Dr. Henshaw—well, you met him yesterday. He's the family doctor. I'm Elizabeth Wilson. We're all real respectable folks, and this is our"—she hesitated—"our first kidnaping."

He was watching her hands, long and slender, gripping each other tightly as she smiled at him. The sunlight from the window glinted on the rings—one displaying an impressive diamond—that would have reminded him, if he had forgotten, who she was: the wife of a man who had tried to kill him; a girl who, knowing him not to be her husband, had nevertheless smuggled him out of the hospital and brought him here; a girl who knew his name. There was only one person, so far as he knew, from whom she could have learned it.

"Where is he?" Young whispered.

She glanced at him quickly. "Where is . . . ?"

"Your husband."

She studied him for a moment longer; then she laughed. "But how you do talk, Larry!" she murmured. "A person might *think* we weren't married, listening to you." She smiled at him, awaiting his protest, her hands still gripping each other tightly.

"But—"

"Honey, you're not going to give me a lot of trouble?" she said softly, rather breathlessly. "I'd hate to think we weren't going to get along. I'll get your breakfast."

She turned away abruptly. He watched her go out of the room; even in a hurry she had a nice graceful way of walking. The satiny whisper of her robe seemed to remain after she had gone, with the hardly disguised threat that had been in her words. The disturbing thing was that he had no idea what she had been threatening him with.

He shook his head minutely, dismissing the problem; and he listened for a moment to make sure she was safely downstairs. Then he sat up in the bed. It was a cinch. There was nothing to it. It just hurt like hell in his chest. When he had caught his breath from the pain, he looked at himself in the mirror over the dresser. The complete anonymity of the image that confronted him was disconcerting.

THERE was something ghostly and unnerving about the mass of bandages where a face should have been. Even with the eyes and mouth showing, you could not help having a dreadful little suspicion that there might not be anybody behind the stuff at all. He grimaced and looked away, fighting down the temptation to pull off the bandages to learn the exact extent of the damage. Looking at it would not improve it any; and the doctor had promised no serious disfigurement, whatever that meant.

Instead, he looked around the room, which had the look of a room in a very old house that had been quite well kept up for a while, but which had lately been let go a little. The wallpaper, still firm and fairly clean elsewhere, was peeling and discolored beneath the window where somebody's neglect had let rain get to it; the white-calcimined ceiling was stained in one corner from a roof or plumbing leak above; the old, brown-painted wooden floor was worn.

It was clearly a man's room. The walls were covered with framed photographs of sailing yachts. A draftsman's table in the corner held the preliminary sketches of a small cruising boat. The paper had a yellowed look that indicated that a long time had passed since it had been pinned there. Wilson had been driving down from New York, on his way to Washington, Young remembered; he had given the impression of a man who did not spend much time at home these days. Apparently he made a hobby of designing boats, or perhaps it was, or had been, his business.

It seemed like much too pleasant an occupation for a man who had done his cold-blooded best to murder a complete stranger. You wanted to think of the man who had tried to kill you as spending his spare time pulling insects apart; you did not like to think of him as having a fine, if rather shabby, old house, and a beautiful, if rather enigmatic, young wife, and a room full of sailboat pictures you wouldn't mind owning yourself.

He had heard the car approaching without paying it too much attention, vaguely expecting, if he had thought about it at all, that it would pass along the road above the house without stopping. Then it was coming down the driveway fast, around the corner of the house, and pulling to an abrupt halt in the gravel almost directly, it seemed, below the window of his room. As he started to push himself across the bed to look out, the driver jumped out and ran up the steps to the front door with the unmistakable sound of high heels clicking against the bricks. He heard Elizabeth Wilson, downstairs, go to the door; and heard the sound of her voice raised in quick protest, and the sound of two people crossing the downstairs hall and mounting the stairs rapidly, almost running. There was a little scuffle in the corridor outside his room.

"Please!" Elizabeth Wilson said breathlessly. "I'm telling you he's asleep."

Another voice cried, "I tried at the hospital and he was always too sick. And every time I call here you tell me he's asleep! Do you think—" The voice, shrill and excited and quite young, ceased abruptly as the speaker entered the room. "Oh!"

The strange girl in the doorway was staring at Young's bandaged head with an expression of shock; behind her, Elizabeth Wilson was watching *him* too. There was no color in the older girl's face. Something drew his attention to her hand, slipping into the pocket of her satin robe. The bulk of what she gripped there tightly, and pressed forward against the shining cloth, destroyed the smooth lines of the garment, so that she looked suddenly untidy and a little ridiculous and rather frightening.

The face of the younger girl was remotely familiar, and Young remembered where he had seen it: in the snapshot in Lawrence Wilson's wallet. She was the girl on the boat in the picture Wilson had shown him just before knocking him out.

"Hi, Bunny," he whispered. He saw Elizabeth Wilson draw a slow, gentle breath, still watching him. The girl in front of her did not answer at once.

She was younger and smaller than he would have expected from the photograph, which had not warned him that she would have red hair. It was cut quite short about her head. She was wearing a dark linen dress and a big hat and white shoes and gloves. He studied her, trying to understand how she fitted into the situation: she was just a kid.

"Hi, Larry," she said; and too loudly: "What have you done to your head?"

He said stiffly, "Thanks for the flowers, Bunny."

She got it then. He saw her get it, perhaps from the sound of his voice, raised, for the first time, beyond a whisper: or perhaps just from the formal thanks expressed in a way that Lawrence Wilson would not have expressed them. Anything could have given her the clue. To someone who knew him well, a man's identity was a thousand things beyond the shape of his face or the color of his hair.

IT WAS interesting to watch her catch on. He saw her first instinctive movement brought to a halt as you might rein in a startled horse or check a boat that had started to broach to. He saw her become aware again, without turning her head or even her eyes, of the older girl behind her, whom she had apparently, for a moment, forgotten. Nice control, he thought. He seemed to be watching it all from a distance, the way you watch a movie.

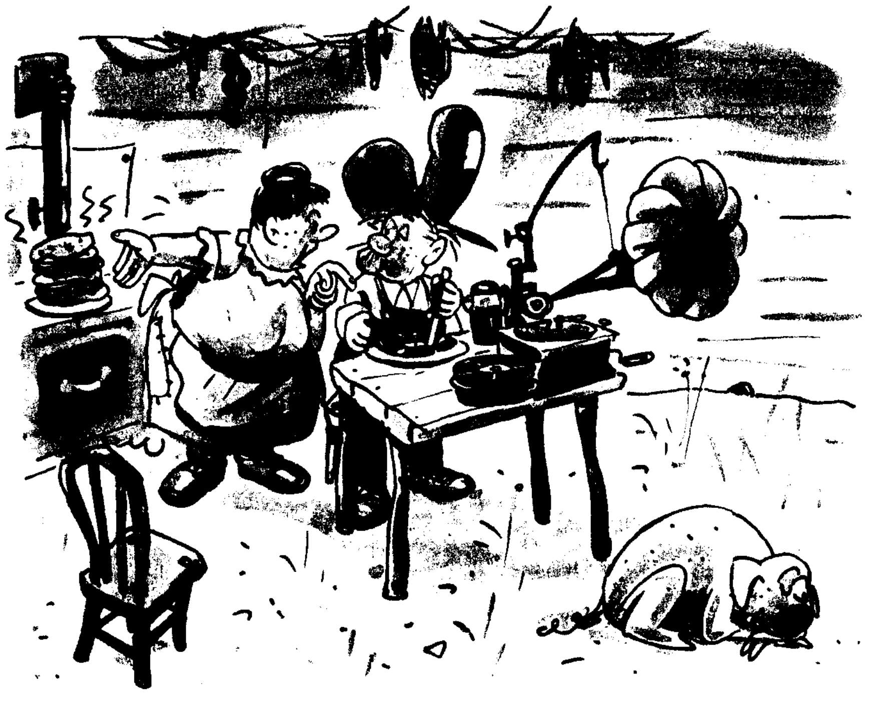
"I'm glad you liked them," the little redhaired girl said, apparently referring to the flowers. She made a small, careful gesture with her hand. "Well, I didn't mean to wake you up—Larry." She turned away, never looking at the other girl, but glancing back once, quite naturally, at the man on the bed. "Get better soon."

Then she was gone, and he heard the sound of her high heels, muffled, on the carpeted stairs, and the front door closing, and the car starting up and going fast up the drive and down the road, out of hearing.

Everything started to become small and distant and indistinct about him, and Young realized that he had been sitting up too long. Elizabeth Wilson, coming across the room, seemed to be approaching endlessly from miles away. Then she was beside him, helping him ease himself down to the pillow. In spite of her assistance, the movement sent so much pain through his chest that it was, or seemed, minutes before he dared try to breathe again. He lay for a while with his eyes closed, waiting to see if he was going to pass out.

When nothing more happened, he looked up at the girl beside the bed. Her hand was no longer in her pocket, but the object that remained still had weight enough of its own to pull the robe noticeably awry. She seemed unaware of this as she stood

KENNESAW



"You're eatin' Bing Crosby, Kennesaw! Here's the pancakes over here!"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

looking down at him with some concern. He had a vague thought of reaching for the gun, if it were a gun; but the thought of wrestling her for it was distasteful, particularly since he did not feel strong enough to lick a sickly child, let alone a healthy young woman. Besides, he reflected, it was only sensible to get some idea of what was going on here first.

Elizabeth Wilson stepped back quickly and glanced down at herself, and he realized that the bandages that covered his face were not the complete camouflage for his thoughts he had imagined; she had guessed what he was thinking. She turned away from him, went to the dresser, and took a small automatic pistol from her pocket, laying it gingerly aside. She looked at her hand distastefully, then rubbed it against her hip.

"You did fine, honey," she said without turning. "I'm real proud of you."

He looked at the gun, a little shocked. He found that he had not actually believed she had one. The appearance in plain sight of a real weapon, presumably loaded, seemed to change the situation completely; it was no longer a kind of parlor game, like charades, that he was trying to play along with although he didn't know all the rules because he had come late to the party. The gun reminded him that he had almost died a few nights ago, and that people didn't go around trying to kill complete strangers for nothing. He looked at the gun and thought: The kid believed in it all right; remembering the way the visitor had been very careful not to startle the girl behind her.

There was no doubt at all that, the minute she had realized he was not Lawrence Wilson, the red-haired girl had taken for granted that she was in danger. It was a disturbing thought. You did not expect a nicely dressed little girl paying a visit to a sick friend at his home to be so quick to assume that a gun was being aimed at her back, not even when she was confronted by an utter stranger instead of the man she had expected to see. Her reaction should have been to challenge him indignantly with being an impostor; instead, she had controlled herself very carefully until she had been able to make her way out of the trap she had clearly felt to be closing in on her. You would have said the kid had seen too many movies, except for the grim fact that there had been a gun where she had clearly expected one to be—in Elizabeth Wilson's hand.

ELIZABETH WILSON turned to look at him. "Somebody ought to spank her," she said. "I declare, any girl who'd have the nerve to push her way into another woman's house like that—"

Young could not help laughing, checking himself abruptly as the bruised muscles of his chest protested. "A couple of minutes ago you were going to shoot her," he whispered when she looked puzzled. "Now it's spank."

"Oh."

"What's her name?"

"Don't you know? You called her Bunny." There was a quick challenge in her voice.

He said, "She wasn't christened that, I hope."

Elizabeth Wilson studied him for a moment. "Her name is Bonita Decker," she said at last. "She lives about a mile up the river. Larry was— You're going to marry her after—after we get our divorce."

Young whispered, "Oh, we're getting divorced, are we? That's something to look forward to, anyway."

"Honey," she said coldly, "I think that whisper's a little silly, don't you?"

"What—"

"Pretending you haven't even got strength enough to talk! Pretending to fall over in a faint! A person might think you were trying to . . ." She walked quickly across the room to the window, at the sound of another car in the drive. He saw her fingers hold tightly to the window sill; then, with a little sigh, she straightened up in obvious relief. "Here's Bob—Dr. Henshaw now. We'll see how sick you are."

"But I wasn't—"

The girl ignored his protest. Returning hastily to the dresser, she crouched a little before the mirror, both hands busy with her hair. Downstairs, the front door opened and closed.

"I'm up here, darling. In Larry's room." The change from the matter-of-fact tones in which she had been talking to Young was marked; now her voice had assumed a low, throaty, caressing quality that was almost embarrassing. She turned to face the door, drew herself up a little and, as the doctor appeared, ran forward and threw her arms about him. "Oh, Bob, honey, I'm so glad you're here! Everything's gone wrong all morning; I've just about gone crazy here alone, but you said not to call."

HAMPERED by his professional bag, the doctor had received her impetuous greeting awkwardly, clearly disturbed to find himself publicly embracing a young lady in a thin satin dressing gown. He patted her shoulder and tried to disengage himself, with a glance toward the patient in the bed.

Elizabeth Wilson cried breathlessly, "First that stupid colored girl turned up, although I'd told her I wouldn't need her for a week, and I had to get rid of her; and then Miss Nosy from up the river—"

"The Decker girl?" The doctor was startled. "You let *her* in?"

"*Let* her? She was up the stairs before I could stop her. I had to—"

The doctor freed himself at last. Rising from setting down his bag, he saw the gun on the dresser. "*Elizabeth!*"

"Oh, don't be silly, honey." Elizabeth Wilson laughed, rather shrilly. "I just kind of, well, pointed it at her from behind and let him"—she jerked her head toward the bed—"see me, and he did real well for us. Of course I wouldn't have shot, but he didn't know that."

"But what happened?"

"Oh, she left. I think she was satisfied."

"You're sure, Elizabeth?"

"Honey, how can I be sure? I couldn't see her face from behind her, could I?"

"I wish you'd stopped her, Elizabeth."

"You're not being fair, honey; I told you how it happened. Anyway, if she'd noticed anything wrong, she'd have said something, wouldn't she?" She drew a long breath. "I declare, it's easy enough for you to stand there and criticize me, Bob Henshaw, but I don't hear you telling me what I could have done about it. Maybe I should have shot her dead on the front steps, to make sure nobody'd suspect—" She broke off abruptly, her voice rising to a little peak of shrillness before it stopped. She stepped back, felt for and grasped the edge of the dresser with both hands, and leaned against it heavily. Her face seemed to have lost color. "I declare I feel—funny."

The doctor caught her as she started to slip to the floor. Holding her in his arms, he glanced quickly toward Young, as if embarrassed by his burden; then he started out of the room, getting as far as the hall before he remembered the gun and his doctor's bag. Unable to manage the bag on his first trip, he came back for it quickly and, leaving, closed and locked the door.

After a while Young sat up in the bed, pulled the covers aside, and swung his feet to the floor. He stood up cautiously. The problems of operating in a vertical rather than a horizontal plane took a little consideration, but presently he ventured the three steps from the bed to the dresser without disaster, and grimaced at the faceless character in wrinkled pajamas who confronted him in the mirror. He looked like something the custodian of the mummies in the museum might put into somebody's bed for a gag, he thought. The grimace was a waste of time, since the bandages did not change expression.

From the dresser he made it to the door. The lock was the old-fashioned kind that could be opened with a hairpin or piece of bent wire. He made his way back to the bed, and worked around the foot of it to the

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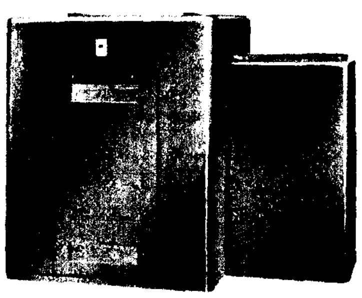

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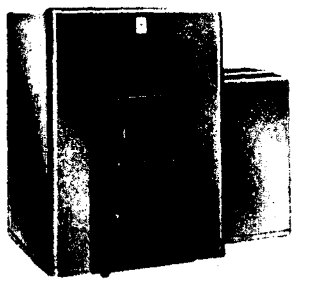

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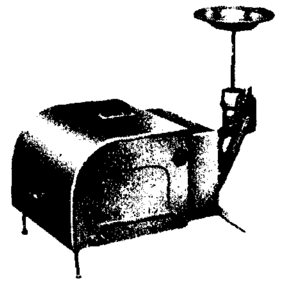

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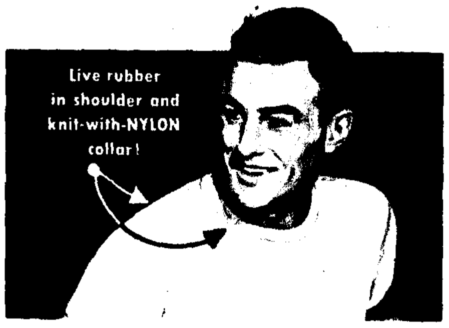

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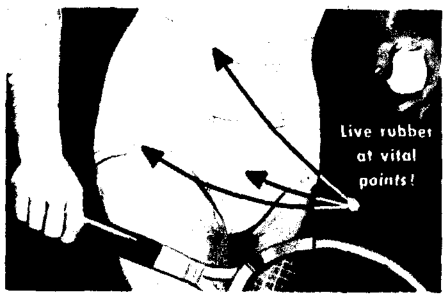

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window, and looked out. There was a two-story drop into the bushes that bordered the house, but the sheets and blanket would take the edge off that; and the only obstacle to leaving that way was the light copper screen on the window. You couldn't really say, he reflected, that these people took him seriously as a prisoner. The thought made him uneasy.

He stood for a moment, leaning against the bed, looking down at the lawn that ended at the crest of a steep, wooded hillside, that in turn plunged down to the shore, where he could just see, through the trees, a dock at which a good-sized power cruiser was moored. Beyond was the mouth of a river, opening onto a body of water that, from its size, could be nothing but an arm of Chesapeake Bay. There seemed to be no houses closer than the cottages a mile away across the river.

He looked for a moment at the top of the doctor's car, a small coupé of early postwar origin. All he had to do was get down there, climb in and drive away. The way he felt right now, he might just as well have considered flying, and the man probably had not left the key in the ignition, anyway. But tomorrow—

He heard the doctor come out of the room down the hall; and he stumbled into bed and pulled the covers over him and lay with his eyes closed, resting. Presently the key turned in the lock. Dr. Henshaw came in briskly and set his bag on the dresser. Young watched him open it and arm himself with stethoscope and thermometer.

"How is she?"

"Mrs. Wilson? Oh, she's fine. Resting."

"Did it work?"

The doctor turned to look at him.

"The Prince Charming technique," Young whispered. "You know, the princess in the castle sleeping until the prince comes along and wakes her by— You've got lipstick on your chin, Doc."

"Oh." The older man flushed and looked at himself in the mirror. He got to work with a large clean handkerchief. "Mrs. Wilson is—rather impulsive," he said. He smoothed his scanty hair into place.

"Yeah. Impulsive."

HENSHAW came to the bed. "I don't like the way you say that, Mr. Young," he said with some dignity. "Mrs. Wilson is a splendid person and a good friend of mine. A very good friend. Now, let's see how the pulse and temperature are today. No, keep it under your tongue, please." He pressed the stethoscope against Young's wrist and took time by his watch. Presently he smiled and looked up. "That's a pretty fast pulse, Mr. Young. You wouldn't have been out of bed recently, would you?"

Young did not answer.

The doctor freed the stethoscope from his ears and let it drop about his neck. "I'm sorry if my locking the door gave you a sense of claustrophobia, but I'd advise against your doing anything rash like trying to jump from the window, Mr. Young. You see, after a concussion, there is always the possibility of some minor lesions of the brain. As a part of the process of healing, blood clots may form at the point of injury. If these are dislodged, by a shock, or violent activity of any kind, they will be swept into the blood stream and may become trapped in the smaller capillaries of the brain, blocking the flow of blood and causing paralysis and even death. That's why we always advise complete rest for a person subjected to a head injury of any kind; the patient should remain quiet long enough for any blood clots to be absorbed.

"No, I'm not trying to frighten you, Mr. Young. And as a matter of cold fact, neither Mrs. Wilson nor I would be greatly inconvenienced if you did manage to kill yourself, or simply disappeared. However, as a physician I feel it my duty to warn you that exercise could have unpleasant consequences. If you have your mind set on leaving us, at least wait a day or two."

He took the thermometer out of Young's mouth, glanced at it, shook it down, and carried it back to the dresser. Stuffing his instruments back into his bag, he said, "I should point out, however, that if you stay here quietly, co-operating with us, until you're well enough to travel, we'll help you to disappear and give you five thousand dollars in cash for your trouble."

Young watched him. The doctor was wearing the same suit he had worn the day before, and it needed pressing; the condition of the pockets of his jacket showed that he had the habit of shoving his hands into them deeply. He did so now, as he turned to face Young, awaiting his answer.

"Help me what?"

"I want to point out, also," the doctor said, "that since the money is Mrs. Wilson's and is all she can get together at the moment, I'm not prepared to argue about the figure. Five thousand dollars seems generous enough, considering the fact that you're hardly in a position to bargain. I don't mean that as a threat," he added quickly. "I wasn't referring to your position here in this house, or your physical condition. I'm quite sure you could escape from us if you wanted to. The question is, do you want to? I don't think so."

"Why not?" Young whispered. "Why—"

The older man made a gesture of conciliation. "All right, let that pass. It's not really important. Let's just consider it a straight business offer. Five thousand dollars for a week or two of your time that would have been spent in bed anyway. Plus all arrangements for slipping you quietly out of sight as soon as you're well."

"I could get more than five thousand by suing Wilson for damages," Young whispered. "And I don't get this slipping-quietly-out-of-sight business. What am I supposed to do after that—grow a mustache and call myself Smith? And why?"

The doctor frowned. "Look, Young," he said, "perhaps I've made a slight mistake here. Is it possible that you don't realize that you're a deserter? I thought of course you had deliberately—"

The quiet, almost apologetic voice seemed suddenly to recede; then it came back: "—deliberately taken advantage of the opportunity, when you found yourself with a new identity. You didn't really want to go back on active duty with the Navy, did you, Lieutenant? I understand Mr. Wilson got the impression, talking to you, that you felt quite bitter about it."

"Well," Young said, "yes. But—"

"It does seem as if you could have called somebody's attention to the fact that you weren't Lawrence Wilson, while you were in the hospital. If you'd really wanted to."

"I tried," he whispered. "I asked the nurse—"

"As a doctor with some knowledge of psychology, I'm guessing that you tried only once and then not very hard," Henshaw said quietly. "However, it doesn't really matter. As it stands now, what do you think your chances would be before a court-martial, Lieutenant? Regardless of how it originally came about, you're in this house under false pretenses. If the matter becomes public, of course Mrs. Wilson and I would be forced to admit that you had deceived us very neatly; it never occurred to us, of course, that you were not her husband."

"Nobody'd believe—"

"That we could be fooled? But, Mr. Young, the Wilsons have been separated for almost a year, since a couple of months after he was asked to resign his government job for reasons nobody really knows but everybody can make a good guess at. After a year, a woman could be excused for overlooking a little strangeness in a husband who never saw fit to spend much time in her company anyway."

THE doctor put his hand heavily on the dresser. "She is a wonderful person, Mr. Young, and I will stop at nothing to protect her. I hope you understand that—nothing! When I think of the treatment she has been subjected to around here merely because she doesn't have quite the same background—" He checked himself, and cleared his throat. "At any rate, I don't think we'd have much trouble convincing people that Mrs. Wilson had been the victim of a cruel fraud perpetrated by a man whose only thought was to avoid having to serve his country."

Young closed his eyes, and the voice of the doctor went on for a while; and he knew that the older man was quite right. He *had* been relieved to find himself injured; he *had* let things go along with only a token effort at resistance on his part. He had never consciously decided to become Wilson, but how much weight would that carry?

You're here, aren't you? he thought. Can you honestly state that you were too weak to cry out when you were lifted onto the stretcher, rolled down the hall, brought down two stories in the elevator, and unloaded into the Wilson station wagon? Will you take your oath before this court, Lieutenant, that during this period of ten to fifteen minutes you were totally incapable of speech . . . ?

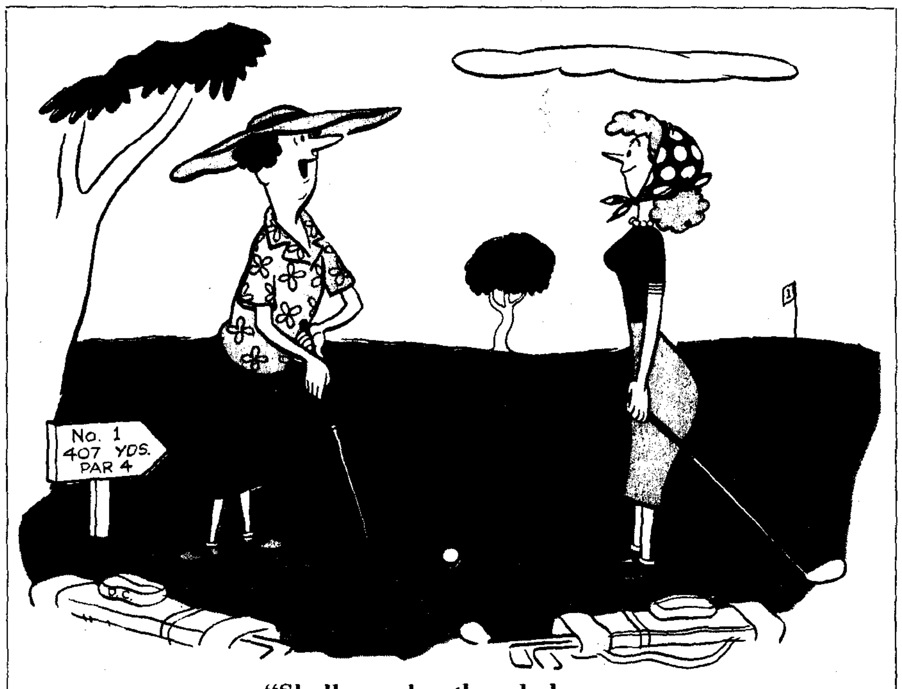
"What do you want?" he whispered.

"I've told you. Just stay here and—well, co-operate the way Mrs. Wilson says you did this morning."

"I'm Lawrence Wilson, is that it? Why?"

The doctor was silent for a moment. Then he picked up his bag, weighed it in his hand, and glanced at Young. "There is no harm in your knowing, I suppose," he said. "You must impersonate Mr. Wilson for a while because he is dead."

(To be continued next week)



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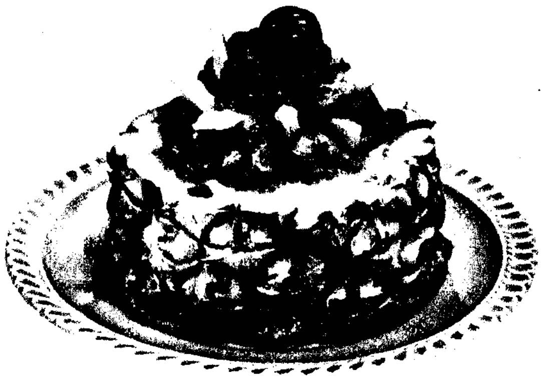

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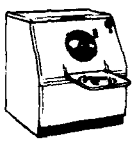

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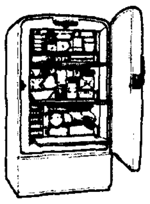

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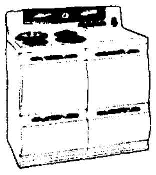

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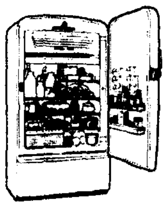

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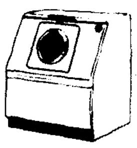

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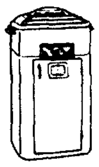

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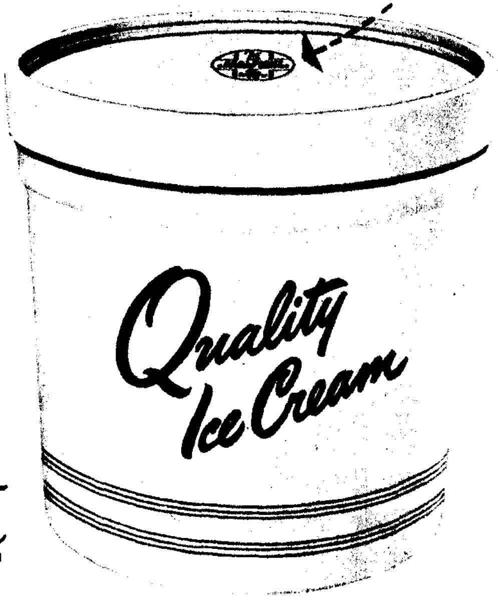

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PAUL D'OME

The bright hues of summer are reflected in the clothes of TV's Bud Collyer and Kathi Norris. Bud is wearing a three-tone basque shirt

PAUL D'OME

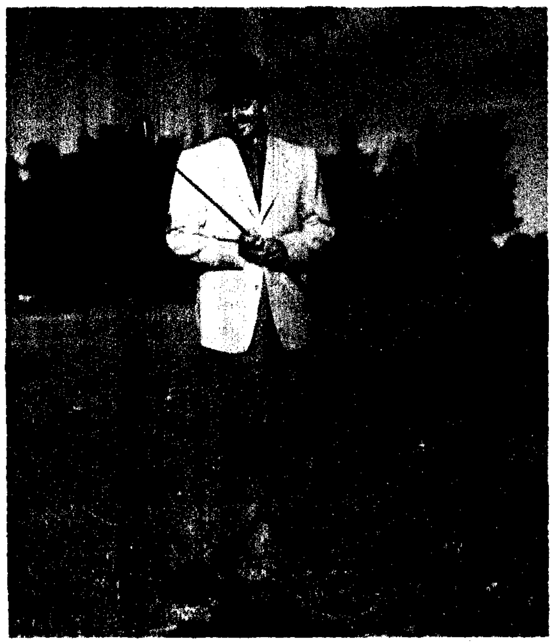
Orchestra leader Vaughn Monroe and Shaye Cogan, the vocalist on his television program, model matching sportswear featuring Indian motif

Stars in the Sunlight

Men lose their conservatism in the summertime, equaling the ladies in bright attire. And nowadays there's a great profusion of sportswear for the gent who wants to shed his color inhibitions with his business suit

By BERT BACHARACH

Jim Demaret, who has the biggest wardrobe in golfdom, displays an eye-catching jacket



Slammin' Sammy Snead, in a more conservative way, is another of the well-dressed golfers

PAUL D'OME

Relaxing video comic Robert Q. Lewis wears a web belt that matches his jersey sport shirt

Dream Golf Course

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

get much roll. However, when you come up to the eighth tee, at the Phoenix, Arizona, Country Club, you won't need a wood club to reach the green 220 yards away. The mountain air is "light" in Phoenix. Your drive will carry farther.

Therefore, you'll take your No. 1 iron, which ordinarily produces 15 yards less distance than the No. 4 wood, and you'll play a shot that lands on the front edge of the green. You'll get a good roll on the sun-baked Arizona turf—enough of a roll for your iron shot to finish hole-high.

Ocean and Mountain Greens

Just one word of warning: watch your putts carefully as you move around the country. On that oceanside hole at Cypress Point, for instance, you'll have to make allowance for an imperceptible break in the slant of the green *toward* the water. All ocean greens break *toward* the water. And you'll have to be equally careful at Phoenix. In mountain country, all greens break *away* from the mountains.

Before warming up on the practice fairway, let's look at the weather. It's a perfect afternoon for golf. Temperature in the low 80s. There's a faint breeze—cooling, but not strong enough to affect your shots. It rained a little last night, so the fairways are carpet-soft and the greens are just spongy enough to "hold" your approaches.

Better spend at least half an hour on the practice fairway. Work through the 14 clubs in your bag. A dozen shots with each club should be enough to groove your swing properly.

Feel more relaxed now? Your drives were booming out there 265 yards, and your caddie estimated the following average distances for your other clubs: brassie, 240 yards; No. 4 wood, 225 yards; No. 1 iron, 210 yards; No. 2 iron, 200 yards; No. 3 iron, 190 yards; No. 4 iron, 180 yards; No. 5 iron, 170 yards; No. 6 iron, 155 yards; No. 7 iron, 145 yards; No. 8 iron, 135 yards; No. 9 iron, 115 yards; wedge, 100 yards in to green.

Time to tee off. The first of Stranahan's 18 great golf tests is the No. 1 hole at Oakland Hills in Birmingham, Michigan, close by Detroit. It's 431 yards from tee to green. Play your drive down the left edge of the fairway. All the trap trouble for your approach is located at the right front edge of the green. Against a slight wind, you drive 250 yards, leaving a straight No. 4 iron to the green. You're on in two, down in two putts for a par four.

Next comes the 465-yard second hole on the No. 2 course at Riviera Country Club in Los Angeles. It's a slight dog-leg to the right. Trees border both sides of the fairway, and the long narrow green is well trapped. Still hitting against the prevailing wind, you'll need a drive and a No. 2 iron to get home. Then, putt two. (In the 1948 Los Angeles Open, Stranahan *sank* his approach for an eagle deuce!)

Here's real trouble: the 222-yard over-the-ocean sixteenth at Cypress Point Golf Club near Del Monte, California. Stranahan placed Cypress' sixteenth in third position on his composite course to give you a challenging par 3 hole early. The tee hangs on a crag 200 feet above the ocean. Close your ears to the sound of that smashing surf and ignore those barking sea lions on the rocks below. Your job is to sock a full, straight, No. 4 wood. Only don't aim at the green. Instead, set your sights on that trap to the right of the green, and the wind sweeping in from the ocean will hook your drive into the pin. . . . Nice work!

You can't afford to hook or slice on No. 4, which was modeled after the 442-yard par 4 hole of the same number on the No. 3 championship course at Medinah near Chicago. Heavy woods overhang both sides of the fairway, and a deep grassy gully—40 yards in front of the slanting downhill green—penalizes weak second shots. A drive and a stiff No. 3 iron (for the uphill second shot) will carry you within putting range of par. Your approach must carry high on the green to allow for a slight rollback. But *don't* overshoot. Chipping back from beyond the green is touchy work. Anything less than a perfect shot will roll off into the deep gully.

Stranahan's fifth selection is the No. 10 hole at Pinehurst, North Carolina, on the No. 2 championship course. It's 593 yards, and you must slug for your par 5. Traps, left and right, lie in wait for errant tee shots. Driver-brassie-No. 8 iron is the correct combination, but your two wood shots must be arrow-straight.

For No. 6, Stranahan went to the 456-yard par 4 seventeenth at the Winged Foot club in Mamaroneck, New York, which poses a tough second-shot problem. The green is deeply trapped on both sides. And you must play a crisp No. 4 iron to avoid trouble.

You won't get a bit of roll from your tee shot on par 4 No. 7, which Duluth, Minnesota, golfers will recognize as a facsimile of the 408-yard third hole at Northland. The fairway runs uphill to a green 165 feet above the tee. Better settle for 250 yards on the drive, then use a No. 3 iron for the approach. And size up your putt carefully. The upper-right corner of the green is one foot higher than the bottom-left edge. Stranahan closed out his semifinal match with Smiley Quick in the 1946 Western Amateur by dropping a 15-footer on this treacherous green. From a hole-high position, Frank's putt broke a foot, down and to the left, into the cup (much as a baseball pitcher throws an outcurve strike).

Altitude makes a big difference, as you'll discover when you step on the eighth tee at the Phoenix (Arizona) Country Club. Your drive will carry an extra 20 yards in this thin mountain air; so keep that No. 4 wood in the bag. A well-hit No. 1 iron will land on the front edge of the green—220 yards distant—and your ball will roll the rest of the way on the sun-hardened turf. Par is 3.

You don't have a chance of getting home in two shots on the 553-yard par 5 ninth hole at Canterbury in Cleveland, Ohio. Even the top pros play for accuracy rather than distance here, because Canterbury's rough is really rough. Any shot off the fairway costs you one stroke. If you stay on the fairway, you can reach the green with a driver-brassie-No. 9 iron combination. It's a big green. Lloyd Mangrum dropped an 80-foot putt here and then went on to win the 1946 National Open.

On the Masters' Fairway

Stranahan's tenth is the 465-yard hole of the same number at Bobby Jones's Augusta National course—home of Georgia's celebrated Masters' tournament. You must hit a perfect drive along the left edge of the fairway. If your drive strays to the right, you become the victim of a falling-away downhill lie, and you will have no chance of reaching the green with the second shot. And if you hook, even slightly, you'll roll into the trees on the left side. Assuming your drive is accurate, you still must execute a demanding No. 3 iron to a heavily trapped green. When you get a par 4 here, you earn it.

Judgment of distance is all-important on short holes. Stranahan picked the par 3 No. 11 at the Tam O'Shanter club near Chicago because its sunken, deeply trapped green is an optical illusion. Looking downhill from the tee, the hole appears much shorter than its actual 150 yards. A well-hit No. 7 iron is required.

When Stranahan played in his first major tournament, the 1942 All America Open, at Tam O'Shanter, on the final round, he

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sank a 20-footer on the eleventh for a deuce—and lost the hole! Byron Nelson holed out his tee shot for a hole in one!

Stranahan's twelfth selection is a maze of traps modeled after the 440-yard thirteenth hole at the Royal St. George's course in Sandwich, Kent, England, where Frank captured the 1948 British Amateur. Your drive must carry straight to a smooth patch of fairway 260 yards from the tee. Anything shorter may end up in a cuppy lie on the rolling fairway. Your No. 4 iron second shot must avoid the Sahara of sand guarding the left side of the fairway into the green. Then sink your ball in two.

Playing a "Gambler's Hole"

Back we go to Bobby Jones's Augusta National for the 480-yard thirteenth—a treacherous par 5. It's a gambler's hole. If you want to go all out for a birdie, you *can* get home with a well-tagged drive and a solid No. 4 wood. But if your approach falls short, you'll be in the creek which crosses in front of the green.

The 444-yard par 4 fourteenth on the No. 2 course at Pinehurst is considered one of the graveyard holes of championship golf. "You come up to it on the last day with the field bunched," Stranahan points out, "and you can really feel the pressure building up. You need a good drive to take the edge off your second shot, which has to run the gantlet of wide, deep traps from 100 yards out on in to the green. Most top players get home with a drive and a No. 5 iron, but the slightest slip on either shot can be fatal."

Stranahan has both happy and unhappy memories of the tenth hole at the Hillcrest club near Kansas City, Missouri—a 250-yard par 3 effort—and the fifteenth hole on our composite course. The approach to the heavily trapped green—100 feet below tee-level on the downhill fairway—is obscured by a huge bunker. Driving blind in the $20,000 Kansas City Open in 1946, Stranahan came up to the tenth on the final round leading the field. But he hooked his No. 4 wood into the treacherous woods to the left of the green and played a penalty ball for what appeared to be a disastrous 5. However, sharpshooting on the last eight holes carried Frank to victory over all the competing topflight pros in one of the biggest money tournaments of the year.

One of the toughest par 5s in golf—that's the 540-yard eighteenth at Pebble Beach near Del Monte, California, and our No. 16. The narrow fairway dog-legs to the left and there's no out-of-bounds. If you hook, even slightly, your ball rolls into the ocean for a one-stroke penalty. Scattered trees along the right side penalize tee shots which drift away from the ocean. The green is small and hard and viciously trapped. You can reach it with a driver-brassie-No. 9 iron combination—if you stay out of the ocean.

The fourth hole at Stranahan's home club (Inverness, Toledo, Ohio) is the model for our seventeenth great test of golf. It's 449 yards of unadulterated trouble, and it requires a 260-yard drive down the middle, followed by a No. 3 iron which must carry across water and hold a small slanting green perched on the side of a hill. At the Inverness Four-Ball tournament last summer only 20 per cent of the world's finest pros got home in two shots on this hole. With two putts they made it in par.

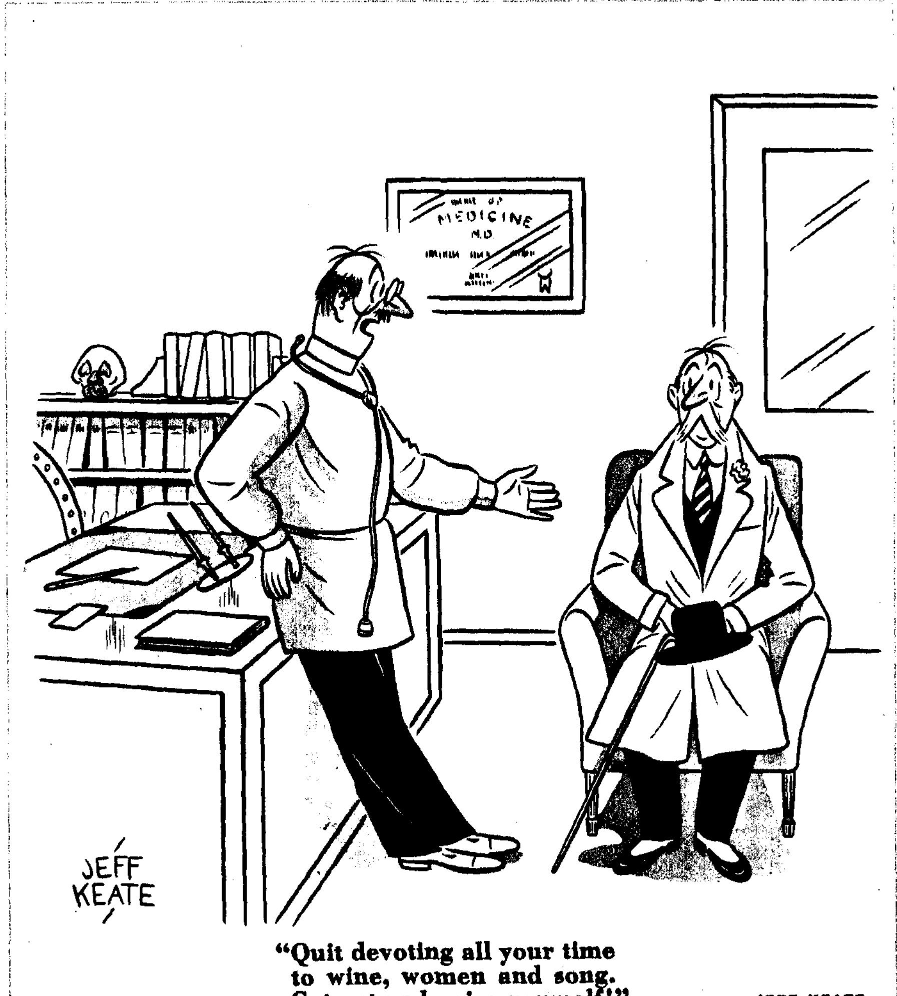
Frustration at British Open

Our finishing hole is the 430-yard par 4 eighteenth at the Royal Liverpool club in Hoylake, England, where Stranahan came within a stroke of winning the 1947 British Open. With the wind behind him, Frank got off a tremendous 300-yard drive. Then all he had to do was sink his approach from 120 yards to tie Fred Daly for first place. (That's all.)

Frank walked up to the green . . . and walked back again. Then he played a No. 8 iron, which floated up to the pin, sat down, rolled to the cup and stopped—an inch from the lip!

But since we're not playing for a championship—only for fun—let's use a driver and a No. 6 iron to get home, and two more putts for another par.

That adds up to a sparkling 72, par for any course; and can you name a golfer—including a Snead or a Hogan, and Stranahan himself—who wouldn't be happy to settle for par on these 18 Great Holes of Golf? THE END



"Quit devoting all your time to wine, women and song. Get out and enjoy yourself!"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

The Man in the Four-Dollar Suit

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

talked to me man to man and after I left them at the club I hung around the place a few minutes. I'd pretend I belonged there. I'd look at the women playing bridge and pick out the youngest and prettiest and pretend she was my wife, and I was just checking in from the office after a tough day to meet her for nine holes of golf and dinner on the terrace. I'd stroll out on the terrace and feel as though I belonged.

Mr. Winthrop had ruined that game for me. I had the feeling that everyone knew I didn't belong. I felt that if the manager saw me he'd take me for a Japanese beetle come to infest the golf greens. I looked at the women in the cardroom and I thought they all knew I was just a clerk who drove a station wagon.

I WENT out on the terrace and it was no better. A steward glanced at me. He didn't ask me to leave but I felt sure he knew all about me. I felt lower than the soles of my shoes; the country club was forever out of reach. Mr. Winthrop had permanently blasted all my dreams.

Out on the golf course a girl was playing the short ninth hole. She swung from the tee and the ball curled off into the rough to the right of the green. She was carrying her own bag, a light canvas affair, and she came across and began looking for the ball. She didn't get within twenty feet of it.

I could have called out, but I didn't. I knew within three feet where the ball was. But I didn't feel like helping the girl. Let her find her own ball.

She kept on hunting. She got farther and farther away from it and finally in a disgusted sort of way I jumped down from the terrace and walked over to her.

She looked up and smiled at me. She was a curly-haired brunette about my age, wearing a sweater and skirt. She had beautiful brown eyes. They were probably nearsighted.

"It's so exasperating," she said.

"Your ball's not anywhere near here," I told her. I showed her where it was.

"You stood up there on the terrace all that time," she said. "You knew where the ball was and you didn't even point to it."

"You ought to take a line on a golf ball," I said. "Don't just walk in the general direction and hope. It won't call out, you know."

She looked annoyed. "Well, anyway, thanks," she said.

She took a six iron out of the bag.

"What are you going to do with that?" I said.

She was red in the face. "Bend it over your head," she said, "if you talk while I'm playing."

"Use an eight iron," I said coldly. It burned me up to think anyone who belonged to such a beautiful country club would try to use a six iron fifty yards away from a green.

"I thought it was the nine," she said. "I confused the number."

She looked confused. But she couldn't be so nearsighted she couldn't read the numbers on the club heads, I thought.

She took her stance. She had nice legs but she put them in the wrong places. She took her swing and dribbled the ball three feet. She started to say something, then checked herself. She wound up again. I knew what was going to happen when she started the backswing.

She took a solid cut and never came near the ball. She said, "Oof," and swung herself half around. She was so mad she couldn't talk. She stood there and sizzled, and I felt better.

"Here," I said.

I took the club from her. "Feet closer together," I said. "Open stance. Short grip and backswing. Like this."

I dropped a pitch shot six feet from the pin. Reaching in the bag pocket, I tossed a ball in the grass. "Now try it," I said. "Not so stiff. Relax."

I tapped her right leg with one hand. That was my big mistake. I should never have touched her. I forgot suddenly she was a crummy nearsighted golfer. Suddenly even her silly stance looked cute to me.

"I'll try," she said. She hit the ball and got it on the green. She went over and putted four times and finally got it in the cup. She looked wonderful doing it, she looked better to me than Sam Snead.

I picked up her bag and walked over to the clubhouse with her.

"This is as far as you go," she said, smiling at me. "This is the ladies' dressing room. You must be new around here."

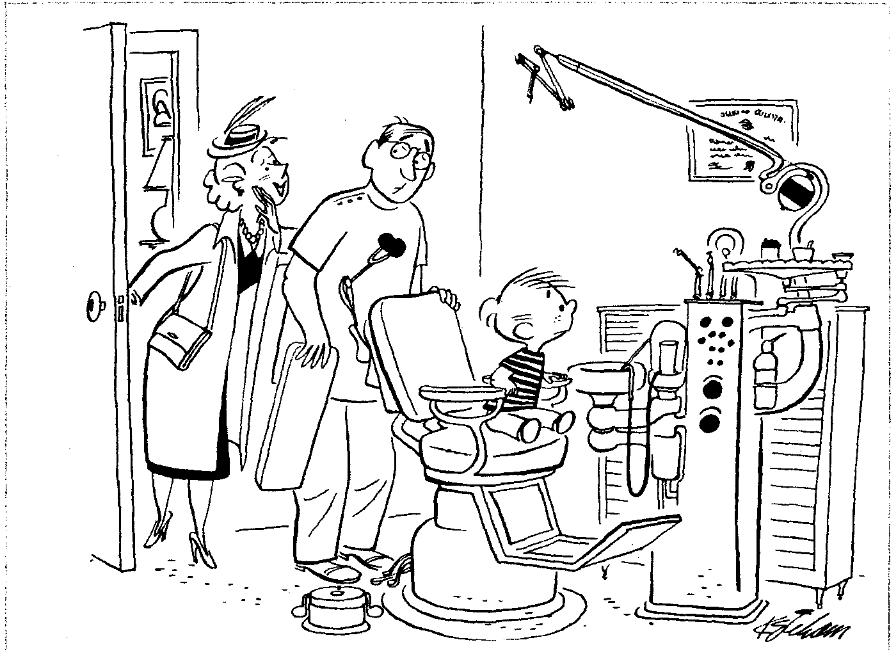
"Brand-new," I said. I hated her walking out of my life and I guess I showed it.

"Give me ten minutes," she said, "and I'll have a drink with you on the terrace."

I went over and moved the station wagon from under the portico to the parking lot. I went back to the terrace and twenty minutes later she joined me. Her name was Helen Macdonald.

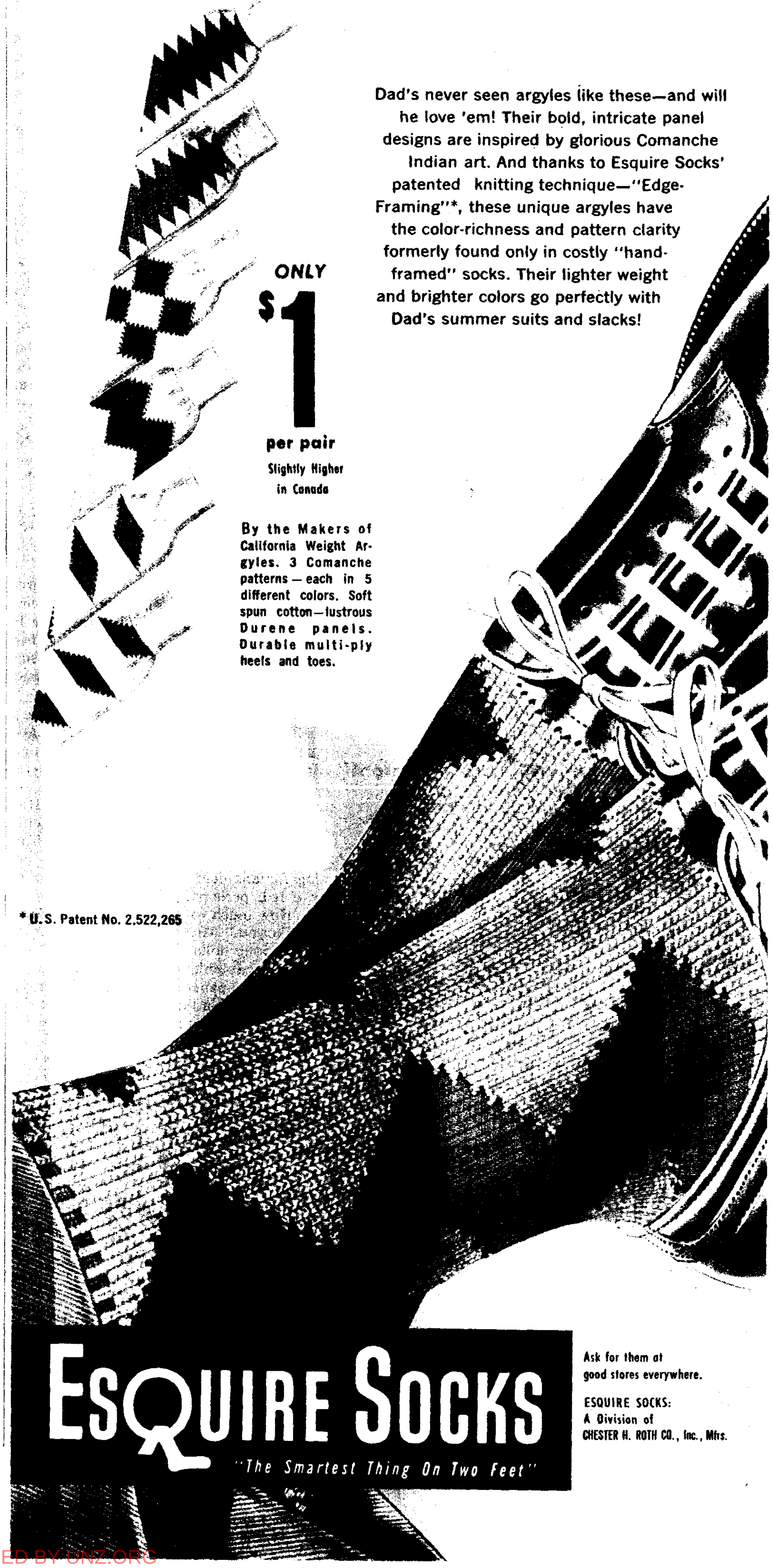
"Have you just joined?" she said. "Don't you know anyone?"

I'd lied to Mr. Winthrop. That should have taught me a lesson. I looked into Helen's big brown nearsighted eyes and I couldn't tell the truth: that I didn't belong



"I told him you were a barber. Can you take it from there?"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM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to the club. "I know Mr. Pringlehof," I said. That much was true. I took the mail in to him every morning. He called me Johnny sometimes. My name is Joe but at least he was close.

"He isn't terribly exciting," Helen said. "You want to get to know the younger crowd. Have you been to any of the Saturday-night dances?"

I said I hadn't been able to make any of them. "Why don't you come out tomorrow night?" Helen said. "You'd have fun. This is a very friendly club."

"Would you dance with me?" I asked her.

"Certainly," she said. "I'd love to."

She got up from the table. "I'll look for you tomorrow night," she said. "It will be formal tomorrow because it's the end-of-the-month dance. It will be fun to see you."

She shook hands with me, and reluctantly I let go of her hand and watched her walk off. I went slowly back through the lounge. Mr. Winthrop, the VIP, was sitting there scowling at a newspaper.

"Everything satisfactory, Mr. Winthrop?" I said.

"Gah," he said.

I told him what he could do with his business. I didn't say it out loud. I went outside and got in the station wagon, feeling very depressed, and went back to the plant.

Mr. Fred Ryan, the sales manager, was still at his desk. He was a right guy. "What's the matter, Joe?" he said. "You look as though someone slugged you."

"Nothing's the matter," I said. "I have no worries. I drive the station wagon until nineteen hundred and ninety-two and then I get a pension. In nineteen hundred and ninety-two I can go out and drive my own car if I got the strength."

"Well, Joe," he said, "you won't be driving that station wagon forever."

"Only until nineteen hundred and ninety-two," I said. "It just seems forever."

What he was giving me was the old baloney. He had told me before that I would get into the office sometime, but today I couldn't swallow it. What I wanted to do was to go to the country club on Saturday night in a tuxedo and dance with Helen. I wanted to take her out on the terrace but I wasn't going to do it. I wondered if, for a minute, while she was having fun, she'd wonder what happened to me. Probably not, I thought.

I TOOK the bus back to the center of town near the restaurant where I ate at night. In front of me was Friedman's where I bought my clothes. For the first time I noticed his sign: DRESS SUITS TO HIRE.

I went inside. Mr. Friedman was getting ready to close up. "Hello, Mr. Benson," he said. "The suit looks fine. You looking for another? Something in a tropical worsted, perhaps?"

"How much to rent a tuxedo?" I said.

"To you," Mr. Friedman said, "for one night, four dollars."

"You couldn't fit me," I said.

"Like the paper on the wall," Mr. Friedman said. "Naturally, for rental, for four dollars, there's no alterations. I got a coat right here. Try it on. Just your size."

The sleeves were an inch too short, the collar drooped to my shoulder blades. Mr. Friedman stepped back and looked admiringly at me.

"Naturally," he said, "with the brown shoes you're wearing now, the tan shirt and green tie, it doesn't look so good. You got to visualize. You got to look in the mirror and see yourself with the dress shirt and studs, the black tie."

I hunched my shoulders and the collar rode up the back of my neck and the sleeves were long enough. I took the coat off and put four dollars on the counter.

"Naturally," Mr. Friedman said, "the black tie, the shirt, the studs and the socks, those we can't rent."

I bought the accessories. "Shall I take the tuxedo along now, Mr. Friedman?" I said.

"Unfortunately," Mr. Friedman said, "another gentleman is wearing that tuxedo tonight. Don't worry, it will be freshly cleaned and pressed when you pick it up. You'll be a knockout."

I wished he'd used a different expression. I hoped I'd land on the grass when they threw me out. It would be terrible if I hit the gravel driveway and ripped a hole in Mr. Friedman's tuxedo trousers.

I went outside and had dinner. I had school that night but I had lost my enthusiasm. I didn't need to study Business English and Business Administration to drive that station wagon.

The next day at six o'clock I picked up the tuxedo. I took it home after dinner and got ready. The shirt, at least, fitted. I got the studs in and the black tie tied and in the mirror I didn't look so bad. I put on the trousers and the coat and I couldn't tell. For a minute I thought I looked all right; then I got a guilty feeling. I felt that as soon as I stepped outside I'd be arrested, some cop would come up and say, "What's the big idea, walking around in Mr. Friedman's tuxedo?"

Quarter of nine—I couldn't stall any longer. I got in my own car and started out for the country club. The shortest way was by way of Broad Street, turning right on Randolph. I went by way of Fort Street; I was scared of getting there. This was going to be my last fling, and forever after when I took a visitor to the country club I was going to leave him at the door.

I parked the car and saw people in evening clothes going up the steps. I joined a big party of eight or ten people going in. I expected any moment to be stopped, to hear someone holler, "Who's the character in Mr. Friedman's suit?"

I got inside the front door. There was nobody taking tickets. I got in the lobby. I could see people dancing in the dining room, sitting around in the lounge.

Somebody put a hand on my shoulder from behind and I knew the game was up.

"I'll go quietly," I said. "Careful of the suit."

"Like the paper on the wall," a voice said. I turned and there was Mr. Friedman in white tie and tails.

"If you come here very often," Mr. Friedman said, "you ought to buy a tuxedo. Save you money in the long run. But forgive me, I shouldn't be talking business at the country club. You look fine. If I had a daughter I'd tell her, look out."

I edged my way warily into the dining room and finally found Helen among the dancers. I watched her go toward the side lines when a set ended and I made my way toward her. I stood with my back against the wall, not far away from her, and finally she saw me.

She was all dressed up. Bare shoulders. Untouchable. Out on the golf course she'd been a cute kid I could talk to. Now I saw what a dope I'd been. I was starting toward the exit when she said, "Hello, Joe. I've been looking for you."

I managed a hello, the best I could do.

"Well," she said, "aren't you going to ask me to dance?"

I put my arms around her and we started out. I went through the motions. After a couple of minutes I forgot I was a phony in someone else's suit. I became just a guy with a lovely girl in his arms. But I couldn't relax for long. Mr. Friedman came dancing by.

Helen said, "Is something wrong?" She looked up at me. "You kind of shook."

I danced her out of sight of Mr. Friedman. I relaxed again. We were dancing dreamily when I got that feeling, the feeling you get that someone's eyes are boring right through you. I looked up and saw Mr. and Mrs. Pringlehof dancing beside us.

We looked at each other. I could see Mr. Pringlehof was baffled. He knew he'd seen me somewhere but he didn't remember where. He gave me a tentative smile like he didn't know whether I rated a big hello or just a nod.

I smiled back and we danced on. "You quivered again, Joe," Helen said. "Are you sure you feel all right?"

"It's a nervous disorder," I said. "A sort of twitch."

THE music ended and we were engulfed by the young set. Everyone was very friendly but I didn't want to dance with any other girl. This was my one and only night and it might end any minute.

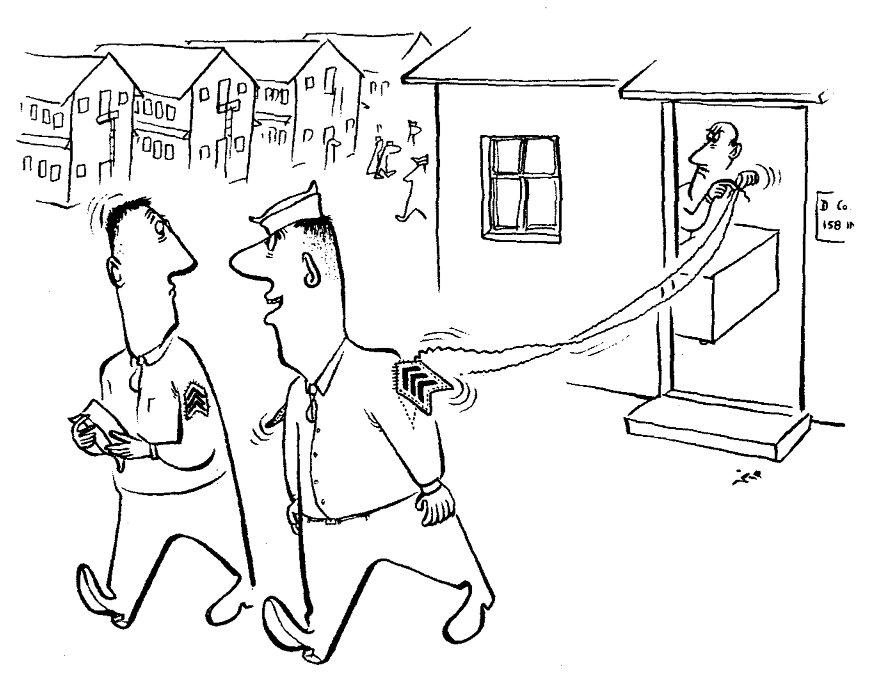
But Helen was dancing with someone else. She smiled over her partner's shoulder at me. I walked through the crowd and met Mr. Ryan, our sales manager. He didn't look too surprised to see me. There were always guests at the country club dances and that was how he placed me.

"Hi, Joe," he said, "who'd you come with?"

"I came with a big party," I said, which was no lie. At least I'd walked in with them. "I thought you hated these dress-up dances, Mr. Ryan," I said quickly, changing the subject.

"I do," he said. "This is business. Mr. Winthrop is staying here over the week end. I came out to try and soothe him. It was one of those things, Joe. We sent him a faulty shipment. Somebody got careless in in-

VIP'S WAR



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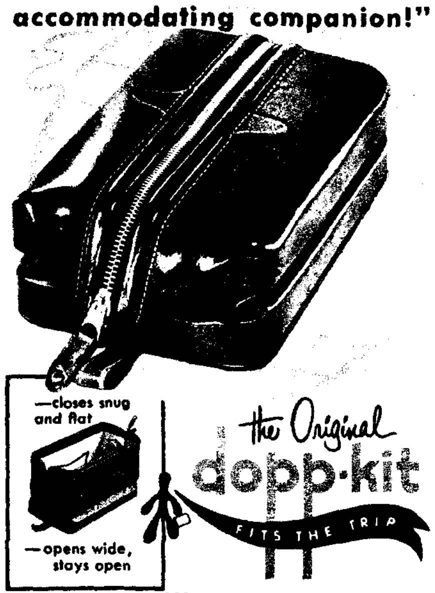

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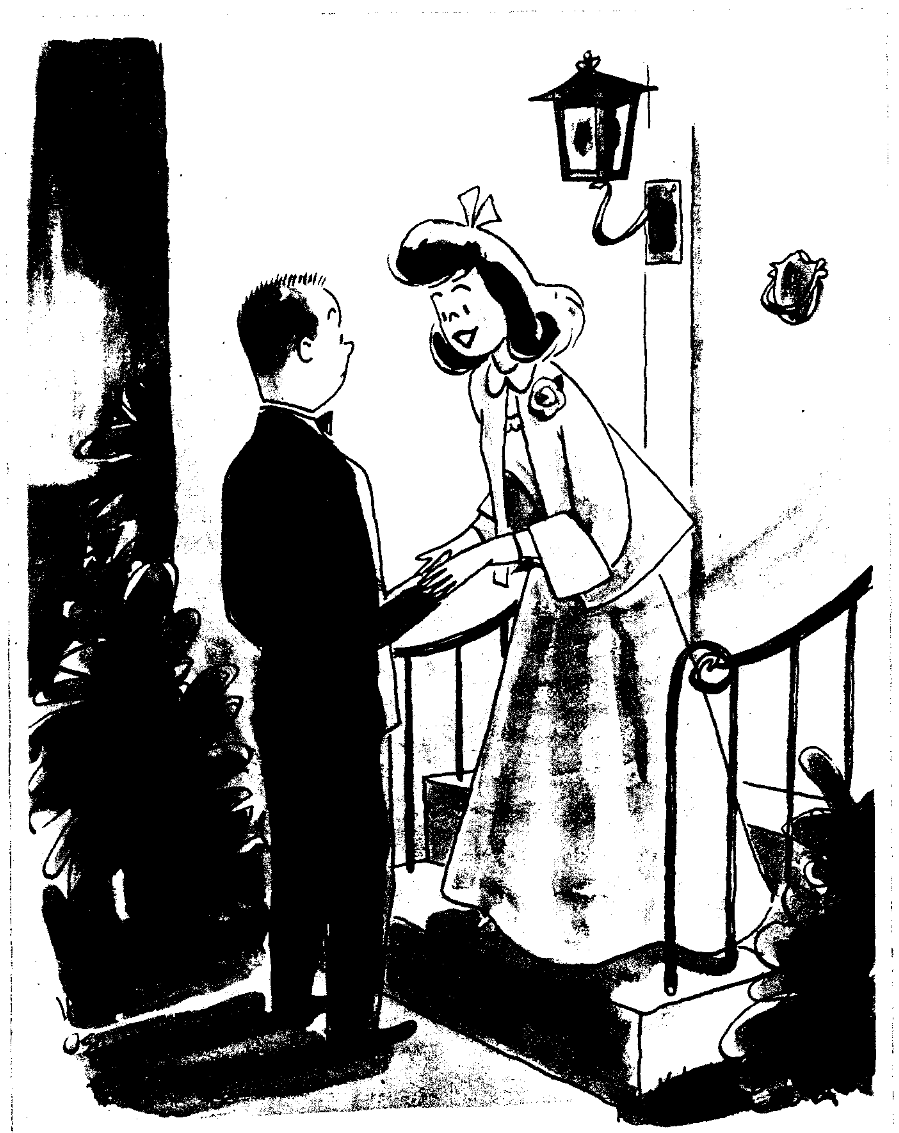

"It's been a wonderful evening, Rodney. Please don't spoil it by thinking about what it cost"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

spection. We've been dealing with his concern for fifteen years. But he's an outsider, brought in as a new purchasing agent, and he has to throw his weight around."

"Good luck," I said, not paying much attention, looking around for Helen.

"I'll need it," Mr. Ryan said. "I can't get him out of the bar. By the way, Joe, what the hell did you do to him?"

"Me?" I said. I felt cold inside.

"I was talking to him a while ago," Mr. Ryan said. "He made a crack that the boy who drove him out to the country club couldn't even find his way. I was selling him on how careful and efficient we are, and he stopped me cold. By all that's holy, Joe, you couldn't have got lost on the way to the country club, could you?"

"Mr. Ryan," I said, "I took him by way of Fort Street."

MR. RYAN blew his top. "What the devil for?" he said. "Fort Street! What's wrong with you? How long have you been going to college at night?"

"Last three years," I said.

"I've admired your spirit," Mr. Ryan said, "and I've been on your side. But this I don't get. We have this man here who's mad to start with, and all I ask you to do is drive him out to the country club. If you can't do that little job properly, what makes you think you could ever handle a bigger job in the office."

"Yes, sir," I said. "You're absolutely right, Mr. Ryan."

That was it, the finish. I had it coming to me and I had to take it. I walked off to the bar. I saw Mr. Winthrop sitting there scowling and I sat down beside him.

"Mr. Winthrop," I said, "I want to apologize for taking the wrong road on the way out here yesterday. I'm very sorry."

"Are you the guy who drove the station wagon?" Mr. Winthrop said. He looked at Mr. Friedman's tuxedo. "Do you belong to this club?"

"No, sir," I said. "I'm just a phony, Mr. Winthrop, but you shouldn't rate the company by me. It's a good company to do business with. I know that much."

"What was back of that gag about Broad Street being torn up?" Mr. Winthrop growled. "Your idea of a practical joke?"

I decided for once to tell the truth and nothing but the truth. "Mr. Winthrop," I said, "I don't know your firm but I knew as soon as I saw you that you were a big man, a top-level executive. I had hoped to get a better job myself someday. That's why I took you by way of Fort Street. It would take longer and I thought I could learn something from you. Whenever I've had the good fortune to meet a man like yourself I've tried to study him, see the way he dresses, listen to the way he talks. I shouldn't have done it, but it isn't often a kid like myself gets a chance to rub shoulders with an important executive."

Mr. Winthrop looked at his reflection in the mirror back of the bar. He squared his shoulders and set his jaw, studying himself. "You didn't learn much from me," he said, and I discovered he could grin.

"Well, sir," I said, "when we were stuck in traffic and you bawled me out, you were very good. You went on for about five minutes and I don't think you repeated yourself once, Mr. Winthrop."

I grinned at him, although I didn't feel like grinning, and went to look for Helen because I was winding everything up and I had things to say to her.

I danced with her and during the second number we were near the terrace. The French doors were open and I danced her outside and over to the wall looking out over the golf course.

"Whisk and out the window," she said, laughing at me. "In the very best country club technique."

"You're wrong," I said. "I didn't bring you out here to kiss you."

"You didn't?" she said. She was making fun of me. "That's a pretty rough thing to tell a girl, Joe. It'll take me quite a while to regain my self-confidence."

I wanted to kiss her. I leaned forward and my lips brushed her cheek as she turned away, and suddenly she wasn't amused.

"Now you're making me feel like a fool," she said. "I wasn't hinting."

"Give me a minute," I said. "I want to explain something to you. I'm not a member of the country club."

"I was wondering if you'd tell me," she said.

I stared at her. "You knew? You could tell just by looking at me?"

"They have a list of members," she said. "I was curious about you. I looked you up in the membership list. No Joe Benson."

"I crashed the place just to dance with you," I said.

"I was hoping you would," she said. "I was watching for you."

She was so darn' nice. "Don't talk like that," I said. "You make it worse. I'm a phony, Helen. Not just because I crashed the club dance. You see this suit?"

"It's very nice," she said.

"It's not mine," I said. "It's Mr. Friedman's, and Monday morning I have to take it back to him. Almost the only thing about me you can see that isn't phony is the shirt. That's mine."

"It's a lovely shirt," she said.

"Why don't you get mad?" I said. "Blow the whistle on me, call for the manager."

"You won't be coming out again?" she said. "No more golf instruction? My father said your advice was very good."

"Your father wasn't there," I said.

"He was watching from the pro shop window," Helen said. "He's the golf professional here. Poor Daddy. I hate to play golf but I go around once in a while just to make him feel better."

"Your father is the golf pro?" I said incredulously. My voice cracked, and no wonder. I felt as though the roof had fallen in. Everything I'd done was wrong, every last thing. "You mean to say," I gasped, "that I had the infernal crust to give golf instruction to the daughter of the pro?"

THAT was the last straw. I turned and ran across the terrace. The only thing I could think of to do was to drown myself in the water hazard at the third hole. I supposed that before I drowned myself I ought to give Mr. Friedman back his tuxedo. It would be the fair thing. Maybe I could leave it on the bank.

I was hurrying toward the exit when a hand caught my shoulder. Mr. Ryan pulled me over to the wall.

"Where you rushing to?" he said.

"Drown myself," I said. "Let me go."

"Don't do it," Mr. Ryan said. "I was just talking to Winthrop. Made a golf date with him for tomorrow morning. He said he'd been talking to you. What kind of treatment did you give him, Joe? He stuck out his chest and said no one was perfect, we all make mistakes. He sounded like he'd just been elected chairman of the board. I take back everything I said earlier, Joe. Do you know anyone else who would like to drive that station wagon? You won't be doing it much longer."

I was staring at him when Helen came up. "You can't monopolize my guest, Mr. Ryan," she said.

The music had started and automatically I put my arms around her. We danced a few steps. "You said your guest," I said. "Does that mean I'm legitimate? Nobody can throw me out?"

"Nobody but me," she said. "If you get too fresh."

My eye was on the terrace. I danced Helen toward the open French doors and we were about ready to go through when Mr. Friedman and his wife came by. Expertly, Mr. Friedman twirled his wife. He beamed past her at me, and his eyes studied my tuxedo, then went to Helen.

"Have fun," he said. "Careful of the lipstick."

THE END

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Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

of any one person accomplishing the stupendous good to humanity and the world, in one single lifetime, and we do think Mr. Rockefeller was right in thinking he was "a trustee of God." He will be appreciated more and more as people begin to realize the good his colossal gifts are doing for the world. Margaret S. Davison, Ripon, Wis.

Two Who Were There

Editor: We want to express our enthusiastic approval and appreciation of the superb article The Huks—Foe in the Philippines, by Robert Shaplen (April 7th). We are young Americans who recently lived in the Philippines for more than a year. We lived among Filipinos and were both employed by Filipinos. As a matter of fact, one of us married a Filipino girl. The nature of our work as well as our living circumstances gave us countless opportunities to observe the political and military activities of the Philippine government and to observe and participate in the feelings and reactions of the people around us. We can attest that, in our belief, Mr. Shaplen has reported truthfully the elements of the situation which he observed.

The situation there cannot be adequately communicated, of course, by one article or one book, but every such attempt by a sensitive and honest reporter makes a worthy contribution to the insight and understanding with which Americans can view the Philippines. Too few people realize the Philippines stands at its hour of decision and that daily the choice of democracy becomes less and less likely. Yet the Filipinos we know yearn for freedom and self-respect as strongly as people can. How much we and our government are responsible for this situation is difficult to assess, but we are doing almost nothing about it. Exposing the facts and the problem to the public must eventually evoke some workable and effective ideas. Robert Shaplen's article is a valuable contribution to this cause.

Frank A. Kirk, New York, N. Y.
Sal Gene Marzullo, Rochester, N. Y.

Juries, Guardians of Liberty

Editor: You are to be commended for the publication, and Judge Goodman for the authorship, of the splendid article In Defense of Our Jury System (April 21st). No one familiar with history can fail to recognize and associate the rise and fall of personal liberty with the right of trial by jury and the absence thereof. The right of trial by jury is the only thing which has, on many occasions, distinguished this country from others.

In many instances our judges have been just as autocratic, arbitrary, demanding and bloodthirsty as those of other nations. However, in our nation a jury is between the wishes of the autocrats and the liberty of the accused. This statement is just as true of civil as of criminal cases.

John F. Kilkenny, Pendleton, Ore.

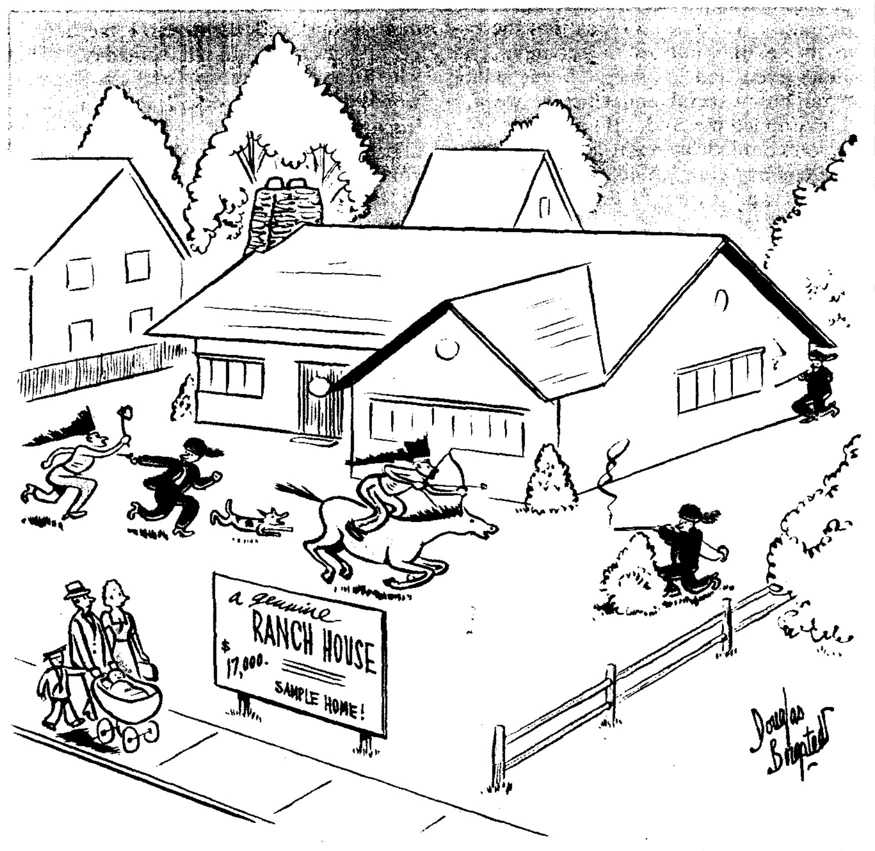
Oklahoma!, Yes; K.C., No

Editor: In your article Holm Was Ever Like This (April 28th), it states that Celeste Holm sang the song Kansas City in the production Oklahoma!

As an Oklahoma! fan I am quite sure you will find that our mutual "Holm Body" never sang Kansas City unless she was a member of the chorus, which I doubt.

V. P. Wright, Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

Reader Wright is right. The error was corrected, but not until part of the run had been printed.



COLLIER'S DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

It's a Grand Alliance

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

is not a foreigner but that far more irritating figure, the eccentric relation. This feeling of irritation is stronger in Britain than in the United States, and for a very good reason. Most Britons actually have relations who are American citizens. (And they do not realize that a large proportion of Americans now have their roots elsewhere.)

The American, then, to such Britons is a rum sort of cousin, once a mere colonial but now astonishingly rich and powerful. This Mad-Cousin-Who-Has-Come-into-Money idea of America is of course absurd, and I do not blame any American who feels annoyed by it. All I ask is that it should be recognized as an absurdity, and one that brings about a good deal of misunderstanding. If you should find us Britons patronizing or petulant, remember this Mad Cousin nonsense, and try to bear with us. It is one of the results of the common language, for we do not think of any other people in this way.

On the American side, a corresponding absurdity might be labeled the Dukes-and-Butlers view of the British. According to this view, Britain is a country filled with ruined castles and cottages, and populated by fantastic tyrannical aristocrats and toothless, hat-touching rustics. Americans who take this view are apt to refuse to read any account of Britain and the British that contradicts it, and will not believe that most of the English are factory workers who have never set eyes on a duke.

Even some of our keenest American sympathizers make this mistake. I remember in the war, when I was doing a lot of radio talks, pointing out to the late Alice Duer Miller, who had written a sentimental poem called The White Cliffs, that the sort of England she described, filled with castles and tall footmen in powder-blue uniforms, could not have fought the war a week, and that the England that was keeping Hitler at bay was actually a country of aircraft workers, turning out Spitfires and Hurricanes. And it is a fact that the English novels most popular in America always avoid dealing at length with the real industrial England. Some of us, not unreasonably, find this irritating, especially when we are blamed for a state of things that has long ceased to exist.

A Contrast in Backgrounds

We should remember our respective backgrounds. This is the beginning of wisdom, and a clear road to understanding. England is a very small, old country, crammed with people. The United States is an immensely large new country, only recently developed. Now in a small crowded country a man naturally develops a habit of being reserved, of being cautious rather than enthusiastic, of being careful to maintain his poise. Otherwise, life would be intolerable. And this begins to explain much that puzzles or alienates the expansive American.

On the other hand, the American, coming from an enormous new country, where living is still an adventure, is naturally gregarious, hearty and given to self-confident statements. He is, even though he does not know it, still influenced by the pioneer tradition. He is the new man from the new place, excusably triumphant after so many recent grand achievements. He wants to describe his exploits, to tell the wonderful story, which is not to be understood merely in terms of money—though the dollar may be the chosen symbol—but must be seen as a record of man's conquest of the wilderness.

But too many of the British do not realize this—just as Americans forget the very different English background—and merely hear a man talking too much about himself and his country, in a loud voice and with a strange nasal accent.

So the British decide that the American is bad-mannered, boastful and egotistical, loud and vulgar. And the Americans decide that the Briton is cold, supercilious, unfriendly. Each is judging the other by the wrong homemade standard, mistakenly assuming that the background is the same.

We can carry this further. Many Americans, who do not make the Dukes-and-Butlers mistake about Britain, now condemn us for allowing ourselves to be governed by so many rules and regulations. We must, they feel, have dwindled into so many broken-spirited, listless slaves. But again they overlook the difference in background.

On an Overcrowded Island

When you live on a small, overcrowded island, you need plenty of rules and regulations; otherwise there would soon be the most appalling chaos, just as there would be in an American city if it had no traffic lights and cops. The willingness of the British to accept rationing and patient queueing must be seen against a British and not an American geographical, historical and economic background.

On the other hand, the ruthless competitiveness of American business often seems to the British so much wild buccaneering, difficult to associate with men who in their private life are exceptionally kind and generous. But these British forget that Americans do not see this kind of business enterprise against the background of an old settled country, but, rightly or wrongly (and I think, sometimes wrongly), regard it romantically as the best means of taming the wilderness and asserting the triumph of man's ingenuity.

In America, men must compete against hostile natural elements, and against that vast competition the eager competitiveness of men is dwarfed. An Englishman as competitive as the average American would be an unpleasant fellow, altogether too sharp and unscrupulous. An American as little competitive as the average Briton would be a dreamy weakling. We must, you see, remember the widely different backgrounds.

Then there is money. There is a very important difference here. In America, money is a symbol of power and success, although there are signs, I think, that it is not as potent a symbol as it was. But in Europe, Americans are still sneered at because, it is said, they are always talking and thinking about money.

This is, in my view, unfair. The American talks more about money not because he is really more acquisitive than the European (he is probably far less so), but because he is franker and more open and sees nothing wrong in men trying to be rich. The older countries are full of hypocritical fictions about wealth. In Britain, up to the last few years, rich men subscribed to political party funds and then became peers, baronets or knights; after which they bought large estates in the country and pretended they knew nothing about business and money-making. These snobbish antics have done us far more harm than good.

Wealthy Americans subsidize scientific research, symphony orchestras, art galleries and museums, but wealthy Britons, after buying a title, would spend their money on the pursuits of landed gentry, usually far away from the industrial cities where the money was made.

But it is only fair to add that many Britons devote themselves to the public service, doing hard unpleasant work, often in the tropics, for comparatively small salaries, just because they know that on their retirement they will be given a title. Unfortunately these hard-earned titles look much the same as those that were bought for cash. Before the war there was a considerable scandal when it was discovered that

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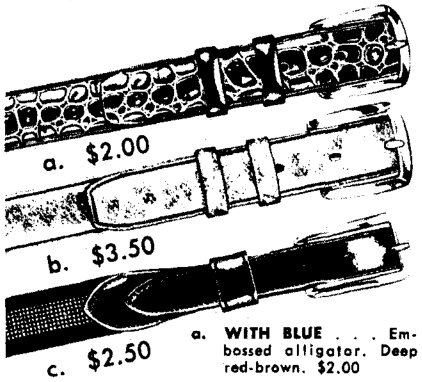

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one adventurer had been making a handsome living as a title broker. The British Labor Party claims—truthfully, I imagine—that it does not sell honors as the two older political parties used to do. But it rewards its older leaders, often trade-union secretaries, by decorating them with fancy titles.

I may be wrong here, but I am under the impression that the average American has an exaggerated idea about the respect for rank and social position in Britain, and has some out-of-date notions about our class privileges.

It seems to me that men of really great wealth in America enjoy as many privileges as anybody in Britain below the level of royalty. (And it should be understood that members of the royal family are symbolic figures, with little or no real political or economic power, and are highly trained and very conscientious performers of rather wearisome social duties.) But America has achieved a social democracy that may never arrive in Britain, in spite of our slow but certain social revolution.

Because we are an old and closely knit society, we cannot help being conscious of, and influenced by, social distinctions that seem absurd to an American visitor. The recognition of these distinctions is not imposed from the top. Most British folk simply cannot help thinking in these terms, although this does not mean they have no independence and are servile.

But they insist upon dividing themselves into classes, each with its own set of customs and manners, and it is this that puzzles so many Americans. It is really the difference between two opposing traditions, two historical-social backgrounds. There is much to be said for and against both of them, but what is important at the moment is that we should realize that they exist, and that we should be tolerant and make suitable allowance for them.

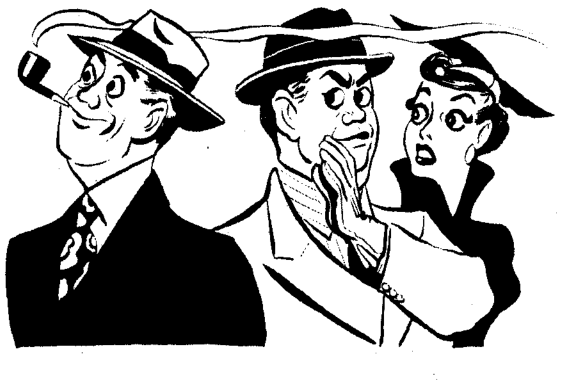
As Bernard Shaw pointed out long ago, speech plays a significant part in our British class system. The workman and the managing director of his factory, the plowman and the country gentleman, the taxi driver and the senior civil servant use very different accents. Here the American is more fortunate, for although there are in fact many different accents in the United States, they are not for the most part given a social significance. (But it is possible, I believe, to have a classless accent in Britain; for I maintain that I have one myself.)

Americans find some British accents—either of the very clipped or the haw-haw variety—affected and ridiculous; and quite right, too. To our British ears some American voices are very ugly indeed; and that is chiefly because they *are* very ugly indeed.

One droll fact in this Anglo-American business is that each thinks the other a decent sound fellow, but too slow. It will astonish most Americans to learn that we on our side think *you* are slow, for you are supposed to be the hustlers. But Britons returning from the U.S.A. and comparing notes nearly always complain of the slowness. British dramatists like myself find American audiences friendly but slower-witted than our own. It is said that the most popular B.B.C. comedy programs are faster than American radio programs of the same type.

When our British films are barred from exhibition in your big circuits, we are told that the audiences in these cheaper and larger theaters would not understand our actors or follow our plots, although our popular audiences have had to understand Hollywood films since talkies began; all of which suggests that either somebody is lying or your big audiences are considerably dumber than ours.

PAT ROONEY



To the Rear

Here is the truth, alas and alack,
  Yes, here is the straight and the blunt of it:
I hate you to say things behind my back,
  But it's worse when you say them in front of it.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

Any small business transaction seems to me to take much longer in America than in Britain. Anecdotes seem four times as long. Showing a railway ticket in England is something that is over and done with in a flash; but when I show a railway ticket anywhere in the U.S., I seem to be taking part in some strange piece of scientific research with several elderly professors. What—the slow old Britishers think like this? (By the way, we held until just lately every possible speed record, on land, sea and in the air.) Yes, they do; and I mention it not because I believe there is any marked difference in tempo between our two peoples, but because I wanted to show that even the familiar legend of Yankee hustle and British stolidity can be reversed. My serious opinion is that we all come out about even on speed.

Now I come to a very fruitful source of misunderstanding. It is due to the fact that the American lives in such an enormous country that often he forgets that it *is* a country, one of many. You can travel west from New York, or east from Los Angeles and San Francisco, and for days and days and days observe the same standard of living, the same types of gasoline stations and motels, eat the same blue-plate lunches, read the same advertisements, hear the same radio programs.

The result, for which nobody can be blamed, is that the American cannot help feeling that he is living not in a country but in a whole world, and that if the British and other people do not live in this particular way, then either they have not had time to catch up with all these sensible good things or they are being perverse in refusing them.

We British do not make this mistake (though I think we used to), simply because within a short journey of home we can find ourselves in France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, all with their own styles of living. We realize that national cultures are inevitable. But the American, backed by all his formidable business enterprises, not unnaturally does not see himself as one national among many, all trying to live in their own way, but as the representative figure of human progress.

What he has today, the rest of us ought to have tomorrow. These good things belong not merely to America but to mankind. He forgets that men and women on the other side of the world may not even want them (though of course very often they do), preferring to live in their own way.

And these other people may feel that they are being steam-rollered, chiefly for *the sake of American export markets.* Much anti-American propaganda makes use of this feeling. It tells us that our characteristic ways of life are being ironed out for the sake of dollar dividends. There have been times lately when some of us in London, the vast and ancient city, have felt that it was being turned into a provincial American town. And I implore you to remember how easily we can be at cross-purposes here, how soon this misunderstanding can breed irritation.

You are now the citizens of the richest and most powerful state in the world. As we British were a hundred years ago. And the fact that we once occupied this high but dangerous position makes our advice worth having. What is a new game to you is an old game to us, and for this reason, in my view, we should be admitted to full partnership in the grand democratic alliance, and not to be used as an occasional consultant.

But it is harder for America to occupy this commanding position, with its world responsibility, than it was for Britain. America is a state based on a revolutionary idea, a fact that we are all apt to forget. The American is, by tradition, the man who turned his back on the Old World, with its dubious power politics, its shifting alliances, its plots and intrigues. He said good-by to all that old rubbish, to kings and councils and mercenary armies, and went out to conquer the wilderness.

But now, in a world suddenly much smaller than it used to be, but far more dangerous, the American finds himself in a position of central authority. He has to change his attitude, to break his own revered tradition. Moreover, he is by nature no cold schemer, no trained chess player with human destinies; but is eager and friendly, not content with any aristocratic aloofness, but a hearty democratic type, anxious to be liked.

He is not trained for the job he has to do. One part of his mind pulls him away from it while the other part urges him to get on with it. He is at once impatient, bewildered, irritated, annoyed, saddened. Characteristically, he wants immediate action, but cannot help feeling, quite rightly too, that impulsive action may be disastrous in this new and unfamiliar position of world authority.

This is not an article on world affairs but on Anglo-American understanding. All I can suggest here, after considering the *contemporary position of the American* not, I hope, without insight and certainly with the friendliest sympathy, is that the closer this understanding is, the more it is free of suspicion, irritation, national prejudice and passion, the better chance we shall all have of settling world affairs.

You need us British, with all our faults, as we need you Americans. And please see us clearly: we no longer exploit our colonies but spend hard-earned money on them; we are neither decadent aristocrats nor desperate revolutionaries; we are older diplomatic hands but no more cynical at heart than you are; we have a lot of rules and regulations you do not want, but at the same time are mentally and spiritually among the freest people left in this world; we are battered and hard-pressed but still at heart the same tough people who have successfully challenged every dictatorship the modern world has known; and we are the people who share with you all the words that stand for ideas for which if necessary we are ready to die.

But we have stared more often into the blind face of death, and indeed are much closer to it now. Lend us your strength and we will lend you our experience. Lend us your enthusiasm and we will lend you our caution. Let us laugh good-naturedly at *all our little differences, remembering that* the important words are the same for both of us: freedom, personality, justice, peace, hope and love. THE END

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I Hear the Step of Shawnees

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

tribute to the town, to say something memorable. He probably knew no more than five hundred words and could rarely link a dozen of that number into an understandable sentence, and he must have been slowly forming his words of tribute all the time he was standing there.

"This here," Tall Bill finally said, "is the damnedest crowdedest town I ever been in."

His brother Dewey said, "This's the *only* town you ever been in."

That was smart-alecky and a lie. Dewey did not have that backbone of strength and substance his brother had. They had both been raised in Jerkumtight Hollow. Dewey had come to Cherry Glen and hung around Bruce Kyle's garage until he had become a fair mechanic. But he was neither steady nor dependable. Once he got money enough to buy his car he would not stay on a job. He had driven a taxi in Staunton. He had gone to half a dozen places, staying only a short time. It was almost as if he were following the car in whatever vagrant direction it took him.

TALL BILL had come out of the hollow too. He had gone down to Hopewell and worked for about three months in the Du Pont plant. But he had to come back to Jerkumtight. He missed his rifle. He missed the mountains. Tall Bill had to get back and see the blue-gray haze of autumn rising above the scattered patches of shocked corn on the hillsides. He had to see the yellow leaves falling off the hickory trees and skittering down the steep shale bank into the cold waters of Little Bull River.

Ruffin Glendye was peering up and down the street, that unnatural, metallic, dangerous grin on his face. We knew he was watching out for a policeman named Rosy Dunlap.

Rosy Dunlap had arrested Ruffin one Saturday night for hanging around on Main Street. He had come up and asked Ruffin what he was doing. Ruffin had said, "Nothin'." He *was* doing nothing except standing on the sidewalk looking across the street at the luscious society girls in Hoge's Drugstore. He had been standing there for two or three hours with his hands in his pockets. Rosy said Ruffin had better come along with him. Ruffin did not know what he was talking about. He put up a terrific battle before Rosy got him to the police station but he never had a chance because the handcuffs were on him and Rosy had whopped him over the head with his billy a time or two before Ruffin even knew what was going on.

"Aw, hell!" Red Boward said finally. "You all know we're goin' down there and fill our bellies with hamburgers. Let's go!"

So we made our way through the crowd down Main to Pete's Hamburger Stand. It was directly across the street from Hoge's Drugstore. We stood in Pete's little hole-in-the-wall eating hamburgers.

Over there across the street was Hoge's. That was where the young swells of Colonial Springs gathered. That was the very fountainhead of all the beautiful girls in creation—brunettes, girls with auburn hair, girls with chestnut hair, redheads, silver and birch and honey blondes. The town was surrounded by a circle of mansions belonging to millionaires who had come down there from the North, and these were their daughters or the daughters of rich townspeople who lived up on Society Hill.

We gawked across at these delicious girls in sweaters and kerchiefs. They had that confident don't-care air of rich society people. There must have been fifteen or twenty of them, spotlighted there in Hoge's like actresses on stage. They were college girls, the daughters of the rich fox-hunting and horse-show people. Sometimes, during the day, you would see them going in there in sunsuits and playsuits, legs and shoulders and midriffs bare. Often they were barefooted, coming from some private swimming pool or the pool out at the Robert E. Lee Country Club. It looked wonderful over there. It looked like the most inviting place on earth.

I don't know how many hamburgers we ate—six and eight apiece. I don't know how many Cokes we washed them down with. We gorged ourselves. We ate and drank until we were stuffed. The sweat was standing out on our faces.

You might say: "Well, if you wanted to go over there and mingle with that high, drugstore society why didn't you go?"

We just couldn't. It was beyond us. How do you suppose it would have been if I had walked over there with Tall Bill, him wearing that short-sleeved Army tunic and looking around with those wild eyes, and approached some girl who had been to Sweet Briar or Vassar and said to her, "Miss, I am a man of honor and this is my friend Tall Bill McManaway who is likewise a man of honor and we just want to make your beautiful acquaintance"?

A part of our natures wanted to hobnob with those swells and go to dances at the country club or at the mansions surrounding the town, and we couldn't even bring ourselves to go into the same drugstore. And another part of our natures wanted to go back to the very roots of our heritage, to hear the sounds we were always listening for. So we stood in Pete's crowded little joint, choking down one hamburger after another as if we were trying to spite somebody.

Red Boward was bouncing up and down on his toes and heels, that lascivious flush spread over his face. He could not stand still. Dewey was shoving great bites of bun and hamburger into his mouth and staring across the street with that faraway expression that always came into his eyes immediately before he climbed into his Ford and raced barking and banging through the village.

"It looks to me," Ruffin Glendye drawled, grinning, "like them stinkers got us surrounded agin."

I looked at Ruffin's face. There was something in his eyes that did not go with the grin on his lips—a glitter, a coldness and grimness. He was supposed to be a descendant, on his mother's side, of old Edmund Ruffin who fired the shots at Fort Sumter that started the Civil War. I have no doubt he was. I have seen old tintypes of Edmund Ruffin. He had a coldly furious and indestructible face, like something made out of granite. There was some of that fanatical and indestructible quality in the lean face of Ruffin Glendye.

WE WENT outside, filled with hamburgers and Cokes poured in on top of that moonshine. We stood on the pavement. There were not so many people down that way and we still had a good view of the girls through the plate-glass windows of Hoge's. Ruffin started that looking up and down the street again. Red Boward told him he would help him out against Rosy Dunlap if they could catch sight of him and figure out some way of getting him up into one of the alleys.

Ruffin said he didn't need any help and didn't want any help and didn't figure on tricking Rosy up into any alley.

"Ah ain't said Ah was goin' to fight anybody," Ruffin drawled. "But if Ah do Ah'll fight 'em right out on the street in fair view."

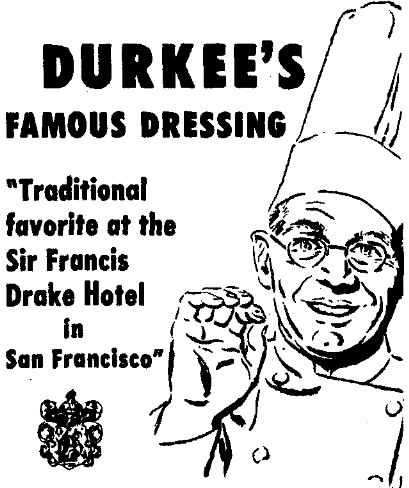
Red took out his brass knuckles and tried to get Ruffin to take them.

"Ah don't need nothin' like them neither," Ruffin said. "Ah got all Ah need right here."

He grinned and doubled up his big bony fist and held it up for Red to look at.

Tall Bill McManaway said he wasn't in favor of fighting of any kind there in Colonial Springs in full view of a lot of

DURKEE'S FAMOUS DRESSING



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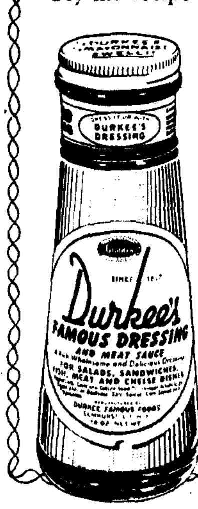

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nice, dressed-up people. There wasn't any room for it besides. Tall Bill said a man needed plenty of moving-about room when he got to fighting.

We were standing there lined up against the front of a clothing store, reverently watching those girls drinking soft drinks and eating fancy ice-cream concoctions. I have never seen such beautiful girls. Every one of them should have been in the movies. I could not even decide which one was the prettiest. They belonged in another world.

We were aware that Ruffin had moved suddenly but we did not know what he was doing until he was all the way across the street and far down in the next block, following after Rosy Dunlap like a grinning bird dog.

Rosy stopped just as Ruffin caught up with him and must have asked him what he wanted, thinking he was just someone who wanted information, because he never got on guard and Ruffin let go his rocky right fist and flattened Rosy against the side of a building. They were fighting in the shadows but we could follow their movements. Rosy tried to clout Ruffin with his billy. Ruffin jerked it out of his hand and let it drop. We could hear the wooden clatter as it hit the pavement. Ruffin hit him twice more, in the face both times.

Rosy's head and shoulders were back against the building and he was slumping down gradually, trying to get out his gun as he went. Ruffin made a lunge for the gun and twisted it out of Rosy's hand and gave it a fling out in the street. He straightened up and rocked back on his heels and then his hard body shot forward and that bony fist plunged into Rosy's face with all the force Ruffin could give it. Rosy crumpled on the sidewalk and lay there, and Ruffin started running. We saw him disappear around the corner in the direction of the railroad station and Jitney Street.

THAT was the first time I had ever seen a uniformed policeman lying on a sidewalk. I had hardly believed such a thing could happen to anyone like that—a policeman or a judge or the president of a bank or the owner of a million dollars. But there lay Rosy Dunlap on the sidewalk. I was scared. I thought the wrath of authority might suddenly descend on all of us simply for having been with Ruffin. I thought of going to jail or even the penitentiary. People were gathering down there where Rosy Dunlap was trying to get to his feet. We started up Main Street in the other direction. I was having trouble breathing; air seemed to be filling my lungs faster than I could breathe it out.

There were four of us left. Dewey was scared, too, as badly scared as I was. He was walking in front, almost ready to break into a trot. Twice he turned and said, "Come on! Let's get the car and get away from here!"

"No, sir," said Tall Bill. "We're not goin' to run anywhere."

Red was walking with that bouncing motion, just behind Dewey, his face flushed. He was arguing that we should go out on Jitney Street and look for Ruffin.

"We're not goin' lookin' for Ruffin either," Tall Bill said. "Ruffin's always gettin' into trouble his own self and he'll have to get out of it his own self."

Tall Bill was calm. His calmness was a thing to rally around. We turned off up Central Avenue to Appler's Poolroom.

The poolroom was still chock-full of Gatemyers, Lowhatters and Dowdyshells. They were shooting nine-ball and French pool and more of them were lined up against the walls, waiting for tables. We stood in there with that crowd waiting for a table. Red was bouncing up and down and taking off his hat and running his hands through his coppery hair. That far-off look had come back into Dewey's eyes; he wanted to get back to his car—the same way a hungry man wants to eat. I was still having trouble breathing.

Some fellow came in the front door with the news and he had it all wrong. He said three men had jumped on Big Bill Collins, the motorcycle cop, and beaten him up. Men stopped shooting pool to get all the erroneous details. It was understood that the whole police force was out scouring the town for a bunch from one of the hollows in the Blue Ridge.

At a table near us, four Gatemyers laid down their cue sticks to go out and see what they could learn; they thought some of their kin was mixed up in it. Red Boward and Chipmunk Lowhatter jumped for the empty table at the same instant and Red beat him to the light cord and Chipmunk tromped on Red's foot and Red slapped him with his open hand, *kersmack!* Chipmunk's burly brother, Bob, let out a growl and rushed at Red with his head lowered and his stubby arms outstretched. Red had his brass knuckles on by that time and came down on the top of Bob's head and Bob plopped on the floor.

Chipmunk was kicking at Red and cursing at the top of his voice and more of their crowd came pushing up to see what had happened and then the men who worked in the poolroom—Pat Sutton and Roger Bagby and Appler himself—came running back from the front with cue sticks and pool-ball racks in their hands and ordered us to break it up and get outside if we wanted to fight.

Out of there we went. A dozen Lowhatters and Dowdyshells of all sizes and descriptions came surging along behind us like a wave. We stood there on the sidewalk, that bunch jowling at us. Red Boward and one of the Lowhatters were shoving each other. There was some more shoving going on. It was hard to tell what was going to happen.

Suddenly that towering, dignified Tall Bill McManaway reared back and announced, "I won't fight nobody in this nice town. But come out along the big road and I'll fight the whole crowd!"

One of those cursing Dowdyshells yelled out, "Whur yuh wanta fight at?"

"Out there on Three Mile Hill where my granddaddy and Stonewall Jackson whupped them damyankees at," said Tall Bill.

And we started walking, grouped around Tall Bill.

With that tribe behind us, we walked kitty-cornered across the street toward the parking lot where we had left the car, and I began breathing better. I did not know why. I did not know that every great restless force must find something on which to expend itself.

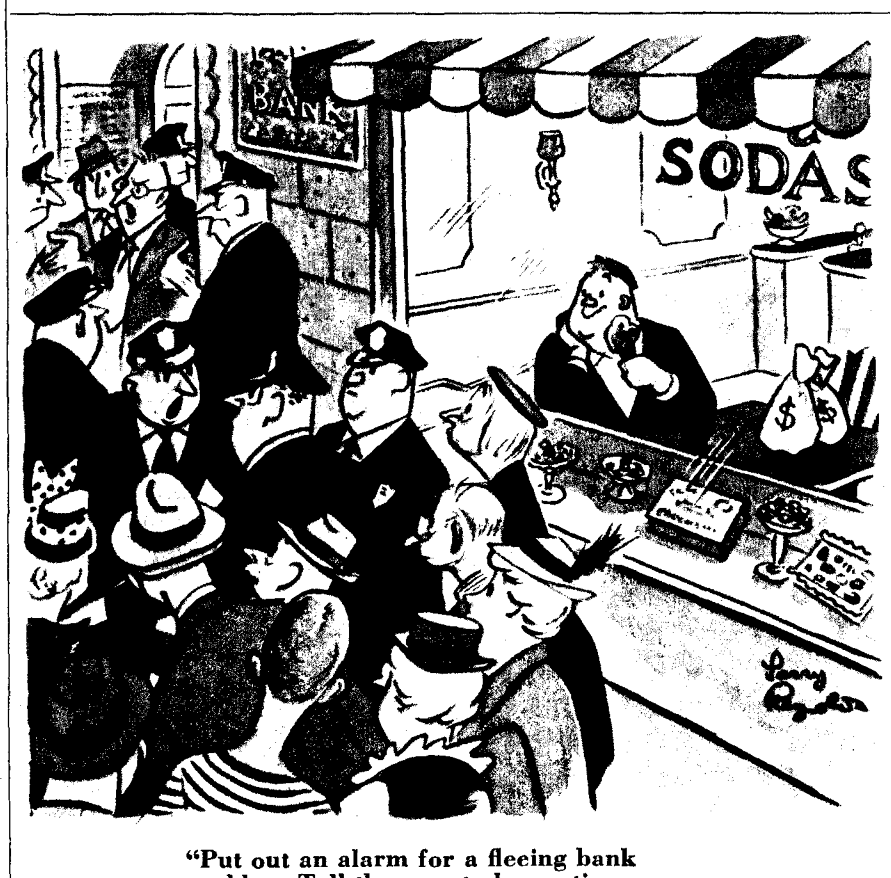
There was a certain epic quality about that ride of ours out of Colonial Springs and along that historic road. None of us spoke a word. We did not even drink any of the whisky. We were headed in the direction of the mountain country where savage fights had taken place between white men and red men. We were traveling exactly the same path the Indians had used as a trail, over which stagecoaches had passed, over which our ancestors had walked in the tattered armies of the Confederacy.

DEWEY was bending over the wheel of that loud-mufflered Ford giving it everything it would take on the straightaway and around the turns. Red Boward was sitting beside him, half turned, looking back, his brass knuckles on again now, nervous, alert, ready to meet all comers. Tall Bill was sitting stiff-backed on the rear seat, saying nothing and grandly ignoring that cursing tribe in the three cars following us who outnumbered us four to one. He had a nobility about him.

As we rode along it seemed to me I had a faint understanding of what we young fellows from the mountains were always listening for: the old soft step of the Shawnees and Cherokees; listening in a day when our destiny was already done, listening for an old lost thing and hearing only the step of those barefooted blondes and brunettes of Colonial Springs—the one as far from us as the other. We were in a kind of useless and hopeless historical vacuum.

And Dewey was now driving as if he were trying to fly out of it, as if he were answering a deep and unnamable force within him. He went around a sharp turn on two wheels, the car rocking wildly and the tires screeching. We whizzed past the waterworks. For a mile or two we were leaving those other cars behind. And then as we started roaring up the long grade of Three Mile Hill the engine began missing some and we were losing speed and those

BUTCH



"Put out an alarm for a fleeing bank robber. Tell the men to be cautious, as he may be armed and desperate"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

behind us were gaining. Dewey was gripping the wheel as if he were impaled upon t, and I had the odd sensation as we heered up that hill, rising toward the night ky, that he was no longer directing the ar but that the car was directing him.

We whipped on up to the top of the hill and Tall Bill yelled at Dewey, "Hey! Here's where I intend to stop and fight 'em at!"

But instead of stopping, Dewey bounced off the highway in a fast turn that sent the gravel flying and bumped down a lane through the apple orchard that had been a battleground—where Stonewall Jackson's men had defeated General Milroy's men—and then began weaving in and out of rows of apple trees until we reached a hillside clearing behind a mammoth blackberry patch and there Dewey cut off the lights and the motor, a full mile and a half from the highway.

It was one of the most craven deeds ever performed. It was also one of the most prudent; that tribe of Dowdyshells and Lowhatters could not have found us with a compass.

Tall Bill sat there looking in outrage at the back of his brother Dewey's head and said, "Damn your cowardly hide anyway!"

Dewey said nothing. I am sure he had no words with which to explain that inscrutable quality which, like the quality in each of the rest of us, sought expression in its own way. He simply sat there hunched over in the seat of the car without which he seemed to lack purpose or individuality.

We heard Rib Lowhatter's car, full of his brothers and cousins, and just behind it another car bulging with Dowdyshells, with their pocketknives and rocks and whatever else they had stopped to collect, batting up the hill and racing on down the other side.

"Damn you!" Tall Bill McManaway said to the back of his silent brother Dewey's neck, "I *told* 'em I'd fight 'em! I give 'em my *word!*"

THAT crowd roared a mile or so up the road. Then we heard them turn and go back toward town, but we were so far away we could not hear their disappointed cursing as they went back into Colonial Springs to shoot more pool.

Tall Bill sat there for a long time studying the back of his brother Dewey's head and then he reached over and took him by both shoulders with his enormous hands and lifted him and climbed out of the car with him and started threshing him up and down on the ground like somebody beating a rug.

Red and I piled out and tried to hold on to Tall Bill and tame him down, and he'd stop a minute and shake us off and then go ahead whopping Dewey up and down on that hallowed soil and even as he did so, it seemed to me, he would pause and lift his head as if seeking to hear a remote sound that might be a fragile and faint echo of a lost destiny.

THE END

Next Week

G. B. SHAW'S
Letters to
GENE TUNNEY

48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

ackle the second number, when this young sliphorn player's music slipped, and slithered across the floor. In his dive to grab the flying music, his trombone came apart—the slide leaving the rest of the instrument. While he struggled to assemble his horn, scrabbling around with one foot for his music, the band played on. We are glad to report, Mr. President, that he got the trombone together, salvaged his music and wound up even with the rest of the band at the end of the third number. So take heart, Mr. President. Even though your piano fall apart in your lap, don't be discouraged.

* * *

Our Washington eye was much concerned with what he saw. Trudging through the Capitol he passed 12 members, and nine of them walked painfully. Some limped quite noticeably, while others were merely stiff-legged. In either case, locomotion was uncomfortable. Naturally, our eye made inquiries. The gentlemen were, he discovered, suffering from the Foreign Relations Wrench. This current Congressional ailment is brought on by straddling the issues. It is caused by announcing, on one foot, that Russia must be defeated without further ado and, on the other, that the United States must not do anything in Asia which would involve us in a third world war. Thus, these gentlemen have gone into what dancers call a split, and frankly they're not built for it. After a prolonged spell of this, middle-aged legs will not co-ordinate—except, of course, when on their way to a cocktail party.

* * *

With mingled emotions, we heard Miss Frances Bemis, director of special events for a New York department store, predict that in the year 2050 American women will be bigger but not fatter than they are today. There's not much we can do about this, so we step aside while Miss Bemis carries on to say that 2050 Junos will wear rubberized 24-carat-gold corselettes and (or maybe it's or) a Spot Control girdle to take care of the gals wherever they happen to bulge most. All this will be for everyday wear. If the lady of 99 years hence is going out of an evening, she'll wear a Spray-On, which seems to be a shape-improving plastic girdle put on with a spray gun and easily peeled off after the party. Likewise in 2050, if you are one of those dames who seem always to be coming unhooked or unzipped, there will be a girdle with magnetic edges. We reminded Miss Bemis of the pessimists who hold that, judging by the way things are going today, there may not be a 2050. Said she doesn't care; she plans to retire in 2049.

* * *

Traipsing up and down the world is not at all unusual for members of Collier's staff. Always going somewhere, from which place they keep on going to somewhere else. That's the reason Collier's is always able to tell you what's going on. The lads seem to thrive on it, but it's a bit tough on the girls they leave behind them. Although the wives do not complain in so many words, they do so subtly now and then. For example, Mrs. Bill Davidson, wife of one of our flying men, gave him a set of compasses in the form of cuff links. Said she hopes now he won't get lost so often.

* * *

Determined to stamp out illegal gambling in Arkansas, Governor Sid McMath sent a trusted investigator into Phillips County with instructions to report painstakingly and fearlessly. He did so, like the fine citizen he is. His report read: (1) Punched a 25-cent punchboard in one establishment. Result: Won $5. (2) Played a five-cent slot machine in same establishment. Result: Won 25 cents. (3) Took chance on punchboard in another establishment. Result: Won $3. Governor McMath said he'd be doggoned.

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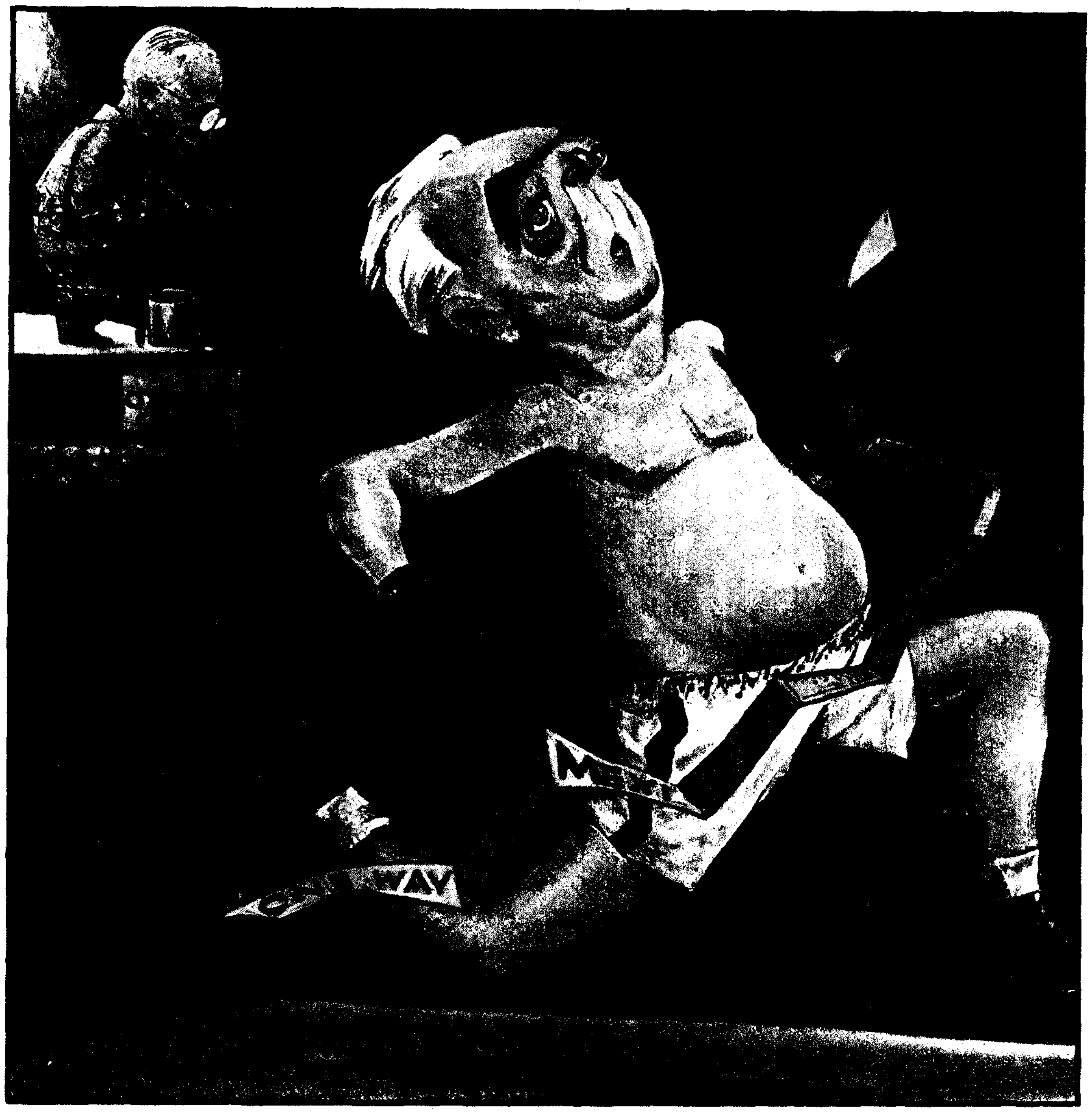


SAM BERMAN

You Quit Before, Bill, Do It Again

BY THE TIME THIS APPEARS President Truman may have reconsidered his pugnacious defense of Ambassador William O'Dwyer, and Mr. O'Dwyer may be on the way out. We hope, at the risk of being scooped, that this will be the case. But the fact remains that the President wasn't fazed when the Kefauver Committee, in the report on its crime investigations, threw a large section of the book at the former mayor of New York City. He said that he wasn't going to ask for Mr. O'Dwyer's resignation. He said he had full confidence in his ambassador to Mexico. He said that he admired Mr. O'Dwyer because he is a fighter, just like Mr. Truman.

The President has often shown his astute political gift of gauging the public temper and tailoring his actions and decisions to fit. But in this case we don't believe his astuteness was working. It's hard to believe that any unprejudiced person who followed the Kefauver Committee's hearings in New York—including Mr. O'Dwyer's own testimony—could quarrel with the group's conclusion that he had contributed directly and indirectly "to the growth of organized crime, racketeering and gangsterism in New York City." The conclusion seems inevitable.

It is surely more than coincidence that the big ones always got away during Ambassador Bill's terms as district attorney of Kings County (Brooklyn) and mayor of the big town. There were the top hoodlums of Murder, Inc., who beat the rap. There was the key witness against those hoods who "jumped or fell" from a Coney Island hotel room under the noses of a half-dozen police guards. There was the investigation of water-front crimes that suddenly and quietly ceased. There were Mr. O'Dwyer's appointments of friends of Frank Costello, Joe Adonis and other gangsters to public office. And there is the inescapable fact that gangsterism did grow and flourish during his administration.

Mr. O'Dwyer is a clever lawyer, and he made a clever attempt at self-justification before the Senate committee. But he just couldn't explain away the items in the preceding paragraph. It must have embarrassed him a little, to say the least. And he must also have been embarrassed when his good friend James J. Moran, whom he appointed to the lifetime job of water supply commissioner, was convicted of perjury as an outgrowth of the Kefauver hearings.

These things don't exactly qualify a man to represent the American people and their government in a foreign capital. Or do they? Our President obviously thinks so.

Mr. Truman didn't stop with a statement of confidence in his ambassadorial appointment. He went on to express his admiration of Mr. O'Dwyer as a fighter. Well, how much of a fighter is Ambassador Bill, anyway? He didn't fight the Costellos or Siegels or Adonises or Anastasias. He didn't break the hold that gangdom had on the government of New York City. He didn't hound the bookmakers. And, although this may be coincidence, at about the time that the scandals which the Kefauver investigators exposed were first coming into the open, Mr. Truman's brave fighter chucked the job of running the country's biggest city and hotfooted it to Mexico.

It is too much to expect that the President will reverse himself and replace the ambassador. So it's up to Mr. O'Dwyer.

As a good party man, if for no other reason, he must see that his continuation in his present post is embarrassing to the Democrats as well as to the country. The cheap performance of some of the White House inner circle has cost Mr. Truman and his party enough popularity without Mr. O'Dwyer's taking the show on the road.

On the basis of the Kefauver revelations, if nothing else, Mr. O'Dwyer's diplomatic assignment is something of an insult to the Mexican people as well as to his own countrymen. For the benefit of all concerned, he should resign.

Godiva Rides Again

WE ARE GLAD TO SEE that Lady Godiva's famous ride through the streets of Coventry is to be re-enacted as part of the Festival of Britain, on June 23d. There will be a few alterations. Miss Ann Wrigg, who portrays Godiva, will be wearing tights, and a long blond wig for extra covering. And the people of Coventry won't be staying indoors, as they did for the original performance. But we trust that the spirit of the occasion will be as authentic as the tribute is deserved.

For those who may have forgotten the Godiva legend, she was a lady who lived 900 years ago. And while she probably wasn't the first woman to complain about high taxes, she seems to be the first one on record who tried to do something about them. Her husband Leofric, Earl of Mercia and Lord of Coventry, had a heavy hand with the excise. He also drove a hard bargain. When Godiva pleaded with him to ease up on the poor taxpayer he finally agreed, provided that she would ride naked through the streets of the town.

So Godiva, a more modest Gypsy Rose Lee, a more gracious Vivien Kellems—if we may make American comparisons to this gallant English lady—risked shame and pneumonia for the sake of her husband's subjects. Leofric did have the decency to order the townsmen to stay home behind closed shutters during the ride. (The one man who disobeyed, of course, was the tailor who earned for himself the enduring name of Peeping Tom, a name which today has evolved into a lower-case statutory offense.) But it was a courageous gesture in a time which, however primitive its notions of modesty may have been, could not boast of the strip tease or the Bikini swim suit.

We think it's altogether proper that Godiva's gesture should be recalled. The only thing that worries us is that her poignantly simple solution of the tax problem may prove too much for some emotional Englishman. For, alas, in today's Britain of rearmament and almost-free dentures, a whole regiment of Amazons could parade through the House of Commons in the altogether without easing the tax load by so much as a penny.

For Men of Distinction... LORD CALVERT

Whatever your favorite drink—no other whiskey will endow it with the *unique flavor* and *distinctive lightness* of Lord Calvert. For, of all the millions of gallons we distill, only the very choicest are set aside for Lord Calvert... custom-blended for moderate men who appreciate the finest. That's why this whiskey of distinction will make *your* next drink a *better* drink—and why your guests will compliment your choice.

BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

MR. ALEXANDER CALDER — *distinguished business executive. Though he worked his way through St. Lawrence Univ., Alex Calder found time to star as a student and to captain three varsity teams. Upon graduation he coached football and basketball in Brooklyn. He also sold paper mill supplies until joining Union Bag and Paper Co. in 1913. Early recognition came when he landed his firm's largest account. Mr. Calder then moved up through every managerial post until he was made president—and, in 1943, board chairman. Under Mr. Calder's direction, Union Bag has become the largest company in its field.*

FRAN WARREN, *radio songstress:* "As a singer, I welcome Camel mildness. And Camels are such fun to smoke!"

VOICE COACH *George Griffin* says, "I have to think of my throat, too. That's why I appreciate Camel mildness!"

NADINE CONNER, *opera star:* "My own 30-Day Camel Mildness Test proved how much fun smoking can be!"

"MY OWN 30-Day Test gave me a new pitch on cigarettes," says ace pitcher *Jim Konstanty.* "Camels hit the spot!"

STYLIST *Elaine Bassett:* "Ever since I made my own 30-day test, Camels are my favorite! They're so mild!"

PETER LIND HAYES, *comedian,* says: "Camels smoke cool and mild – they're just right for my throat. What flavor!"

"I DIDN'T KNOW how much milder a cigarette could be 'til I changed to Camels!" *Mrs. Jane Christman,* housewife.

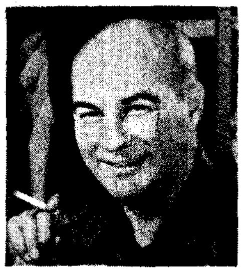
DISC JOCKEY *Robert Maxwell:* "My voice gets a steady workout. My throat sure welcomes Camel mildness!"

More people smoke Camels *than any other cigarette!*

JOHN WAYNE, *movie hero,* says: "I found the cigarette I could enjoy as a steady smoke – Camels! They're mild!"

"MY VOICE is my career. I smoke Camels – they agree with my throat!", says *Patrice Munsel,* opera star.

"MY THROAT tells me Camels are the mildest cigarette I ever smoked," reports *Doris Hewitt,* ski instructor.



BASEBALL MANAGER *Ed Sawyer:* "Camels made a hit with me right from the start. They're mild and taste great!"

"IN MY JOB, cigarette mildness is important. That's why I smoke Camels!" Telephone operator *Ethel James.*

Make the 30-Day Camel MILDNESS Test— See why!

● Why is it more people get more pleasure from Camels than from any other cigarette? No *other* cigarette can match Camel's rich, full flavor! And no *other* cigarette can offer you this *proof* of mildness:

In a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels – and only Camels – for 30 days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported – *not one single case of throat irritation due to smoking Camels!*

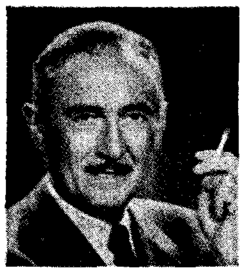
Smoke Camels yourself for 30 days. Compare Camel's choice tobaccos for flavor *and* mildness . . . in your "T-Zone" (T for Throat, T for Taste). You'll see why so many smokers say . . .

ONCE A CAMEL SMOKER,
ALWAYS A CAMEL SMOKER!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

OPERA STAR *Robert Merrill:* "The cigarette I smoke must agree with my throat. Camels are really mild!"

TELEVISION STAR *Marguerite Piazza* agrees: "As a singer, I enjoy Camel mildness – and Camels taste grand!"



PAUL LUKAS, *stage and screen star:* "My own 30-Day Test certainly convinced me! Camels are a mild cigarette!"

RIFLE CHAMPION *Audrey Bockmann:* "Camels scored a hit with my taste, too! And they're so cool and mild!"

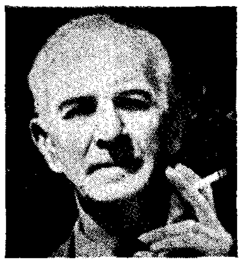
KYLE MacDONNELL, *television star,* says: "Yes. I made my own 30-Day Camel Mildness Test. It was fun! Camels for me!"

"I'VE JOINED the millions of smokers who'd walk a mile for a mild, mild Camel!" *Buddy Rogers,* band leader.

"CAMELS' SMOOTH-SMOKING mildness agrees with my throat," says *Ruth Shafer,* airport tower operator.

DICK POWELL, *movie star,* states: "Camels give me more pleasure than I ever got from any other cigarette!"

"I'M A SINGER and my throat comes first! I picked Camels as my steady smoke!" *Anne Jeffreys,* stage star.



LECTURER AND WRITER *Dr. Archibald Rutledge:* "I've smoked Camels for years! They're cool and mild – taste great!"

RISË STEVENS, *opera beauty,* says: "I know how mild Camels are! My own 30-Day Test convinced me!"

VAUGHN MONROE, *band leader,* says: "I enjoy every puff of a Camel! Camels taste great—and they're *mild!*"